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DANIEL
AND
DRAYTON

COLLIER.

1869-70

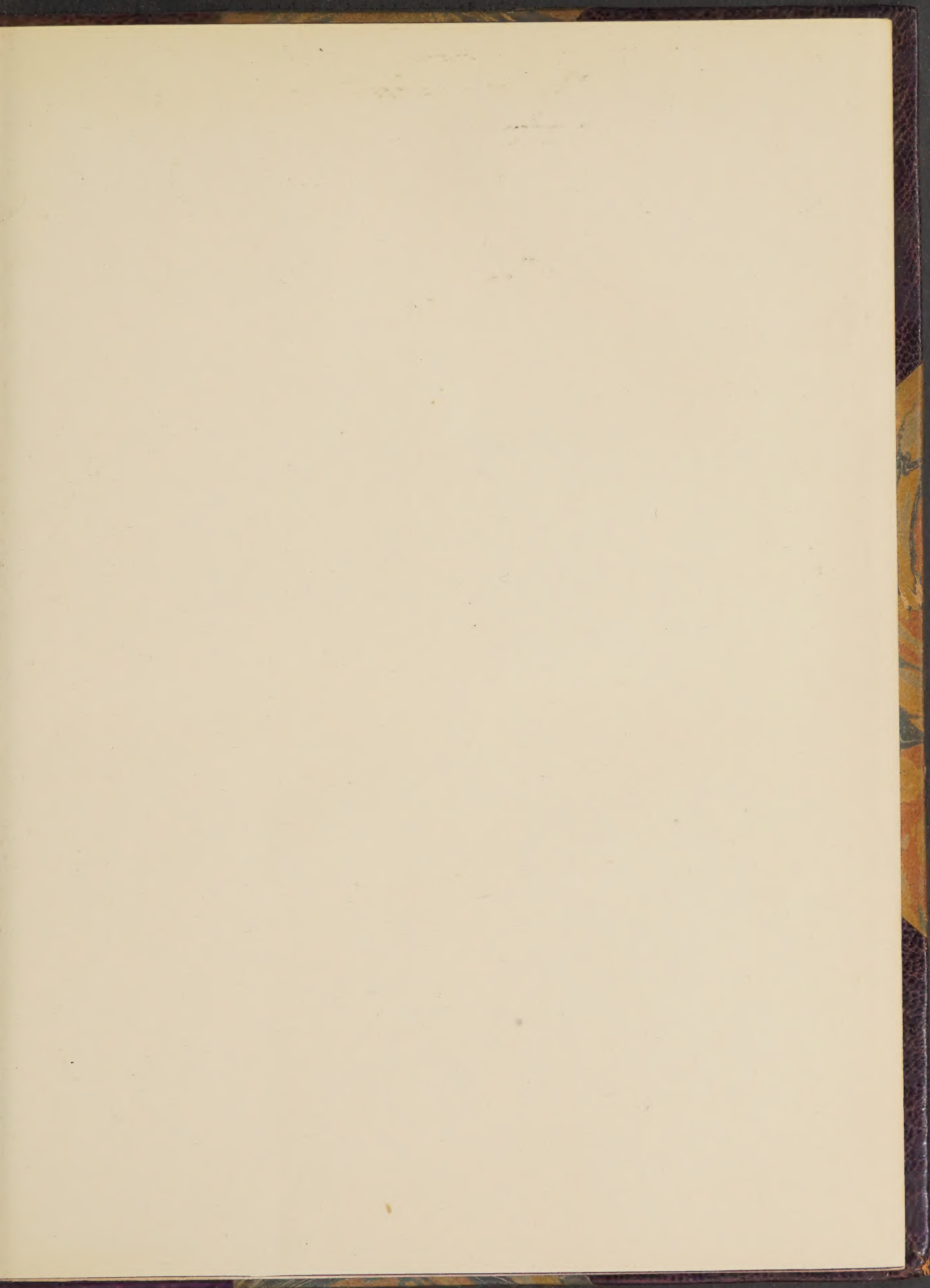


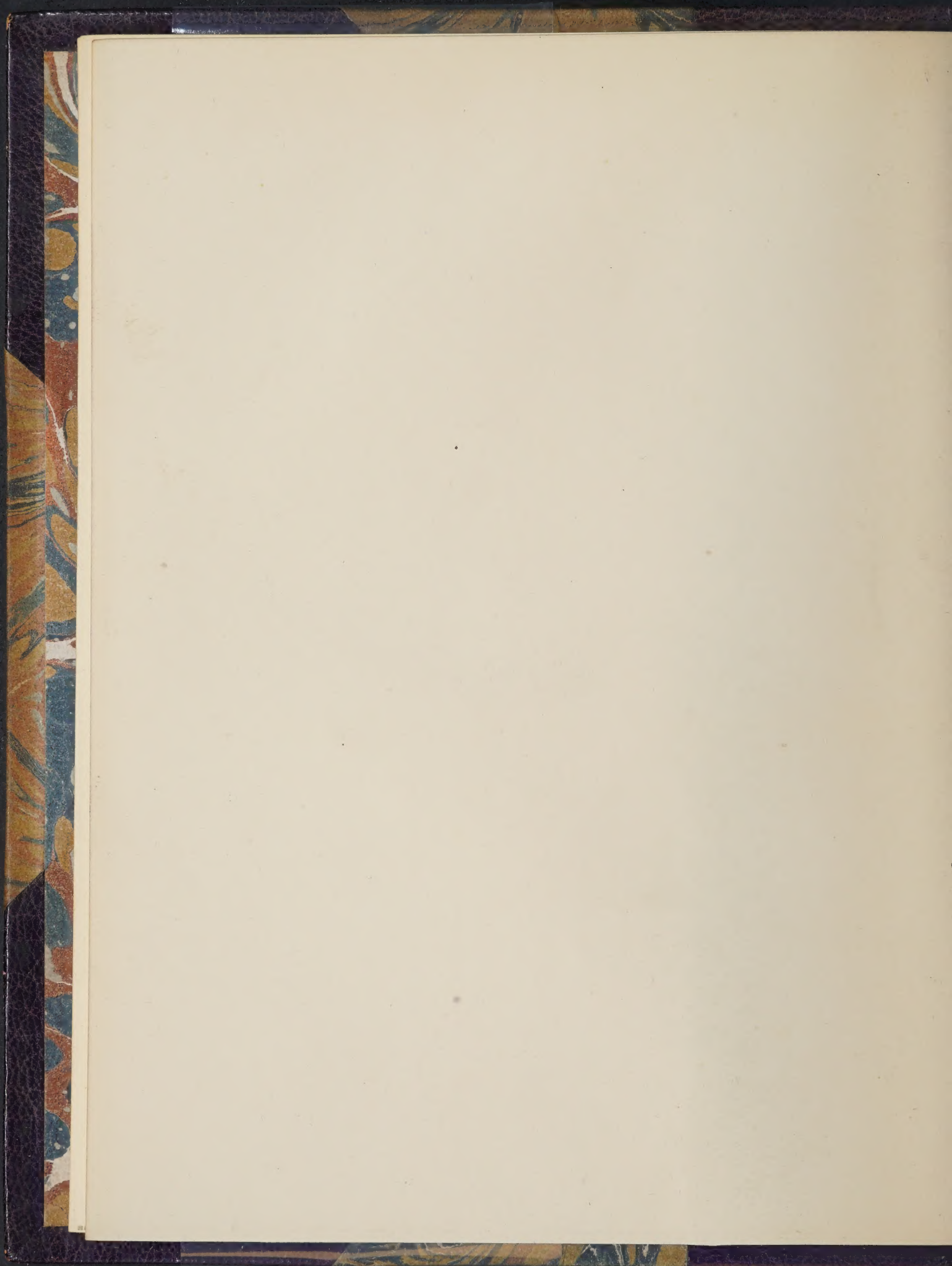








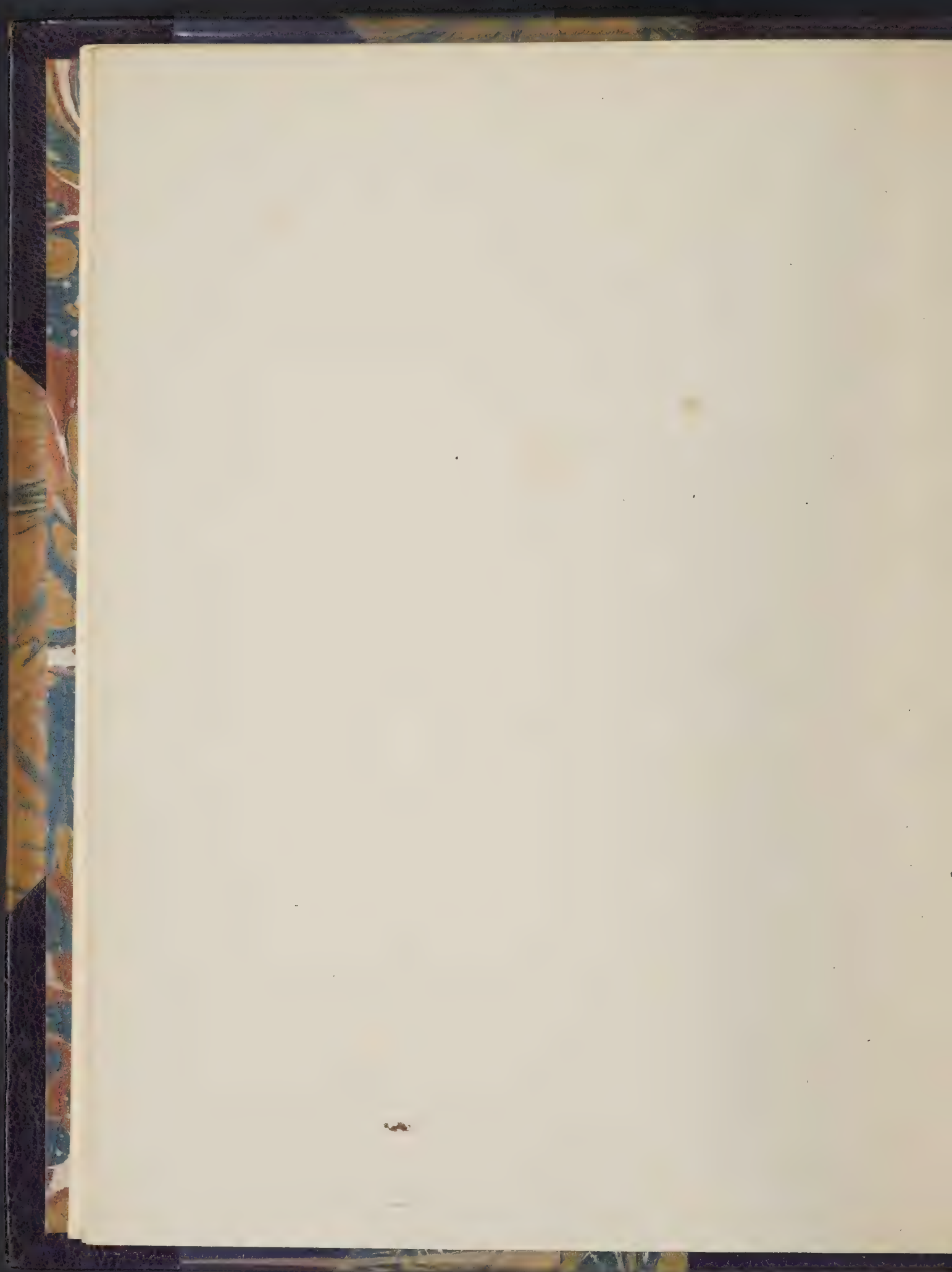


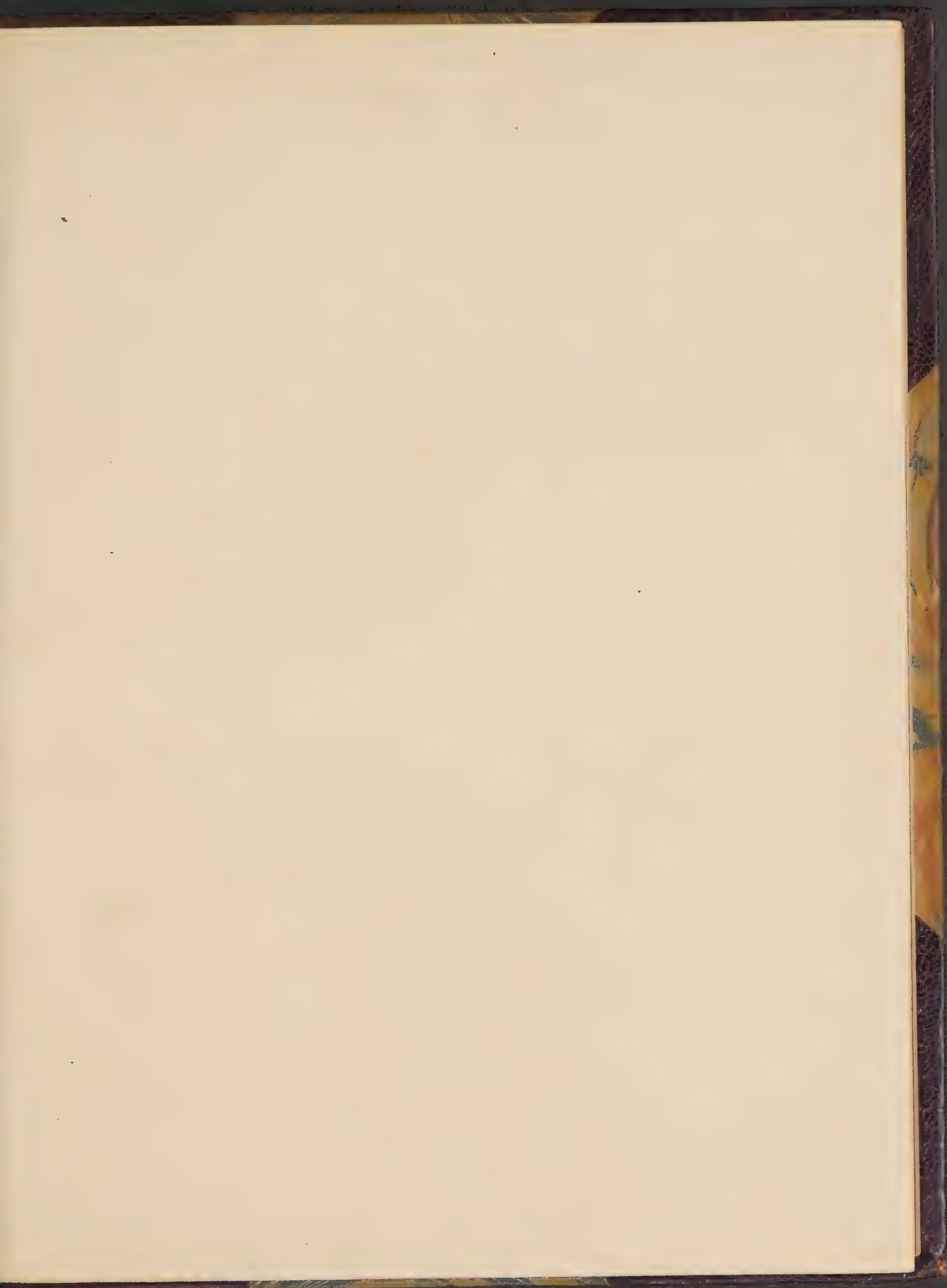


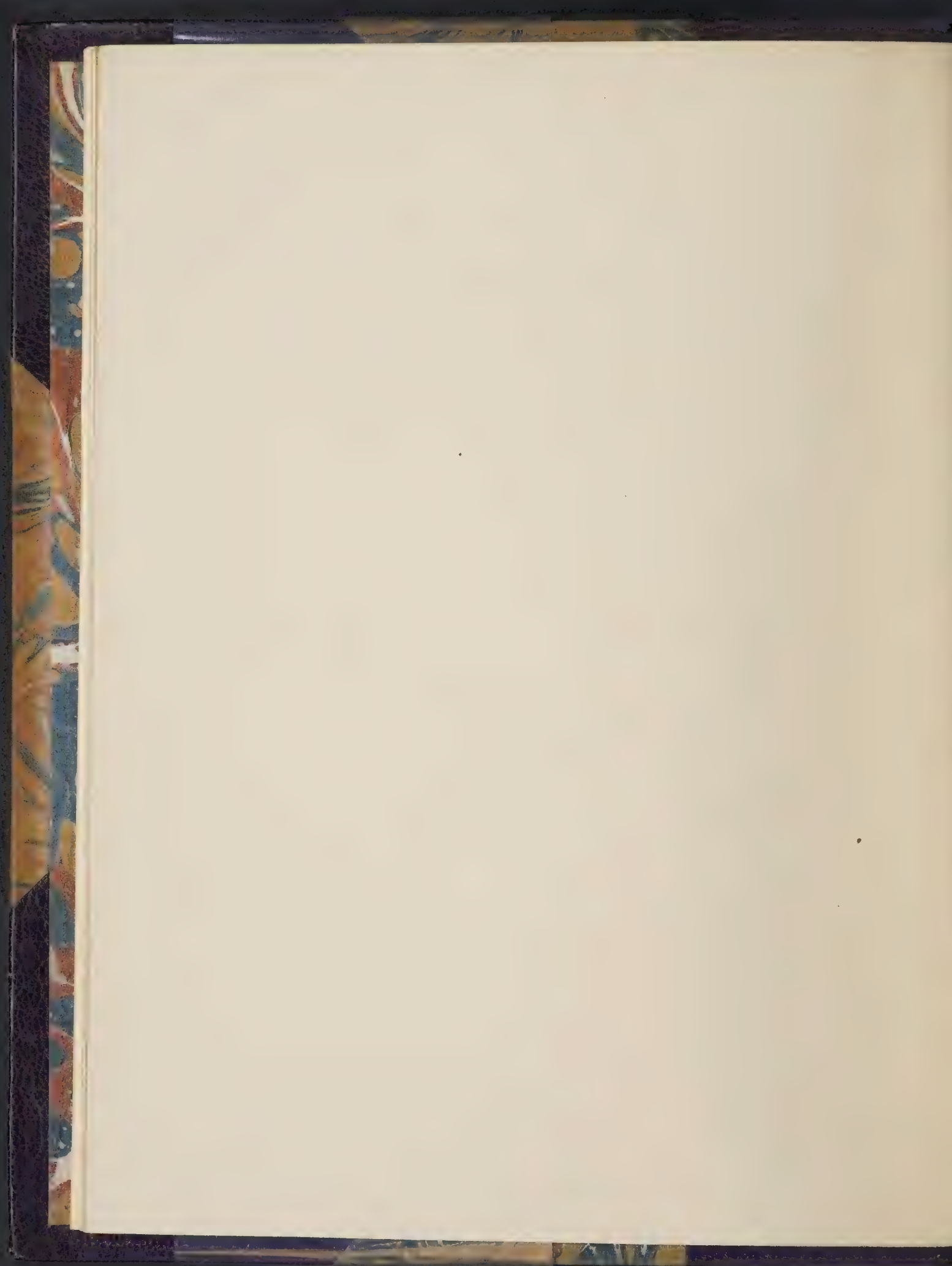
Melia.

By SAMUEL DANIEL.

1592





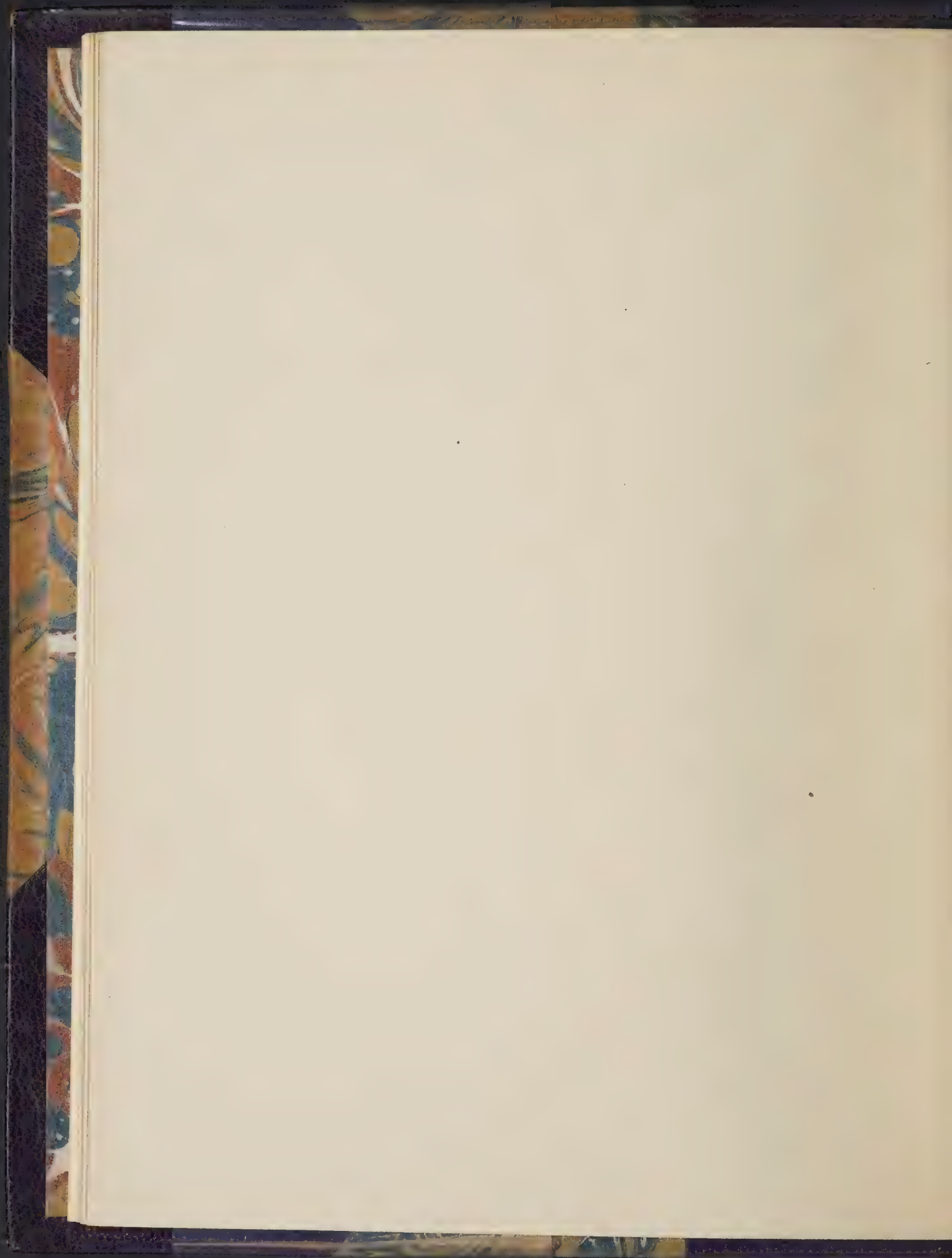


EARLY POEMS
OF
Daniel and Drayton.

EDITED BY
J. PAYNE COLLIER.

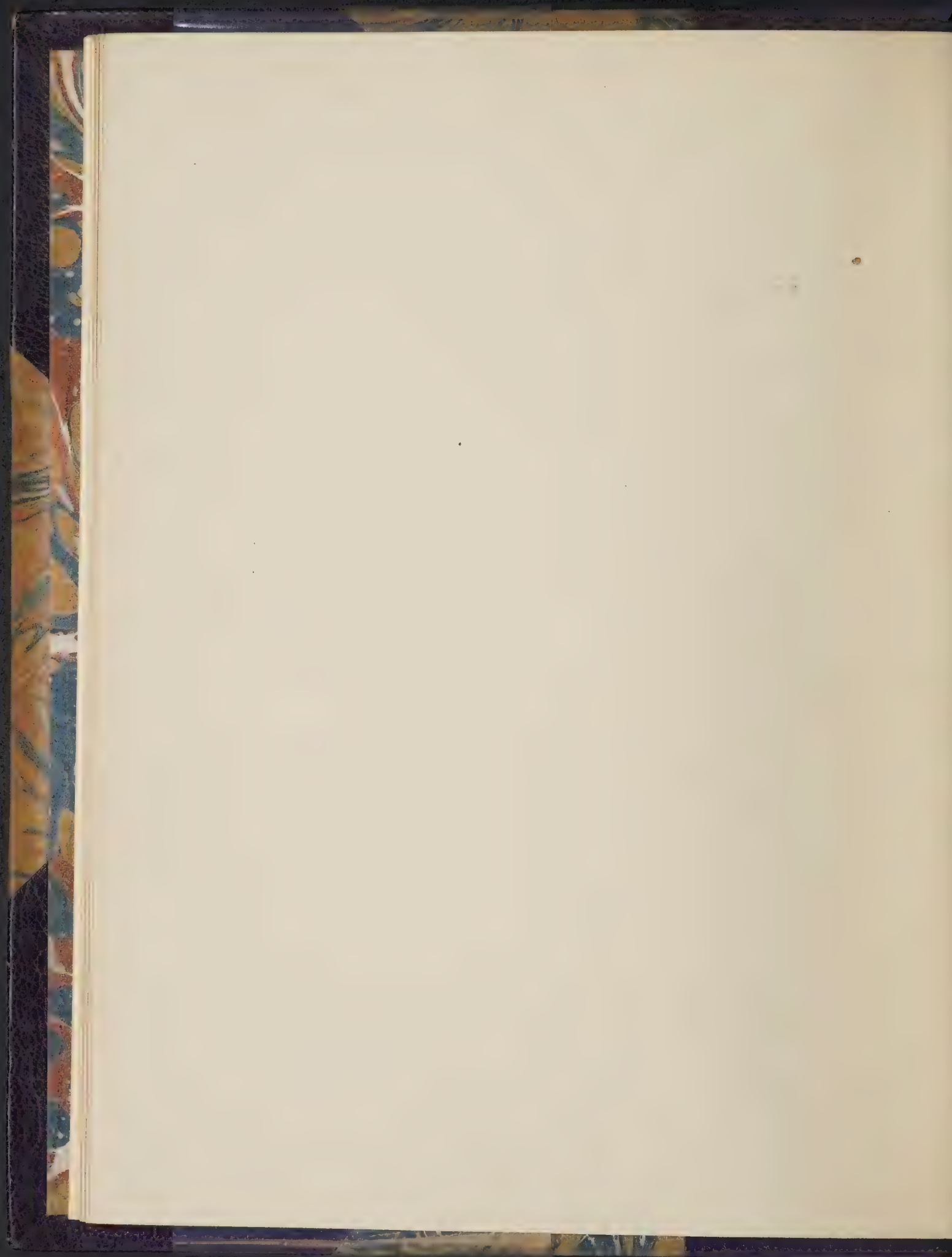


LONDON :
PRIVATELY PRINTED.
1869-70.



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INTRODUCTION.

THIS is as exact a facsimile as can be furnished in type of the earliest known edition of Samuel Daniel's "Delia", and it has been made from what we believe to be an unique copy of that impression.

Even the misprints and mispunctuations have been preserved, in order that our readers may be aware of the precise state in which the first thoughts of one of our most distinguished old Poets were originally presented to the lovers of poetry, near the close of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Some of the errors of the press are noted at the back of the author's title-page, but others are left uncorrected; and a remarkable instance will be seen in the last stanza of the last page, where "vanquisht" has been printed for *vanisht*—a gross blunder preserved, however, in what we take to be the second impression of the same poem in 1592. This peculiarity belongs to the later portion of our volume, "The Complaint of Rosamond"; but it seems certain that there was a still older edition of that poem (an imitation of the legends in "The Mirror for Magistrates") which is deficient of many stanzas, and was evidently the author's first draught. Of this curiosity we hope hereafter to procure a transcript, and in that case we shall certainly reprint it in the form it bears.

The work in the reader's hands consists of two parts, and we apprehend that they were separately published by Daniel: the "Delia", we think, came out by itself in 1592, and, as will be seen, continues as far as sign. H 2: here it originally terminated; but as "The Complaint of Rosamond" was then known and

popular, it was appended for the sake of greater attraction, and, since the printer's signatures for that portion begin with B b, something must have preceded it. What that something was can only be matter of speculation—most probably not the “*Delia*”, as in the copy we have used, and to which the enlarged “*Complaint of Rosamond*” was appended. In the last stanza of “*The Complaint of Rosamond*” the poet evidently refers to youthful productions, already published to “the world”, and these may possibly have originally preceded his “*Complaint of Rosamond*”. Daniel began writing in 1585, and it is not at all unlikely that, in the interval between that date and 1592, he had put in type some firstling specimens of his poetical powers: we know that not a few of his sonnets, etc., were surreptitiously published in 1591 by “a greedy printer”, of whom our author complains in the dedication to his “*Delia*”. This “greedy printer” was Thomas Newman, who made free with no fewer than twenty-eight separate productions by Daniel, besides others by the Earl of Oxford, and some anonymous contemporaries. See *Bibl. and Crit. Account*, 1865, i, 37.

We add, for the purpose of recognition, the first lines of four sonnets which are given by Newman to Daniel, and which we do not recollect to have met with elsewhere.

“The onely bird alone that Nature frames” &c.

“The slie Inchanter, when to worke his will” &c.

“The tablet of my heauie fortunes heere” &c.

“Way but the cause, & giue me leaue to plaine me” &c.

These and others may, prior to 1592, have preceded an edition of “*The Complaint of Rosamond*”, such as we see it before the author enlarged it by the many excellent stanzas found in our reprint.

J. P. C.

Delia.

Contayning certayne
Sonnets: vvith the
complaint of
Rosamond.
(. . .)

✻ *Aetas prima canat veneres
postrema tumultus.*



AT LONDON,
Printed by I. C. for Si-
mon Waterfon, dwelling in
Paules Church-yard, at
the signe of the Crowne.
1592.

To the Reader.

Gentle Reader, I pray thee correct those faultes
escaped in the printing, finding them as they
are noted heere following.

Sonnet 5. most vnkindest, reade sweete vnkindest

Sonnet 14. Yer least, read Yet least

Sonnet 20. desires, read defiers

Sonnet 36. yee, read yce

Sonnet 41. her brow, read her troubled brow

Sonnet 44. tunres, reade turnes.



TO THE RIGHT HO-
nourable the Ladie *Mary*,
Countesse of Pembroke.

Right honorable, although I rather de-
sired to keep in the priuate passions
of my youth, from the multitude, as
things vtterd to my selfe, and con-
secrated to silence: yet seeing I was betraide by the
indiscretion of a greedie Printer, and had some
of my secrets bewraide to the world, vncorrected:
doubting the like of the rest, I am forced to publish
that which I neuer ment. But this wrong was
not onely doone to mee, but to him whose vnmatch-
able lines haue indured the like misfortune; Ignor-
ance sparing not to commit sacriledge vpon so holy
Reliques. Yet Astrophel, flying with the wings of
his own fame, a higher pitch then the gross-sighted
can discerne, hath registred his owne name in the An-
nals

The Epistle.

nals of eternitie, and cannot be disgraced, howsoever disguised. And for my selfe, seeing I am thrust out into the worlde, and that my unboldned Muse is forced to appeare so rawly in publique; I desire onely to bee graced by the countenance of your protection: whome the fortune of our time hath made the happie and iudiciall Patroneesse of the Muses (a glory hereditary to your house) to preserve them from those hidious beastes, Oblivion and Barbarisme. Wherebey you doe not onely possesse the honour of the present, but also do bind posterity to an euer gratefull memorie of your vertues, wherein you must suruiue your selfe. And if my lines heereafter better laboured, shall purchase grace in the world, they must remaine the monuments of your honourable fauour, and recorde the zealous duetie of mee, who am vowed to your honour in all obseruancy for euer,

Samuel Danyell.

To Delia.

Sonnet I.

Vnto the boundles Ocean of thy beautie
Runs this poore river, charg'd with streames of zeale:
Returning thee the tribute of my dutie,
Which heere my loue, my youth, my playnts reucale.

Heere I vnclafpe the booke of my charg'd foule,
Where I haue cast th'accounts of all my care:
Heere haue I summ'd my fighes, heere I enroule
Howe they were spent for thee; Looke what they are.

Looke on the deere expences of my youth,
And see how iust I reckon with thyne eyes:
Examine well thy beautie with my trueth,
And crosse my cares ere greater fummes arise.

Reade it fweet maide, though it be doone but flightly;
who can shewe all his loue, doth loue but lightly.

B I

Goe



Sonnet II.

Goe wailing verfe, the infants of my loue,
Minerua-like, brought foorth without a Mother :
Present the image of the cares I proue,
Witnes your Fathers grieve exceeds all other.

Sigh out a ftory of her cruell deedes,
With interrupted accents of difpayre :
A Monument that whofoeuer reedes,
May iuftly praife, and blame my loueles Faire.

Say her difdaine hath dryed vp my blood,
And ftarued you, in fuccours ftill denying :
Prefse to her eyes, importune me some good ;
Waken her fleeping pittie with your crying.

Knock at that hard hart, beg till you haue moou'd her ;
And tell th'unkind, how deerely I haue lou'd her.

If



Sonnet III.

If so it hap this of-spring of my care,
These fatall Antheames, sad and mornefull Songes :
Come to their view, who like afflicted are ;
Let them yet figh their owne, and mone my wrongs.

But vntouch'd harts, with vnaffected eye,
Approch not to behold so great distresse :
Cleer-fighted you, foone note what is awry,
Whilst blinded ones mine errours neuer gesse.

You blinded foules whom youth and errours lead,
You outcast Eglets, dazled with your funne :
Ah you, and none but you my sorrowes read,
You best can iudge the wrongs that she hath dunne.

That she hath doone, the motiue of my paine ;
Who whilst I loue, doth kill me with disdaine.

These



Sonnet IIII.

These plaintiue verfe, the Posts of my desire,
Which hafte for fuccour to her flowe regarde :
Beare not report of any flender fire,
Forging a grieve to winne a fames rewarde.

Nor are my paffions limnd for outward hewe,
For that no collours can depaynt my forrowes :
Delia her felfe, and all the world may viewe
Beft in my face, how cares hath til'd deepe forrowes.

No Bayes I feeke to deck my mourning brow,
O cleer-eyde Rector of the holie Hill :
My humble accents craue the Olyue bow,
Of her milde pittie and relenting will.

These lines I vfe, t'unburthen mine owne hart ;
My loue affects no fame, nor fteemes of art.

Whilst



Sonnet V.

Whilst youth and error led my wandring minde,
And fet my thoughts in heedeles waies to range :
All vnawares a Goddesse chaste I finde,
Diana-like, to worke my suddaine change.

For her no fooner had my view bewrayd,
But with disdaine to see me in that place :
With fairest hand the most vnkindest maide,
Castes water-cold disdaine vpon my face.

Which turn'd my sport into a Harts dispaire,
Which still is chac'd, whilst I haue any breath,
By mine owne thoughts : fet on me by my faire,
My thoughts like houndes, pursue me to my death.

Those that I fostred of mine owne accord,
Are made by her to murther thus their Lord.



Sonnet VI.

Faire is my loue, and cruell as sh'is faire ;
Her brow shades frownes, although her eyes are funny;
Her Smiles are lightning, though her pride dispaire ;
And her disdaines are gall ; her fauours hunny.

A modest maide, deckt with a blush of honour,
Whose feete do treade greenepathes of youth and loue,
The wonder of all eyes that looke vppon her :
Sacred on earth, design'd a Saint aboue.

Chaftitie and Beautie, which were deadly foes,
Liue reconciled friends within her brow :
And had she pittie to conioine with those,
Then who had heard the plaints I vtter now.

O had she not beene faire, and thus vnkinde,
My Muse had slept, and none had knowne my minde.

O



Sonnet VII.

O had she not beene faire and thus vnkinde,
Then had no finger pointed at my lightnes :
The world had neuer knowne what I doe finde,
And Clowdes obscure had shaded still her brightnes.

Then had no Censors eye these lines suruaide,
Nor grauer browes haue iudg'd my Muse so vaine ;
No funne my blush and errour had bewraide,
Nor yet the world had heard of such disdaine.

Then had I walkt with bold erected face,
No down-cast looke had signified my mis :
But my degraded hopes, with such disgrace
Did force me grone out griefes, and vtter this.

For being full, should not I then haue spoken :
My sence oppref'd, had fail'd ; and hart had broken.

Thou



Sonnet VIII.

Thou poore hart sacrific'd vnto the fairest,
Hast sent the incens of thy fighes to heauen:
And still against her frownes fresh vowes repayrest,
And made thy passions with her beautie euen.

And you mine eyes the agents of my hart,
Told the dumbe message of my hidden grieve:
And oft with carefull turnes, with silent art,
Did treat the cruell Fayre to yeelde reliefe.

And you my verse, the Aduocates of loue,
Haue followed hard the proceffe of my case:
And vrg'd that title which dooth plainely proue,
My faith should win, if iustice might haue place.

Yet though I see, that nought we doe can moue her,
Tis not disdaine must make me leaue to loue her.

It



Sonnet IX.

If this be loue, to drawe a weary breath,
Painte on flowdes, till the fhore, crye to th'ayre :
With downward lookes, ftill reading on the earth ;
The fad memorials of my loues defpaire.

If this be loue, to warre againft my foule,
Lye downe to waile, rife vp to figh and grieue me :
The neuer-refting ftone of care to roule,
Still to complaine my greifes, and none releiue me.

If this be loue, to cloath me with darke thoughts,
Haunting vntroden pathes to waile apart ;
My pleasures horror, Mufique tragicke notes,
Teares in my eyes, and forrowe at my hart.

If this be loue, to liue a liuing death ;
O then loue I, and drawe this weary breath.

C

O



Sonnet X.

O then I loue, and drawe this weary breath,
For her the cruell faire, within whose brow
I written finde the sentence of my death,
In vnkinde letters; wrought she cares not how.

O thou that rul'st the confines of the night,
Laughter-louing Gods, worldly pleasures Queene,
Intenerat that hart that sets so light,
The truest loue that euer yet was seene.

And cause her leaue to triumph in this wife,
Vppon the prostrate spoyle of that poore harte:
That serues a trophey to her conquering eyes,
And must their glorie to the world imparte.

Once let her know, sh'hath done enough to proue me;
And let her pittie if she cannot loue me,

Teares



Sonnet XI.

Teares, vowes, and prayers win the hardest hart :
Teares, vowes, and prayers haue I spent in vaine ;
Teares, cannot soften flint, nor vowes conuart,
Prayers preuaile not with a quaint disdaine.

I lose my teares, where I haue lost my loue,
I vowe my faith, where it is not regarded ;
I pray in vaine, a merciles to moue :
So rare a faith ought better be rewarded.

Yet though I cannot win her will with teares,
Though my foules Idoll scorneth all my vowes ;
Though all my prayers be to so deafe eares :
No fauour though the cruell faire allowes.

Yet will I weepe, vowe, pray to cruell Shee ;
Flint, Frost, Disdaine, weares, melts, and yeelds we fee.



Sonnet XII.

My spotles loue hoouers with white wings :
About the temple of the proudest frame :
Where blaze those lights fayrest of earthly things,
Which cleere our clouded world with brightest flame.

M'ambitious thoughts confined in her face,
Affect no honour, but what she can giue mee :
My hopes doe rest in limits of her grace,
I weygh no comfort vnlesse she relecue mee.

For she that can my hart imparadize,
Holdes in her fairest hand what deerest is :
My fortunes wheele, the circle of her eyes,
Whose rowling grace deigne once a turne of blis.

All my liues sweete consists in her alone,
So much I loue the most vnlouing one.

Behol



Sonnet XIII.

Behold what happe *Pigmaleon* had to frame,
And carue his proper griefe vpon a stone :
My heauie fortune is much like the same,
I worke on Flint, and that's the cause I mone.

For haples loe euen with mine owne desires,
I figured on the table of my harte :
The fayrest forme, the worldes eye admires,
And so did perish by my proper arte.

And still I toile, to chaunge the marble brest
Of her, whose sweetest grace I doe adore :
Yet cannot finde her breathe vnto my rest,
Hard is her hart and woe is me therefore.

O happie he that ioy'd his stone and arte,
Vnhappy I to loue a stony harte.



Sonnet XIII.

Those amber locks, are those same nets my deere,
Wherewith my libertie thou didst surprize :
Loue was the flame, that fired me so neere,
The darte transpearfing, were those Christall eyes.

Strong is the net, and feruent is the flame ;
Deepe is the wounde, my fighes do well report :
Yet doe I loue, adore, and praise the same,
That holdes, that burnes, that wounds me in this sort.

And list not seeke to breake, to quench, to heale,
The bonde, the flame, the wound that festreth so ;
By knife, by lyquor, or by falue to deale :
So much I please to perish in my wo.

Yer least long trauailes be aboue my strength,
Good *Delia* lose, quench, heale me now at length.

If



Sonnet XV.

If that a loyall hart and faith vnfained,
If a sweete languish with a chaste desire :
If hunger-staruen thoughts so long retayned,
Fed but with smoake, and cherisht but with fire.

And if a brow with cares characters painted,
Bewraies my loue, with broken words halfe spoken ;
To her that sits in my thoughts Temple fainted,
And layes to view my Vultur-gnawne hart open.

If I haue doone due homage to her eyes,
And had my sighes styll tending on her name :
If on her loue my life and honour lyes ;
And she th'vnkindest maide still scornes the same.

Let this suffice, the world yet may see ;
The fault is hers, though mine the hurt must bee.

Happie



Sonnet XVI.

Happie in sleepe, waking content to languish,
Imbracing cloudes by night, in day time morne :
All things I loath saue her and mine owne anguish,
Pleas'd in my hurt, inur'd to liue forlorne.

Nought doe I craue, but loue, death, or my Lady,
Hoarce with crying mercy, mercy yet my merit ;
So many vowes and prayers euer made I,
That now at length t'yeelde, meere pittie were it.

But still the *Hydra* of my cares renewing,
Reuiues new forrowes of her fresh disdayning ;
Still must I goe the Summer windes pursuing :
Finding no ende nor Period of my payning.

Waile all my life, my griefes do touch so neerely,
And this I liue, because I loue her deerely.

Since



Sonnet XVII.

Since the first looke that led me to this error,
To this thoughts-maze, to my confusion tending :
Still haue I liu'd in grieve, in hope, in terror,
The circle of my forrowes neuer ending.

Yet cannot leaue her loue that holdes me hatefull,
Her eyes exact it, though her hart disdaines mee :
See what reward he hath that serues th'vngratefull,
So true and loyall loue no fauours gaines mee.

Still must I whet my younge defires abated,
Vppon the Flint of such a hart rebelling ;
And all in vaine, her pride is so innated,
She yeeldes no place at all for pitties dwelling.

Oft haue I tolde her that my foule did loue her,
And that with teares, yet all this will not moue her.

D.

Restore



Sonnet XVIII.

Restore thy tresses to the golden Ore,
Yeelde *Cithereas* sonne those Arkes of loue ;
Bequeath the heauens the starres that I adore,
And to th'Orient do thy Pearles remoue.

Yeelde thy hands pride vnto th'yuory whight,
T'*Arabian* odors giue thy breathing sweete :
Restore thy blush vnto *Aurora* bright,
To *Thetis* giue the honour of thy feete.

Let *Venus* haue thy graces, her resigned,
And thy sweete voyce giue backe vnto the Spheares :
But yet restore thy fearce and cruell minde,
To *Hyrcean* Tygers, and to ruthles Beares.

Yeelde to the Marble thy hard hart againe ;
So shalt thou cease to plague, and I to paine.

If



Sonnet XIX.

If Beautie thus be clouded with a frowne,
That pittie shines no comfort to my blis :
And vapors of disdaine so ouergrowne,
That my liues light thus wholly darkned is.

Why should I more molest the world with cryes ?
The ayre with fighes, the earth belowe with teares ?
Since I liue hatefull to those ruthlesse eyes,
Vexing with vntun'd moane, her daintie eares.

If I haue lou'd her deerer then my breath,
My breath that calls the heauens to witnes it :
And still must holde her deere till after death.
And if that all this cannot moue a whit ;

Yet let her say that she hath doone me wrong,
To vse me thus and knowe I lou'd so long.

D 2

Come



Sonnet XX.

Come death the Anchor-holde of all my thoughtes,
My last Refort whereto my foule appealeth ;
For all too long on earth my fancy dotes,
Whilst my best blood my younge desires sealeth.

That hart is now the prospectiue of horror,
That honored hath the cruelst faire that lyueth :
The cruelst faire, that fees I languish for her,
Yet neuer mercy to my merit giueth.

This is her Lawrell and her triumphes prize,
To tread me downe with foote of her disgrace :
Whilst I did builde my fortune in her eyes,
And laide my liues rest on so faire a face ;

That rest I lost, my loue, my life and all,
So high attempts to lowe disgraces fall.

These



Sonnet XXI.

These forrowing fighes, the fmaokes of mine annoy ;
These teares, which heate of facred flame distils ;
Are these due tributes that my faith dooth pay
Vnto the tyrant ; whose vnkindnes kils.

I facrifize my youth, and blooming yeares,
At her proud feete, and she respects not it :
My flowre vntimely's withred with my teares,
And winter woes, for fpring of youth vnfit.

She thinkes a looke may recompence my care,
And so with lookes prolongs my long-lookt ease :
As short that blisse, so is the comfort rare,
Yet must that blisse my hungry thoughts appease.

Thus she returnes my hopes so fruitlesse euer,
Once let her loue indeede, or eye me neuer.

D 3

Falfe



Sonnet XXII.

Falſe hope prolongs my euer certaine griefe ;
Traytrous to me and faithfull to my loue :
A thouſand times it promiſ'd me reliefe,
Yet neuer any true effect I proue.

Oft when I finde in her no trueth at all,
I baniſh her, and blame her trechery :
Yet ſoone againe I muſt her backe recall,
• As one that dyes without her company.

Thus often as I chaſe my hope from mee,
Straight way ſhe haſtes her vnto *Delia's* eyes :
Fed with ſome pleaſing looke there ſhall ſhe bee,
And ſo ſent backe and thus my fortune lyes.

Lookes feede my Hope, Hope foſters me in vaine ;
Hopes are vnſure, when certaine is my paine.

Looke



Sonnet XXIII.

Looke in my griefes, and blame me not to morne,
From care to care that leades a life fo bad ;
Th'Orphan of fortune, borne to be her fcorne,
Whose clouded brow dooth make my daies fo fad.

Long are their nights whose cares doe neuer fleeepe
Loathfome their daies, whome no funne euer ioyde :
Her faireft eyes doe penetrate fo deepe,
That thus I liue booth day and night annoyde.

But fince the fweeteft roote doth yeeld thus much,
Her praife from my complaint I may not part :
I loue th'effect for that the caufe is fuch,
Ile praife her face, and blame her flintie hart.

Whilst that wee make the world admire at vs,
Her for difdaine, and me for louing thus.

Oft



Sonnet XXIIII.

Oft and in vaine my rebel thoughts haue venterd,
To stop the passage of my vanquisht hart :
And shut those waies my friendly foe first entred,
Hoping thereby to free my better part.

And whilst I garde these windowes of this forte,
Where my harts theefe to vexe me made her choice :
And thether all my forces doe transporte,
An other passage opens at her voice.

Her voyce betraies me to her hand and eye :
My freedoms tyrants conquering all by arte :
But ah, what glorie can she get thereby,
With three such powers to plague one silly harte.

Yet my foules foueraigne, since I must resigne ;
Reigne in my thoughts, my loue and life are thine.

Reigne



Sonnet XXV.

Raigne in my thoughts faire hand, sweete eye, rare voyce,
Possesse me whole, my harts triumvirat :
Yet heauie hart to make so hard a choise,
Of such as spoile thy poore afflicted state,

For whilst they striue which shall be Lord of all,
All my poore life by them is troden downe :
They all erect their Trophies on my fall.
And yeelde me nought that giues them their renowne.

When backe I looke, I fighe my freedome past,
And waile the state wherein I present stande :
I see my fortune euer like to last,
Finding me rain'd with such a heauie hande ;

What can I doo but yeeld, and yeeld I doo,
And serue all three, and yet they spoile me too.

E.

Whilst



Sonnet XXVI.

Whilst by her eyes purfu'd, my poore hart flew it,
Into the sacred bosome of my dearest :
She there in that sweete sanctuary flew it,
Where it presum'd his safetie to be neereft.

My priuiledge of faith could not protect it,
That was with blood and three yeeres witnes signed :
In all which time she neuer could suspect it,
For well she sawe my loue, and how I pined.

And yet no comfort would her brow reueale mee.
No lightning looke, which falling hopes erecteth :
What bootes to lawes of succour to appeale mee ?
Ladies and tyrants, neuer lawes respecteth.

Then there I dye, where hop'd I to haue liuen ;
And by that hand, which better might haue giuen.

The



Sonnet XXVII.

The starre of my mishappe impos'd this payning,
To spend the Aprill of my yeers in wayling,
That neuer found my fortune but in wayning,
With still fresh cares my present woes affayling.

Yet her I blame not, though she might haue blest mee,
But my desires wings so high aspiring :
Now melted with the funne that hath possesst mee,
Downe doe I fall from off my high desiring ;

And in my fall doe cry for mercy speedy,
No pittying eye lookes back vppon my mourning :
No helpe I finde when now most fauour neede I,
Th'Ocean of my teares must drowne me burning,
And this my death shall christen her anew,
And giue the cruell Faire her tytle dew.



Sonnet XXVIII.

Rayfing my hopes on hills of high desire,
Thinking to skale the heauen of her hart :
My slender meanes prefum'd too high a part ;
Her thunder of difdaine forst me retire ;

And threw mee downe to paine in all this fire,
Where loe I languish in fo heauie smart,
Because th'attempt was farre aboue my arte :
Her pride brook'd not poore foules shold come so nye her.

Yet I protest my high aspyring will,
Was not to dispossesse her of her right :
Her foueraignty should haue remayned still,
I onely fought the blisse to haue her fight.

Her fight contented thus to see me spill,
Fram'd my desires fit for her eyes to kill.

O



Sonnet XXIX.

O why dooth *Delia* credite fo her glasse,
Gazing her beautie deign'd her by the skyes :
And dooth not rather looke on him (alas)
Whose state best shewes the force of murthering eyes.

The broken toppes of loftie trees declare,
The fury of a mercy wanting storme :
And of what force your wounding graces are,
Vppon my felfe you best may finde the forme.

Then leaue your glasse, and gaze your felfe on mee,
That Mirrour shewes what powre is in your face :
To viewe your forme too much, may daunger bee,
Narcissus chaung'd t'a flowre in such a case.

And you are chaung'd, but not t'a Hiacint ;
I feare your eye hath turn'd your hart to flint.



Sonnet XXX.

I once may see when yeeres shall wrecke my wronge,
When golden haire shall chaunge to siluer wyer :
And those bright rayes, that kindle all this fyre
Shall faile in force, their working not so stronge.

Then beautie, now the burthen of my song,
Whose glorious blaze the world dooth so admire ;
Must yeelde vp all to tyrant Times desire :
Then fade those flowres which deckt her pride so long.

When if she grieue to gaze her in her glas,
Which then presents her winter-withered hew ;
Goe you my verse, goe tell her what she was ;
For what she was she best shall finde in you.

Your fire heate lets not her glorie passe,
But Phenix-like shall make her liue anew.

Looke



Sonnet XXXI.

Looke *Delia* how wee steeme the half-blowne Rose,
The image of thy blush and Summers honor :
Whilst in her tender greene she doth inclose
That pure sweete beautie, Time bestowes vppon her.

No sooner spreades her glorie in the ayre,
But straight her ful-blowne pride is in declyning ;
She then is scorn'd that late adorn'd the fayre :
So clowdes thy beautie, after fayrest shining.

No Aprill can reuiue thy withred flowers,
Whose blooming grace adornes thy glorie now :
Swift speedy Time, feathred with flying howers,
Dissolues the beautie of the fairest brow.

O let not then such riches waste in vaine ;
But loue whilst that thou maist be lou'd againe.

But



Sonnet XXXII.

But loue whilst that thou maist be lou'd againe,
Now whilst thy May hath fill'd thy lappe with flowers ;
Now whilst thy beautie beares without a staine ;
Now vse thy Summer smiles ere winter lowres.

And whilst thou spread'st vnto the ryfing funne,
The fairest flowre that euer saw the light :
Now joye thy time before thy sweete be dunne,
And *Delia*, thinke thy morning must haue night.

And that thy brightnes sets at length to west :
When thou wilt close vp that which now thou shouest :
And thinke the same becomes thy fading best,
Which then shall hide it most, and couer lowest.

Men doe not weigh the stalke for what it was,
When once they finde her flowre, her glory passe.

When



Sonnet XXXIII.

When men shall finde thy flowre, thy glory passe,
And thou with carefull brow sitting alone:
Receiued hast this message from thy glasse,
That tells thee trueth, and faies that all is gone.

Fresh shalt thou see in mee the woundes thou madest,
Though spent thy flame, in mee the heate remaying:
I that haue lou'd thee thus before thou fadeest,
My faith shall waxe, when thou art in thy wayning.

The world shall finde this miracle in mee,
That fire can burne, when all the matter's spent:
Then what my faith hath beene thy selfe shalt see,
And that thou wast vnkinde thou maiest repent.

Thou maist repent, that thou hast scorn'd my teares,
When Winter snowes vpon thy golden heares.

F I

When



Sonnet XXXIIII.

When Winter snowes vpon thy golden heares,
And frost of age hath nipt thy flowers neere :
When darke shall seeme thy day that neuer cleares,
And all lyes withred that was held so deere.

Then take this picture which I heere present thee,
Limned with a Penfill not all vnworthy :
Heere see the giftes that God and nature lent thee ;
Heere reade thy selfe, and what I suffred for thee,

This may remaine thy lasting monument,
Which happily posteritie may cherish :
These collours with thy fading are not spent ;
These may remaine, when thou and I shall perish.

If they remaine, then thou shalt liue thereby ;
They will remaine, and so thou canst not dye.

Thou



Sonnet XXXV.

Thou canst not dye whilst any zeale abounde
In feeling harts, that can conceiue these lines :
Though thou a *Laura* hast no Petrarch founde,
In base attire, yet cleerely Beautie shines.

And I, though borne in a colder clime,
Doe feele mine inward heate as great, I knowe it :
He neuer had more faith, although more rime,
I loue as well, though he could better shew it.

But I may ad one feather to thy fame,
To helpe her flight throughout the fairest Ile :
And if my penne could more enlarge thy name,
Then shouldst thou liue in an immortall stile.

But though that *Laura* better limned bee,
Suffice, thou shalt be lou'd as well as shee.

F 2

O



Sonnet XXXVI.

O be not grieu'd that these my papers should,
Bewray vnto the world howe faire thou art :
Or that my wits haue shew'd the best they could,
The chafest flame that euer warmed hart.

Thinke not sweete *Delia*, this shall be thy shame,
My Muse should found thy praise with mournfull warble :
How many liues the glory of whose name,
Shall rest in yee, when thine is grau'd in Marble.

Thou maist in after ages liue esteem'd,
Vnburied in these lines referu'd in purenes ;
These shall intombe those eyes, that haue redeem'd
Mee from the vulgar, thee from all obscurenes.

Although my carefull accents neuer mou'd thee ;
Yet count it no disgrace that I haue lou'd thee.

Delia



Sonnet XXVII.

Delia these eyes that so admireth thine,
Haue seene those walles the which ambition reared,
To checke the world, how they intombd haue lyen
within themselues; and on them ploughes haue eared.

Yet for all that no barbarous hand attaynde,
The spoyle of fame deferu'd by vertuous men:
Whose glorious actions luckely had gainde,
Th' eternall Anualls of a happie pen.

Why then though *Delia* fade let that not moue her,
Though time do spoyle her of the fairest vaile
That euer yet mortallitie did couer;
Which shall instarre the needle and the trayle.

That grace, that vertue, all that seru'd t' in woman;
Dooth her vnto eternitie affommon.



Sonnet XXXVIII.

Faire and louely maide, looke from the shore,
See thy *Leander* striuing in these waues :
Poore foule fore-spent, whose force can doe no more,
Now send foorth hopes, for now calme pittie faues.

And waste him to thee with those louely eyes,
A happy conuoy to a holy lande :
Now shew thy powre, and where thy vertue lyes,
To faue thine owne, stretch out the fayrest hand.

Stretch out the fairest hand a pledge of peace,
That hand that dartes so right, and neuer misses :
Ile not reuenge olde wrongs, my wrath shall cease ;
For that which gave me woundes, Ile giue it kiffes.

Once let the Ocean of my cares finde shore,
That thou be pleas'd, and I may figh no more.

Reade



Sonnet XXXIX.

Reade in my face, a volume of despayres,
The wayling Iliades of my tragicke wo ;
Drawne with my bloud, and printed with my cares,
Wrought by her hand, that I haue honoured so.

Who whilst I burne, she finges at my foules wrack,
Looking aloft from Turret of her pride :
There my foules tyrant ioyes her, in the sack
Of her owne feate, whereof I made her guide.
There doe these smoakes that from affliction ryse,
Serue as an incense to a cruell Dame :
A Sacrifice thrice gratefull to her eyes,
Because their powre serue to exact the same.

Thus ruines she, to satisfie her will ;
The Temple, where her name was honored still.

My



Sonnet XL.

My *Cynthia* hath the waters of mine eyes,
The ready handmaides on her grace attending :
That neuer fall to ebbe, nor euer dryes,
For to their flowe she neuer graunts an ending.

Th'Ocean neuer did attende more duely,
Vppon his Soueraignes course, the nights pale Queene :
Nor paide the impost of his waues more truely,
Then mine to her in truth haue euer beene.

Yet nought the rocke of that hard hart can moue,
Where beate these teares with zeale, and fury driueth :
And yet I rather languish in her loue
Then I would ioy the fayrest she that liueth.

I doubt to finde such pleasure in my gayning,
As now I taste in compas of complayning.

Howe



Sonnet XLI.

How long shall I in mine affliction morne,
A burthen to my felfe, distreſſ'd in minde :
When ſhall my interdicted hopes returne,
From out deſpayre wherein they liue confin'd.

When ſhall her browe charg'd with diſdaine,
Reueale the treaſure which her ſmyles impart :
When ſhall my faith the happineſſe attaine,
To breake the yce that hath congeald her hart.

Vnto her felfe, her felfe my loue dooth ſommon,
If loue in her hath any powre to moue :
And let her tell me as ſhe is a woman,
Whether my faith hath not deſeru'd her loue.

I knowe ſhe cannot but muſt needes confeſſe it,
Yet deignes not with one ſimple ſigne t'exprefſe it.

G.

Beautie



Sonnet XLII.

Beautie, fweete loue, is like the morning dewe,
Whose short refresh vpon the tender greene,
Cheeres for a time but tyll the Sunne doth shew,
And straight tis gone as it had neuer beene.

Soone doth it fade that makes the fairest flourish,
Short is the glory of the blushing Rose,
The hew which thou so carefully doost nourish,
Yet which at length thou must be forc'd to lose.

When thou furcharg'd with burthen of thy yeeres,
Shalt bend thy wrinkles homeward to the earth :
When tyme hath made a pasport for thy feares,
Dated in age the Kalends of our death.

But ah no more, thys hath beene often tolde,
And women grieue to thinke they must be old.



Sonnet XLIII.

I must not grieve my Loue, whose eyes would reede,
Lines of delight, whereon her youth might smile:
Flowers haue a tyme before they come to feede,
And she is young and now must sport the while.

Ah sport sweet Mayde in season of these yeeres,
And learne to gather flowers before they wither:
And where the sweetest blossoms first appeares,
Let loue and youth conduct thy pleasures thither.

Lighten forth fmyles to cleere the clouded ayre,
And calme the tempest which my sighes doe rayse:
Pittie and fmyles doe best become the fayre,
Pittie and fmyles shall yeeld thee lasting prayse.

I hope to say when all my griefes are gone,
Happy the hart that sigh'd for such a one.

G. 2.

Drawne



Sonnet XLIIII.

Drawne with th' attractiue vertue of her eyes,
My toucht hart tunres it to that happie cost :
My ioyfull North, where all my fortune lyes,
The leuell of my hopes desired most.

There where my *Delia* fayrer then the funne,
Deckt with her youth whereon the world smyleth :
Ioyes in that honour which her beautie wonne,
Th'eternall volume which her fame compyleth.

Florish faire *Albion*, glory of the North,
Neptunes darling helde betweene his armes :
Deuided from the world as better worth,
Kept for himselfe, defended from all harmes.

Still let difarmed peace decke her and thee ;
And Muse-foe Mars, abroad farre fostred bee.

Care-



Sonnet XLV.

Care-charmer sleepe, fonne of the Sable night,
Brother to death, in filent darknes borne :
Relieue my languish, and restore the light,
With darke forgetting of my cares returne.

And let the day be time enough to morne,
The shipwrack of my ill-aduentred youth :
Let waking eyes suffice to vwayle theyr scorne,
Without the torment of the nights vntruth.

Cease dreames, th'ymagery of our day desires,
To modell foorth the passions of the morrow :
Neuer let ryfing Sunne approue you lyers,
To adde more grieve to aggrauat my forrow.

Still let me sleepe, imbracing clovvdcs in vaine ;
And neuer wake, to feele the dayes difdayne.

G 3

Let



Sonnet XLVI.

Let others sing of Knights and Palladines,
In aged accents, and vntimely words :
Paint fhadowes in imaginary lines,
Which well the reach of their high wits records ;
But I must sing of thee and those faire eyes,
Autentique shall my verse in time to come,
When yet th'vnborne shall say, loe where she lyes,
Whose beautie made him speake that els was dombe.
These are the Arkes the Tropheis I erect,
That fortifie thy name against old age,
And these thy sacred vertues must protect,
Against the Darke and times consuming rage.
Though th'error of my youth they shall discouer,
Suffice they shew I liu'd and was thy loue.

Like



Sonnet XLVII.

Like as the Lute that ioyes or els dislikes,
As is his arte that playes vpon the fame :
So founds my Mufe according as ſhe ſtrikes,
On my hart ſtrings high tun'd vnto her fame.

Her touch doth cauſe the warble of the found,
Which heere I yeeld in lamentable wiſe,
A wailing deſkant on the ſweeteſt ground,
Whoſe due reports giue honor to her eyes.

Els harſh my ſtyle, vntunable my Mufe,
Hoarce founds the voyce that prayſeth not her name :
If any pleaſing realiſh heere I uſe,
Then iudge the world her beautie giues the fame.

O happie ground that makes the muſique ſuch,
And bleſſed hand that giues ſo ſweete a tuch.

None



Sonnet XLVIII.

None other fame my vnambitious Muse,
Affected euer but t'eternize thee :
All other honours doe my hopes refuse,
Which meaner priz'd and momentarie bee.

For God forbid I should my papers blot,
With mercynary lines, with seruile pen :
Praising vertues in them that haue them not,
Basely attending on the hopes of men.

No no my verse respects nor Thames nor Theaters,
Nor seekes it to be knowne vnto the Great :
But *Auon* rich in fame, though poore in waters,
Shall haue my song, where *Delia* hath her feate.

Auon shall be my Thames, and she my Song ;
Ile found her name the Ryuer all along.

Vnhappy



Sonnet XLIX.

Unhappy pen and ill accepted papers,
That intimate in vaine my chaste defiers,
My chaste defiers, the euer burning tapers,
Inkindled by her eyes celestiall fiers.

Celestiall fiers and vnrespecting powers,
That deigne not view the glory of your might,
In humble lines the worke of carefull howers,
The sacrifice I offer to her sight.

But sith she scornes her owne, this rests for me,
Ile mone my selfe, and hide the wrong I haue:
And so content me that her frownes should be
To my'infant stile the cradle, and the graue.

What though my selfe no honor get thereby,
Each byrd sings t'herselfe, and so will I.

H.

Loe



Sonnet L.

Loe heere the impost of my faith vnfaining,
That loue hath paide, and her disdaine extorted :
Beholde the meffage of my iust complayning,
That shewes the world how much my grieve imported.

These tributary plaintes fraught with desire,
I fende those eyes the cabinets of loue ;
The Paradice whereto my hopes aspire,
From out this hell, which mine afflictions proue.

Wherein I thus doe liue cast downe from myrth,
Penfiue alone, none but despayre about mee ;
My ioyes abortiue, perisht at their byrth,
My carres long liu'de, and will not dye without mee.

This is my state, and *Delias* hart is such ;
I say no more, I feare I faide too much.

FINIS.



An Ode.

Nowe each creature ioyes the other,
 Passing happy daies and howers :
One byrd reports to another,
 In the fall of siluer showers,
Whilst the earth our common mother,
 Hath her bosome deckt with flowers.

Whilst the greatest torch of heauen,
 With bright rayes warmes *Floras* lapse :
Making nights and dayes both euen,
 Cheering plants with fresher fappe :
My field of flowers quite be-reauen,
 Wants refresh of better happe.

H. 2.

Eccho



Ode.

Eccho daughter of the ayre,
Babbling ghefte of Rocks and Hills,
Knowes the name of my fearce Fayre,
And foundes the accents of my ill:
Each thing pitties my dispaire,
Whilst that she her Louer kills.

Whilst that she O cruell Maide,
Doth me, and my true loue dispise:
My liues florish is decayde
That depended on her eyes:
But her will must be obaide,
And well he 'ends for loue who dies.

FINIS.



THE COMPLAINT
OF ROSAMOND.

(* *)

OVT from the horror of Infernall deepes,
My poore afflicted ghost comes here to plain it,
Attended with my shame that neuer sleepest,
The spot where-with my kinde and youth did staine it.
My body found a graue where to containe it.
A sheete could hide my face, but not my sin,
For Fame findes neuer tombe t'inclose it in.

And which is worfe, my foule is now denied,
Her transport to the sweet Elisian rest,
The ioifull blisse for ghosts repurified,
The euer-springing Gardens of the blest:
Caron denies me waftage with the rest.
And faies, my foule can neuer passe the Riuer,
Till Louers sighes on earth shall it deliuer.

So shall I neuer passe; for how should I
Procure this sacrifice amongst the liuing?
Time hath long since worne out the memorie
Both of my life, and liues vniust depriuing,
Sorrow for me is dead for aye reuiuing.
ROSAMOND hath little left her but her name,
And that disgrac'd, for time hath wrong'd the fame.

B b

THE COMPLAINT

No Muse suggests the pittie of my case,
Each pen doth ouerpasse my iust complaint,
Whilst others are preferd, though far more base;
Shores wife is grac'd and passes for a Saint;
Her Legend iustifies her foule attaint.

Her wel-told tale did such compassion find,
That she is pass'd, and I am left behind.

Which seene with grieve, my miserable ghost,
(Whilome inuested in so faire a vaile,
Which whilst it liu'd, was honored of the most,
And being dead giues matter to bewaile.)
Comes to follicite thee (since others faile,
To take this taske, and in thy woful song
To forme my case, and register my wrong.

Although I know thy iust lamenting Muse,
Toil'd in th'affliction of thine owne distresse,
In others cares hath little time to vse,
And therefore maist esteeme of mine the lesse:
Yet as thy hopes attend happie redresse,
Thy ioies depending on a womans grace,
So moue thy mind a wofull womans case.

DELIA

OF ROSAMOND.

DELIA may hap to deigne to read our storie,
And offer vp her sigh among the rest,
Whose merit would suffice for both our glorie,
Whereby thou might'st be grac'd and I be blest;
That indulgence would profit me the best.

Such power she hath by whom thy youth is led,
To ioy the liuing, and to bleffe the dead.

So I (through beautie) made the wofull'st wight,
By beautie might haue comfort after death:
That dying fairest, by the fairest might
Find life aboue on earth, and rest beneath.
She that can bleffe vs with one happie breath,
Giue comfort to thy Muse to do her best,
That thereby thou maist ioy, and I might rest.

Thus said: forth-with mou'd with a tender care,
And pittie, (which my selfe could neuer find,)
What she desir'd, my Muse deign'd to declare,
And therefore, will'd her boldly tel her mind.
And I (more willing,) tooke this charge assignd,
Because her griefes were worthy to be known,
And telling hers, might hap forget mine own:

THE COMPLAINT

Then write (quoth she) the ruine of my youth,
Report the down-fall of my slippry state,
Of all my life reueale the simple truth,
To teach to others what I learnt too late.
Exemplifie my frailty, tell how Fate
 Keepes in eternall darke our fortunes hidden,
And ere they come, to know thē tis forbidden.

For whilst the sun-shine of my fortune lasted,
I ioyd the happiest warmth, the sweetest heate
That euer yet imperious beauty tasted,
I had what glory euer flesh could get :
But this faire morning had a shamefull fet.
 Disgrace darkt honor, sin did clowd my brow,
As note the sequel, and Ile tell thee how.

The bloud I staind, was good and of the best,
My birth had honour, and my beauty fame :
Nature and Fortune ioin'd to make me blest,
Had I had grace t'have knowne to vse the same.
My education shew'd from whence I came,
 And all concurd to make me happie furst,
That so great hap might make me more accurst.

Happie

OF ROSAMOND.

Happie liu'd I whilst parents eie did guide
The indiscretion of my feeble waies,
And Country home kept me from being eide,
Wher best vnknown I spent my sweetest daies :
Til that my friends mine honor fought to raise
To higher place, which greater credit yeelds,
Deeming fuch beauty was vnfit for feelds.

From Country then to Court I was preferr'd,
From calme to stormes, from shore into the deepes :
There where I perish'd, where my youth first err'd,
There where I lost the flowre which honor keeps;
There where the worser thriues, the better weepes;
Ah me (poore wench) on this vnhappy shelve,
I grounded me and cast awaie my selfe.

From thither com'd, when yeeres had arm'd my youth,
With rarest prooffe of beautie euer seene :
When my reuiuing eie had learnt the truth,
That it had power to make the winter greene,
And flowre affections whereas none had beene ;
Soone could I teach my brow to tyrannize,
And make the world do homage to mine eies.

THE COMPLAINT

For age I faw, (though yeeres with cold conceit,
Congeald their thoughts againſt a warme deſire,)
Yet figh their want, and looke at ſuch a baite.
I faw how youth was waxe before the fire.
I faw by ſtealth, I fram'd my looke a lyre.
Yet wel perceiu'd, how Fortune made me then
The enuie of my fexe, and wonder vnto men.

Looke how a Comet at the firſt appearing,
Drawes all mens eies with wonder to behold it;
Or as the ſaddeſt tale at fuddaine hearing,
Makes ſilent liſtning vnto him that told it,
So did my ſpeech when Rubies did vnfold it.
So did the blazing of my bluſh appeare,
T'amaze the world, that holds ſuch fights ſo deere.

Ah beauty Syren, faire enchaunting good,
Sweet ſilent rhetorique of perſwading eies:
Dombe eloquēce, whoſe power doth moue the bloud,
More then the words, or wiſdome of the wife;
Still harmony, whoſe diapafon lies
Within a brow, the key which paſſions moue,
To rauish fence, and play a world in loue.

What

OF ROSAMOND.

What might I then not do whose power was such?
What cannot women do that know their power?
What women knowes it not (I feare too much)
Howe blisse or bale lies in their laugh or lowre?
Whilst they enioy their happy blooming flowre,
 Whilst nature decks them in their best attires
Of youth and beautie which the world admires.

Such one was I, my beautie was mine owne,
No borrowed blush which bank-rot beauties seeke:
That new-found shame, a finne to vs vnknowne,
Th'adulterate beauty of a falsed cheeke:
Vilde staine to honour, and to women eeke,
 Seeing that time our fading must detect,
Thus with defect to couer our defect.

Impietie of times, chastities abator,
Falshood, wherein thy selfe thy selfe deniest:
Treason to counterfeit the seale of nature,
The stampe of heauen, impressed by the hiest.
Disgrace vnto the world, to whom thou liest.
 Idoll vnto thy selfe, shame to the wife,
And all that honour thee idolatrife.

Far

THE COMPLAINT

Far was that sinne from vs whose age was pure,
When simple beauty was accounted best,
The time when women had no other lure
But modestie, pure cheeks, a vertuous brest.
This was the pompe wherewith my youth was blest.
These were the weapons which mine honor wun
In all the conflicts which my eies begun.

Which were not small, I wrought on no meane obiect,
A Crowne was at my feet, Scepters obeide me,
Whō Fortune made my King, Loue made by subiect,
Who did command the Land, most humbly praid me,
HENRIE the second, that so highlie weigh'd me,
Found well (by prooffe) the priuiledge of beautie,
That it had powre to counter-maund all dutie.

For after all his victories in FRAVNCE,
And all the triumphes of his honor wun :
Vnmatch'd by sword, was vanquisht by a glaunce,
And hotter wars within his brest begun.
Wars, whom whole legions of desires drew on :
Against all which, my chastitie contends
With force of honour, which my shame defends,

No

OF ROSAMOND.

No armour might be found that could defend,
Transpearing raies of Chrystal pointed eies :
No stratagem, no reason could amend,
No not his age ; (yet old men should be wife.)
But shewes deceiue, outward appearance lies.

Let none for seeming so, thinke faints of others,
For all are men, and all haue suckt their mothers.

Who would haue thought a Monarch would haue euer
Obeyd his hand-maid of so meane estate ;
Vultur ambition feeding on his liuer,
Age hauing worne his pleasures out of date,
But hap comes neuer, or it comes too late.

For such a daintie which his youth found not,
Vnto his feeble age did chaunce a-lot.

Ah Fortune, neuer absolutelie good,
For that some crosse stil counter-checks our luck ;
As heere behold th'incompatible blood,
Of age and youth was that whereon we stuck :
Whose lothing, we from natures breasts do suck,
As opposite to what our bloud requires.
For equall age, doth equall like desires.

C c

But

THE COMPLAINT

But mightie men, in hiest honour fitting,
Nought but applause and pleasure can behold :
Sooth'd in their liking, carelesse what is fitting,
May not be suffred once to thinke the'are old :
Not trusting what they see, but what is told.

Miserable fortune to forget so farre
The state of flesh, and what our frailties are.

Yet must I needes excuse so great defect
For drinking of the *Lethe* of mine eies,
H'is forc'd forget himselfe, and all respect
Of maiestie, whereon his state relies :
And now of loues, and pleasures must deuise.

For thus reuiu'd againe, he serues and su'th,
And seekes al meanes to vndermine my youth.

Which neuer by assault he could recouer,
So well incamp'd in strength of chaste desires :
My cleane-arm'd thoughts repell'd an vnchast louer.
The Crowne that could commaund what it requires,
I lesser priz'd then chastities attires.

Th'vnstained vaile, which innocents adorne,
Th'vngathred Rose, defended with the thornes.

And

OF ROSAMOND.

And safe mine honour stood, till that in truth,
One of my sexe, of place, and nature bad,
Was set in ambush to intrap my youth.
One in the habite of like frailty clad.
One who the liu'ry of like weakenes had.
A seeming Matron, yet a sinfull monster,
As by her words the chaster fort may confter.

She set vpon me with the smootheft speech
That court and age could cunningly deuise :
Th'one autentique, made her fit to teach,
The other learnt her how to subtelife.
Both were enough to circumuent the wife.
A document that well might teach the sage,
That ther's no trust in youth, nor hope in age.

Daughter (saide she,) behold thy happie chaunce,
That hast the lot cast downe into thy lap,
Whereby thou maist thy honor great aduance,
Whilst thou (vnhappie) wilt not see thy hap :
Such fond respect thy youth doth so inwrap,
T'oppose thy selfe against thine own good fortune,
That points thee out, & seemes thee to importune.

THE COMPLAINT

Dooft thou not see, how that thy King (thy *Ioue*,)
Lightens forth glory on thy darke estate :
And showres down gold & treasure from aboue,
Whilst thou dooft shut thy lap against thy fate?
Fie fondling fie, thou wilt repent too late
The error of thy youth, that canst not see
What is the fortune that doth follow thee

Thou must not thinke thy flowre can alwaies flourish,
And that thy beauty will be still admired :
But that those raies which all these flames do nourish,
Cancelld with Time, will haue their date expired,
And men will scorne what now is so desired.
Our frailties doome is written in the flowers,
Which flourish now, and fade ere many howers.

Reade in my face the ruines of my youth,
The wracke of yeeres vpon my aged brow,
I haue been faire, (I must confesse the truth,)
And stood vpon as nice respects as thou ;
I lost my time, and I repent it now.
But were I to begin my youth againe,
I would redeeme the time I spent in vaine :

But

OF ROSAMOND.

But thou hast yeers, and priuiledge to vse them,
Thy priuiledge doth beare Beauties great feale,
Besides, the law of nature doth excuse them,
To whom thy youth may haue a iust appeale.
Esteeme not Fame more then thou doost thy weale.
Fame, (wherof y^e world seems to make such choice,)
Is but an Eccho, and an idle voice.

Then why should this respect of honor bound vs,
In th'imaginarie lifts of reputation?
Titles which cold feueritie hath found vs,
Breath of the vulgar, foe to recreation:
Melancholies opinion, Customes relation;
Pleasures plague, beauties scourge, hel to the faire,
To leaue the sweet, for Castles in the aire.

Pleasure is felt, opinion but conceau'd,
Honor, a thing without vs, not our owne:
Whereof we see how many are bereau'd,
Which should haue reap'd the glory they had fowne:
And manie haue it, yet vnworthy, knowne.
So breathes his blast this many-headed beast,
Whereof the wifest haue esteemed least.

THE COMPLAINT

The subtile Citty-women, better learned,
Esteeme them chaste enough that best seeme so :
Who though they sport, it shal not be discerned,
Their face bewraies not what their bodies do ;
Tis warie walking that doth safeliest go.

With shew of vertue, as the cunning knowes,
Babes are beguild with sweets, & men with shewes.

Then vse thy tallent, youth shal be thy warrant,
And let not honour from thy sports detract :
Thou must not fondly think thy selfe transparent,
That those who see thy face can iudge thy fact,
Let her haue shame that cannot closely act.

And seeme the chaste, which is the chiefeest arte,
For what we seeme each see, none knowes our hart.

The mightie, who can with such finnes dispence,
In steed of shame do honors great bestow :
A worthie author doth redeeme th'offence,
And makes the scarlet finne as white as snow.
The maiestie that doth descend so low,
Is not defilde, but pure remaines therein,
And being sacred, sanctifies the sin

What

OF ROSAMOND.

What, dost thou stand on this, that he is old?
Thy beautie hath the more to worke vpon.
Thy pleasures want shall be suppli'd with gold,
Cold age dotes most when heat of youth is gone:
Enticing words preuaile with such a one.

Alluring shewes most deepe impressiō strikes,
For age is prone to credite what it likes.

Heere interrupt she leaues me in a doubt,
When loe began the combat in my blood,
Seeing my youth inuiron'd round about,
The ground vncertaine where my reasons stood;
Small my defence to make my partie good,
Against such powers which were so surelie laid,
To ouer-throw a poore vnskilfull Maid.

Treason was in my bones, my selfe conspiring,
To sel my selfe to lust, my soule to sin:
Pure blushing shame was euen in retiring,
Leauing the sacred hold it glori'd in.
Honor lay prostrate for my flesh to win,
Whē cleaner thoughts my weaknes gan upbray
Against my selfe, and shame did force me say;

Ah

THE COMPLAINT

Ah ROSAMOND, what doth thy flesh prepare?
Destruction to thy daies, death to thy fame;
Wilt thou betraie that honor held with care,
T'entombe with blacke reproch a spotted name?
Leauing thy blush the colours of thy shame?
Opening thy feet to sinne, thy soule to lust,
Gracelesse to lay thy glorie in the dust?

Nay, first let th'earth gape wide to swallow thee,
And shut thee vp in bosome with her dead,
Ere Serpent tempt thee taste forbidden Tree,
Or feele the warmth of an vnlawfvll bed;
Suffring thy selfe to be by lust misled;
So to disgrace thy selfe and grieue thine heires,
That *Cliffords* race should scorne thee one of theirs.

Neuer wish longer to inioy the aire,
Then that thou breath'st the breath of chastitie:
Longer then thou preferu'st thy foule as faire
As is thy face, free from impuritie.
Thy face that makes th'admired in euerie eie,
Where Natures care such rarities inroule,
Which vs'd amisse, may serue to damme thy foule.

But

OF ROSAMOND.

But what? he is my king and may constraîne me,
Whether I yeeld or not, / I liue defamed.
The world will thinke authoritie did gaine me,
I shall be iudg'd his Loue, and so be shamed.
We see the faire condemn'd, that neuer gamed.
And if I yeeld, tis honourable shame,
If not, I liue disgrac'd, yet thought the fame:

What waie is left thee then (vnhappie maid,)
Whereby thy spotlesse foote, maie wander out
This dreadfull danger, which thou seest is laid,
Wherein thy shame doth compasse thee about?
Thy simple yeeres cannot resolute this doubt.
Thy youth can neuer guide thy foote so euen,
But (in despight) some scandale wil be giuen.

Thus stood I ballanc'd equallie precize,
Til my fraile flesh did weigh me downe to fin;
Till world and pleasure made me partialize,
And glittering pompe my vanitie did win,
When to excuse my fault my lusts begin.
And impious thoughts alledg'd this wanton clause,
That though I finn'd, my sinne had honest cause.

D d

So

THE COMPLAINT

So well the golden balls cast downe before me,
Could entertaine my courfe, hinder my way :
Whereat my retchleffe youth stooping to store me,
Loft me the gole, the glorie, and the day.
Pleasure had fet my well fchool'd thoughts to play,
And bade me vse the vertue of mine eies,
For sweetly it fits the faire to wantonife.

Thus wrought to fin, foone was I trained from Court,
T'a folitarie Grange, there to attend
The time the King should thither make refort,
Where he Loues long-defired worke should end.
Thither he dayly meffages doth fend,
VVith costlie Iewels (Orators of Loue,)
VVhich (ah too well men know) do women moue.

The day before the night of my defeature,
He greets me with a Casket richly wrought ;
So rare, that arte did feeme to striue with nature,
T'expresse the cunning work-mans curious thought ;
The myfterie wherof I prying fought,
And found engrauen on the lidde aboue,
Amymone, how fhe with *Neptune* ftroue.

Amymone

OF ROSAMOND.

Amygone, old *Danaus* fairest Daughter,
As she was fetching water all alone
At *Lerna*: whereas *Neptune* came and caught her,
From whom she striv'd and strugled to be gone,
Beating the aire with cries and piteous mone.
But all in vaine, with him she's forc'd to go,
Tis shame that men should vse poore maidens so.

There might I see described how she lay,
At those proude feet, not satis-fied with prayer:
Wayling her heauie hap, cursing the day,
In act so pitious to expresse despaire.
And by how much more grieu'd, so much more faire.
Her teares vpon her cheekes (poore carefull gerle,)
Did seeme against the Sunne christall and pearle.

VVhose pure cleer streams, (which lo so faire appears;)
VVrought hotter flames, (O miracle of loue,)
That kindles fire in water, heat in teares,
And makes neglected beautie mightier proue,
Teaching afflicted eies affects to moue;
To shew that nothing ill becomes the faire,
But crueltie, which yeelds unto no prayer.

THE COMPLAINT

This hauing viewd, and therewith something moued,
Figured I find within the other squares,
Transformed *Io*, *Joues* deerelie loued,
In her affliction how she strangely fares.
Strangely distreff'd (O beautie, borne to cares.)
Turn'd to a Heiffer, kept with iealous eies,
Alwayes in danger of her hatefull spies.

These presidents presented to my view,
Wherein the presage of my fall was showne,
Might haue fore-warn'd me well what would enfue,
And others harmes haue made me shun mine owne.
But fate is not preuented, though foreknowne.
For that must hap, decreed by heauenly powers,
Who worke our fall, yet make the fault still ours.

Witnes the world, wherein is nothing rifer,
Then miseries unkend before they come:
Who can the characters of chaunce decipher,
Written in cloudes of our concealed dome?
Which though perhaps haue been reuealed to some,
Yet that so doubtfull, (as succeffe did proue them,)
That men must know they haue y^e heauens aboue thē.

OF ROSAMOND.

I faw the finne wherein my foot was entring,
I faw how that dishonour did attend it,
I faw the shame whereon my flesh was ventring,
Yet had I not the powre for to defend it.
So weake is fence when error has condemn'd it.
We fee what's good, and thereto we consent,
But yet wee choofe the worft, and foone repent.

And now I come to tell the worft of ilnes,
Now drawes the date of mine affliction neere.
Now when the darke had wrapt vp all in ftilnes
And dreadfull black had difpoffeffed the cleere,
Com'd was the night, (mother of sleepe and feare;)
Who with her Sable-mantle friendly couers
The fweet-ftolne fports of ioifull meeting Louers.

When loe, I ioy'd my Louer, not my Loue,
And felt the hand of luft moft vndefired :
Enforc'd the vnprooued bitter fweet to proue,
Which yeelds no mutuall pleasure when tis hired.
Loue's not constrain'd, nor yet of due required.
Iudge they who are vnfortunately wed,
What tis to come vnto a loathed bed.

THE COMPLAINT

But foone his age receiu'd his short contenting,
And sleepe seald vp his languishing desires :
VVhen he turnes to his rest, I to repenting,
Into my selfe my waking thought retires :
My nakednes had prou'd my fences liers.
Now opned were mine eies to looke therein,
For first we taste the fruit, then see our sin.

Now did I find myselfe vnparadis'd,
From those pure fields of my so cleane beginning:
Now I perceiu'd how ill I was aduif'd,
My flesh gan loathe the new-felt touch of sinning,
Shame leaues vs by degrees, not at first winning.
For nature checks a new offence with loathing,
But vse of sinne doth make it seeme as nothing.

And vse of sinne did worke in me a boldnes,
And loue in him, incorporates such zeale,
That iealousie increas'd with ages coldnes,
Fearing to loose the ioie of all his weale,
Or doubting time his stealth might else reueale,
H' is driuen to deuise some subtile waie,
How he might safeliest keepe so rich a praie.

OF ROSAMOND.

A statelie Pallace he foorth-with did build,
Whose intricate innumerable waies,
With such confused errorrs so beguild
Th' vnguided entrers with vncertaine straies,
And doubtfull turnings kept them in delaies,
With bootlesse labour leading them about,
Able to find no waie, nor in, nor out.

Within the closed bosome of which frame,
That seru'd a Center to that goodlie round :
Were lodgings, with a Garden to the same,
With sweetest flowers that eu'r adorn'd the ground
And all the pleasures that delight hath found,
T' intertaine the fence of wanton eies,
Fuel of loue, from whence lusts flames arise :

Heere I enclos'd from all the world afunder,
The Minotaure of shame kept for disgrace,
The Monster of Fortune, and the worlds wonder,
Liu'd cloistred in so desolate a case :
None but the king might come into the place,
With certaine Maides that did attend my need,
And he himselfe came guided by a threed.

THE COMPLAINT

O Iealousie, daughter of Enuy' and Loue,
Most wayward issue of a gentle fire;
Fostred with feares, thy fathers ioyes t'improue,
Mirth-marring Monster, borne a subtile lier;
Hatefull vnto thy selfe, flying thine owne desire:
Feeding vpon suspect that doth renue thee,
Happie were Louers if they neuer knew thee.

Thou hast a thousand gates thou enterest by,
Condemning trembling passions to our hart;
Hundred eyed *Argus*, euer-waking Spie,
Pale Hagge, infernall Furie, pleasures smart,
Enuious Obseruer, prying in euery part;
Suspicious, fearefull, gazing still about thee,
O would to God y^t loue could be withuot thee.

Thou didst depriue (through false suggesting feare,)
Him of content, and me of libertie:
The onely good that women hold so deere,
And turnst my freedome to captiuitie,
First made a prisoner, ere an enemye.
Enioynd the ranfome of my bodies shame,
Which though I paid, could not redeeme the same.
What

OF ROSAMOND.

What greater torment euer could haue beene,
Then to inforce the faire to liue retir'd?
For what is beauty if it be not seene?
Or what is't to be seene, vnlesse admir'd?
And though admir'd, vnlesse in loue desir'd?
Neuer were cheeks of Roses, locks of Amber,
Ordain'd to liue imprison'd in a Chamber.

Nature created beauty for the view,
(Like as the fire for heat, the Sun for light :)
The faire do hold this priuiledge as due
By ancient Charter, to liue most in sight,
And she that is debarr'd it, hath not right.
In vaine our friends from this, do vs dehort,
For beauty will be where is most resort.

Witnes the fairest streets that Thames doth visite,
The wondrous concourse of the glittering Faire:
For what rare women deckt with beauty is it,
That thither couets not to make repaire?
The solitary Country may not stay her.
Heere is the center of all beauties best,
Excepting DELIA, left t'adorne the West.

THE COMPLAINT

Heere doth the curious with iudiciall eies,
Contemplate beautie gloriouslie attired :
And herein all our chiefeft glorie lies,
To liue where we are prais'd and most desired.
O how we ioie to see our selues admired,
 Whilst niggardlie our fauours we discouer.
 We loue to be belou'd, yet scorne the Louer.

Yet would to God my foot had neuer mou'd
From Countrie safetie, from the fields of rest :
To know the danger to be highlie lou'd,
And liue in pompe to braue among the best,
Happie for me, better had I beene blest ;
 If I vnluckilie had neuer straide,
 But liu'd at home a happie Country Maide.

Whose vnaffected innocencie thinks
No guilefull fraude, as doth the Courtlie liuer :
She's deckt with truth, the Riuer where she drinks
Doth serue her for a glasse, her counsell giuer :
She loues sincerely, and is loued euer.

 Her daies are peace, and so she ends her breath,
 (True life that knowes not what's to die til death.)

So

OF ROSAMOND.

So should I neuer haue beene registred,
In the blacke booke of the vnfortunate :
Nor had my name enrold with Maides misled,
Which bought their pleasures at so hie a rate.
Nor had I taught (through my unhappie fate,)
This lesson (which my self learnt with expence)
How most it hurts that most delights the sense :

Shame followes sinne, disgrace is duly giuen,
Impietie will out, neuer so closely done :
No walls can hide vs from the eie of heauen,
For shame must end what wickednes begun ;
Forth breaks reproch when least we think thereon.
And this is euer proper vnto Courts,
That nothing can be done, but Fame reports.

Fame doth explore what his most secret hidden,
Entring the closet of the Pallace dweller :
Abroad reuealing what is most forbidden.
Of truth and falshood both an equall teller.
Tis not a guard can serue for to expell her.
The sword of iustice cannot cut her wings,
Nor stop her mouth from vttring secret things.

THE COMPLAINT

And this our stealth she could not long conceale,
From her whom such a forfeit most concerned :
The wronged Queen, who could so closely deale,
That she the whole of all our practise learned,
And watcht a time when least it was discerned,
In absence of the King, to wreake her wrong,
With such reuenge as she desired long.

The Laberinth she entred by that threed,
That seru'd a conduct to my absent Lord,
Left there by chance, referu'd for such a deed,
Where she surpriz'd me whom she so abhord.
Enrag'd with madnes, scarce she speakes a word,
But flies with eager furie to my face,
Offering me most vnwomanly disgrace.

Looke how a Tygresse that hath lost her whelp,
Runs fiercely raging through the woods astray :
And seeing her selfe depriu'd of hope or helpe,
Furiously assaults what's in her way,
To fatisfie her wrath, (not for a pray ;)
So fell she on me in outrageous wife,
As could disdain and iealousie deuise.

And

OF ROSAMOND.

And after all her vile reproches vs'd,
She forc'd me take the poison she had brought,
To end the life that had her so abus'd,
And free her feares, and ease her iealous thought.
No crueltie her wrath would leaue vnwrought,
No spightfull act that to reuenge is common;
(No beast being fiercer than a iealous woman.)

Here take (faith she) thou impudent vncleane,
Base gracelesse strumpet, take this next your hart;
Your loue-sick hart, that ouer-charg'd hath beene
With pleasures surfeite, must be purg'd with arte.
This potion hath a power that will conuart
To nought, those humors that oppresse you so.
And (Gerle,) Ile see you take it ere *I* go.

What stand you now amaz'd, retire you backe?
Tremble you (minion?) come dispatch with speed;
There is no helpe, your Champion now you lack,
And all these teares you shed will nothing steed;
Those daintie fingers needs must do the deed.
Take it, or I will drench you els by force,
And trifle not, least that I vse you worse.

THE COMPLAINT

Hauing this bloodie doome from hellish breath,
My wofull eyes on euery side I cast :
Rigor about me, in my hand my death,
Presenting me the horror of my last ;
All hope of pitie and of comfort past.
 No means, no power, no forces to contend,
 My trembling hands must giue my self my end.

Those hands that beauties ministers had been,
They must give death that me adorn'd of late,
That mouth that newly gaue consent to sin,
Must now receiue destruction in thereat,
That bodie which my lust did violate,
 Must sacrifice itselfe t'appease the wrong.
 (So short is pleasure, glory lasts not long.)

And she no sooner saw I had it taken,
But forth she rushes, (proud with victorie,)
And leaues m'alone, of all the world forsaken,
Except of Death, which she had left with me.
(Death and my selfe alone together be.)
 To whom she did her full reuenge refer.
 Oh poore weake conquest both for him and her.

Then

OF ROSAMOND.

Then straight my conscience summons vp my sin,
T'appeare before me, in a hideous face ;
Now doth the terror of my foule begin,
When eu'ry corner of that hatefull place
Dictates mine error, and reueales disgrace ;
 Whilst I remaine opprest in euery part,
 Death in my bodie, horror at my hart.

Downe on my bed my loathsome selfe I cast,
The bed that likewise giues in euidence
Against my foule, and tels I was vnchast,
Tels I was wanton, tels I followed fence.
And therefore cast, by guilt of mine offence,
 Must heere the right of heauen needes satisfie,
 And where a wanton lay, must wretched die.

Heere I began to waile my hard mishap,
My suddaine, strange vnlookt for miserie.
Accusing them that did my youth intrap,
To giue me such a fall of infamie.
And poore distressed ROSAMOND, (saide I,)
 Is this thy glory got, to die forlorne
 In Dezarts, where no eare can heare thee morne ?

Nor

THE COMPLAINT

Nor any eye of pittie to behold
The wofull end of thy fad tragedie;
But that thy wrongs vnfeene, thy tale vntold,
Must here in secreet silence buried lie.
And with thee, thine excuse together die.
Thy sin reueal'd; but thy repentance hid,
Thy shame aliue, but dead what thy death did.

Yet breathe out to these walls the breath of mone,
Tell th'ayre thy plaints, since men thou canst not tell.
And though thou perish desolate alone,
Tell yet thy selfe, what thy selfe knowes too well:
Vtter thy grieve wherewith thy soule doth swell.
And let thy hart pittie thy harts remorse,
And be thy selfe the mourner and the Corse.

Condole thee here, clad all in blacke dispaire,
With silence onely, and a dying bed;
Thou that of late, so flourishing, so faire,
Did glorious liue, admir'd and honoured:
And now from friends, from succor hither led,
Art made a spoyle to lust, to wrath, to death,
And in disgrace, forc'd heere to yeeld thy breath.

Did

OF ROSAMOND.

Did Nature (O for this) deliberate
To shew in thee the glory of her best;
Framing thine eye the star of thy ill fate,
And made thy face the foe to spoile the rest?
O beautie, thou an enemy profest
To chastitie and vs that loue thee most, lost?
Without thee how w'are loathd, and with thee

O you that proude with libertie and beautie,
(And ô may well be proude that you be so,)
Glitter in Court, lou'd and obseru'd of dutie;
O that I might to you but ere I goe
Speake what I feele, to warne you by my woe,
To keepe your feet in pure clean paths of shame,
That no inticing may diuert the fame.

See'ng how against your tender weaknes still,
The strength of wit, of gold, of all is bent;
And all th'affaults that euer might or skill,
Can giue against a chaste and clean intent:
Ah let not greatnes worke you to consent.
The spot is foule, though by a Monarch made,
Kings cannot priuiledge a sinne forbade.

THE COMPLAINT

Lock vp therefore the treasure of your loue,
Vnder the furest keyes of feare and flame :
And let no powers haue powre chaste thoughts to moue
To make a lawlesse entry on your fame.
Open to those the comfort of your flame,
Whose equall loue shall march with equall pace,
In those pure waies that lead to no disgrace.

For see how many discontented beds,
Our owne aspiring, or our Parents pride
Haue caus'd, whilst that ambition vainely weds
Wealth and not loue, honor and nought beside :
Whilst married but to titles, we abide
As wedded widowes, wanting what we haue,
When shadowes cannot giue vs what we craue.

Or whilst we spend the freshest of our time,
The sweet of youth in plotting in the aire ;
Alas how oft we fall, hoping to clime ;
Or wither as vnprofitably faire,
Whilst those decaies which are without repaire,
Make vs neglected, scorned and reprou'd.
(And ô what are we, if we be not lou'd ?)

Fasten

OF ROSAMOND.

Faſten therefore vpon occaſions fit,
Leaſt this, or that, or like diſgrace as mine,
Do ouer-take your youth to ruine it,
And clowde with infamie your beauties ſhine :
Seeing how many ſeeke to vndermine
The treaſurie that's vnpoſſeſt of any :
As hard tis kept that is deſir'd of many.

And flie (ô flie,) theſe Bed-brokers vncleane,
(The monſters of our ſexe) that make a pray
Of their owne kind, by an vnkindly meane ;
And euen (like Vipers,) eating out a way
Th'row th'wombe of their owne ſhame, accuſed they
Liue by the death of fame, the gaine of ſin,
The filth of luſt, vncleannes wallowes in.

O is it not enough that we, (poore wee)
Haue weaknes, beautie, gold, and men our foes,
But we muſt haue ſome of our ſelues to bee
Traitors vnto our ſelues, to ioyne with thoſe ?
Such as our feeble forces doe diſcloſe,
And ſtil betray our cauſe, our ſhame, our youth,
To luſt, to follie, and to mens vntruth ?

THE COMPLAINT

Hatefull confounders both of blood and lawes,
Vilde Orators of shame, that pleade delight :
Vngracious Agents in a wicked cause,
Factours for darknes ; messengers of night,
Serpents of guile, diuels, that do inuite
The wanton taste of that forbidden tree,
Whose fruit once pluckt, will shew how foule we be.

You in the habite of a graue aspect,
(In credite by the trust of yeeres,) can shew
The cunning wayes of lust, and can direct
The faire and wilie wantons how to goe,
Hauing (your lothsome felues) your youth spent so.
And in vncleannes euer haue beene fed,
By the reuenue of a wanton bed.

By you, haue beene the innocent betraid,
The blushing fearefull, boldned vnto sin,
The wife made subtile, subtile made the maid,
The husband scorn'd, dishonoured the kin :
Parents disgrac'd, children infamous been.
Confus'd our race, and falsi-fied our blood,
Whilst fathers sonnes, possesse wrong Fathers good.

This

OF ROSAMOND.

This and much more, I would haue vttered then,
A testament to be recorded still,
Signd with my bloud, subscib'd with Conscience pen,
To warne the faire and beautifull from ill.
And ô I wish (by th' example of my will,)
I had not left this sin vnto the faire,
But dyde intestate to haue had no heire.

But now the poison spread through all my vaines,
Gan dispossesse my liuing fences quite :
And nought respecting death, (the last of paines,)
Plac'd his pale colours, (th' ensigne of his might,)
Vpon his new-got spoile before his right ;
Thence chac'd my foule, setting my day ere noone,
When I least thought my ioies could end so soone.

And as conuaid t' vntimely funerals,
My scarce cold corse not suffred longer stay,
Behold, the King (by chaunce) returning, fals
T' inconnter with the same vpon the way,
As he repaird to see his deereft ioy.
Not thinking such a meeting could haue been,
To see his Loue, and seeing beene vnseene.

THE COMPLAINT

Iudge those whō chance depriues of sweetest treasure,
What tis to lose a thing we hold so deere :
The best delight, wherein our soule takes pleasure,
The sweet of life, that penetrates so neere.
What passions feelles that hart, inforc'd to beare
The deepe impressiō of so strange a sight,
That ouerwhelms vs, or confounds vs quite?

Amaz'd he stands, nor voice nor body steares,
Words had no passage, teares no issue found,
For sorrow shut vp words, wrath kept in teares,
Confus'd affects each other do confound :
Oppress'd with griefe, his passions had no bound.
Striuing to tell his woes, words would not come ;
For light cares speak, whē mighty griefs are dombe.

At length extremity breakes out a way, [ded,
Through which th' imprisoned voice with teares atten-
Wailes out a sound that sorrowes do bewray,
With armes a-crosse, and eies to heauen bended,
Vaporing out sighes that to the skies ascended.
Sighes, (the poore ease calamity affoords,)
Which serue for speech whē sorrow wanteth words.

OF ROSAMOND.

O heauens (quoth he,) why do mine eies behold
The hatefull raies of this vnhappy funne?
Why haue I light to see my finnes controld,
With blood of mine own shame thus vildly done?
How can my sight endure to looke thereon?
Why doth not blacke eternall darknes hide,
That from mine eies, my hart cannot abide?

VVhat saw my life, wherein my foule might ioy,
VVhat had my daies, whom troubles stil afflicted,
But only this to counterpoize annoy?
This ioy, this hope, which Death hath interdicted;
This sweet, whose losse hath all distresse inflicted;
This, that did season all my sowre of life,
Vext still at home with broiles, abroad in strife,

Vext still at home with broiles, abroad in strife,
Diffention in my blood, iarres in my bed:
Distrust at boord, suspecting still my life,
Spending the night in horror, daies in dread;
(Such life hath Tyrants, and this life I led.)
These miseries go mask'd in glittering shoves,
Which wise men see, the vulgar little knowes.

Thus

THE COMPLAINT

Thus as these passions do him ouer-whelme,
He drawes him neere my body to behold it.
And as the Vine married vnto the Elme
With strict imbraces, so doth he infold it.
And as he in his carefull armes doth hold it,
Viewing the face that euen death commends,
On fencelesse lips, millions of kiffes spends.

Pittifull mouth (saith he) that liuing gauest
The sweetest comfort that my soule could wish :
O be it lawfull now, that dead thou hauest,
This sorrowing fare-well of a dying kiffe.
And you faire eyes, containers of my blisse,
Motiues of loue, borne to be matched neuer,
Entomb'd in your sweet circles sleepe for euer.

Ah how me thinks I see Death dallying seekes,
To entertaine it selfe in Loue's sweet place ;
Decaied Roses of discoloured cheekes,
Do yet retaine deere notes of former grace :
And vglie Death fits faire within her face ;
Sweet remnants resting of vermillion red,
That Death it selfe doubts whether she be dead.

Wonder

OF ROSAMOND.

Wonder of beautie, oh receiue these plaints,
These obsequies, the last that I shall make thee :
For loe, my soule that now alreadie faints,
(That lou'd thee liuing, dead will not forsake thee,)
Hastens her speedie course to ouer-take thee.

Ile meete my death, and free my selfe thereby,
For (ah) what can he doe that cannot die?

Yet ere I die, thus much my soule doth vow,
Reuenge doth sweeten death with ease of minde :
And I will cause posteritie shall know,
How faire thou wert aboue all women kinde.
And after-ages monuments shall finde,
Shewing thy beauties title, not thy name,
Rose of the world that sweetned so the fame.

This said, though more desirous yet to say,
(For sorrow is vnwilling to giue ouer,)
He doth repress what griefe would else bewray,
Least he too much his passions should discouer.
And yet respect scarce bridles such a Louer.
So farre transported that he knew not whither,
For Loue and Maiestie dwell ill together.

G

Then

THE COMPLAINT

Then were my funerals not long deferred,
But done with all the rites pompe could deuise,
At *Godstow*, where my bodie was interred,
And richly tomb'd in honourable wise,
Where yet as now scarce any note descries
Vnto these times; the memorie of mee,
Marble and Brasse so little lasting bee.

For those walls which the credulous deuout,
And apt-beleeuing ignorant did found;
With willing zeale, that neuer call'd in doubt,
That time their works should euer so confound,
Lie like confused heapes as vnder-ground.
And what their ignorance esteem'd so holy,
The wiser ages do account as follie.

And were it not thy fauourable lynes
Re-edified the wracke of my decayes,
And that thy accents willingly assignes,
Some farther date, and giue me longer dayes,
Few in this age had knowne my beauties praise.
But thus renew'd, my fame redeemes some time,
Till other ages shall neglect thy rime.

Then

OF ROSAMOND.

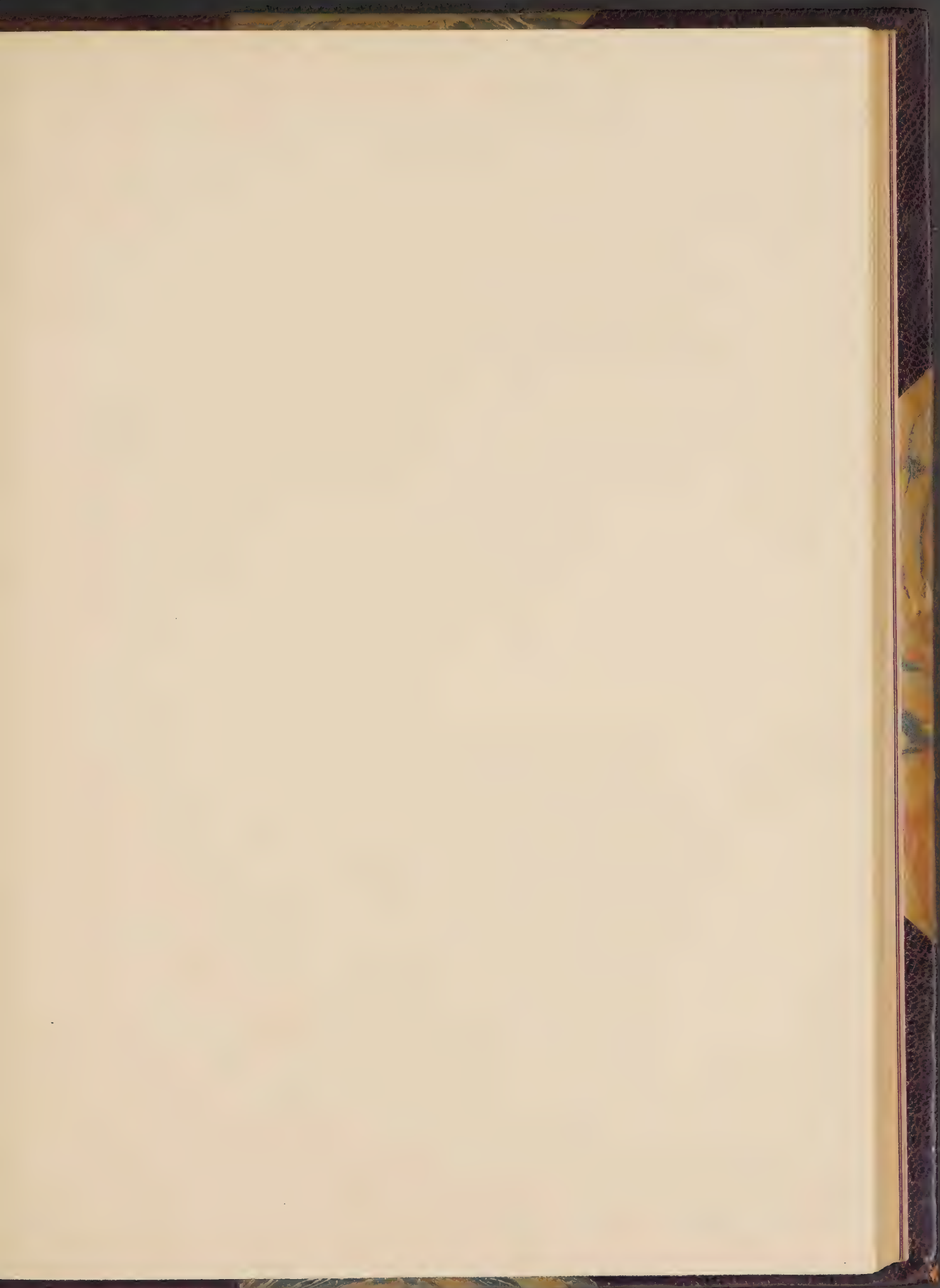
Then when confusion in her course shall bring,
Sad desolation on the times to come :
When mirth-lesse Thames shal haue no Swan to sing,
All Musique silent, and the Muses dombe.
And yet euen then it must be knowne to some,
That once they flourisht, though not cherisht so,
And Thames had Swannes as well as euer Po.

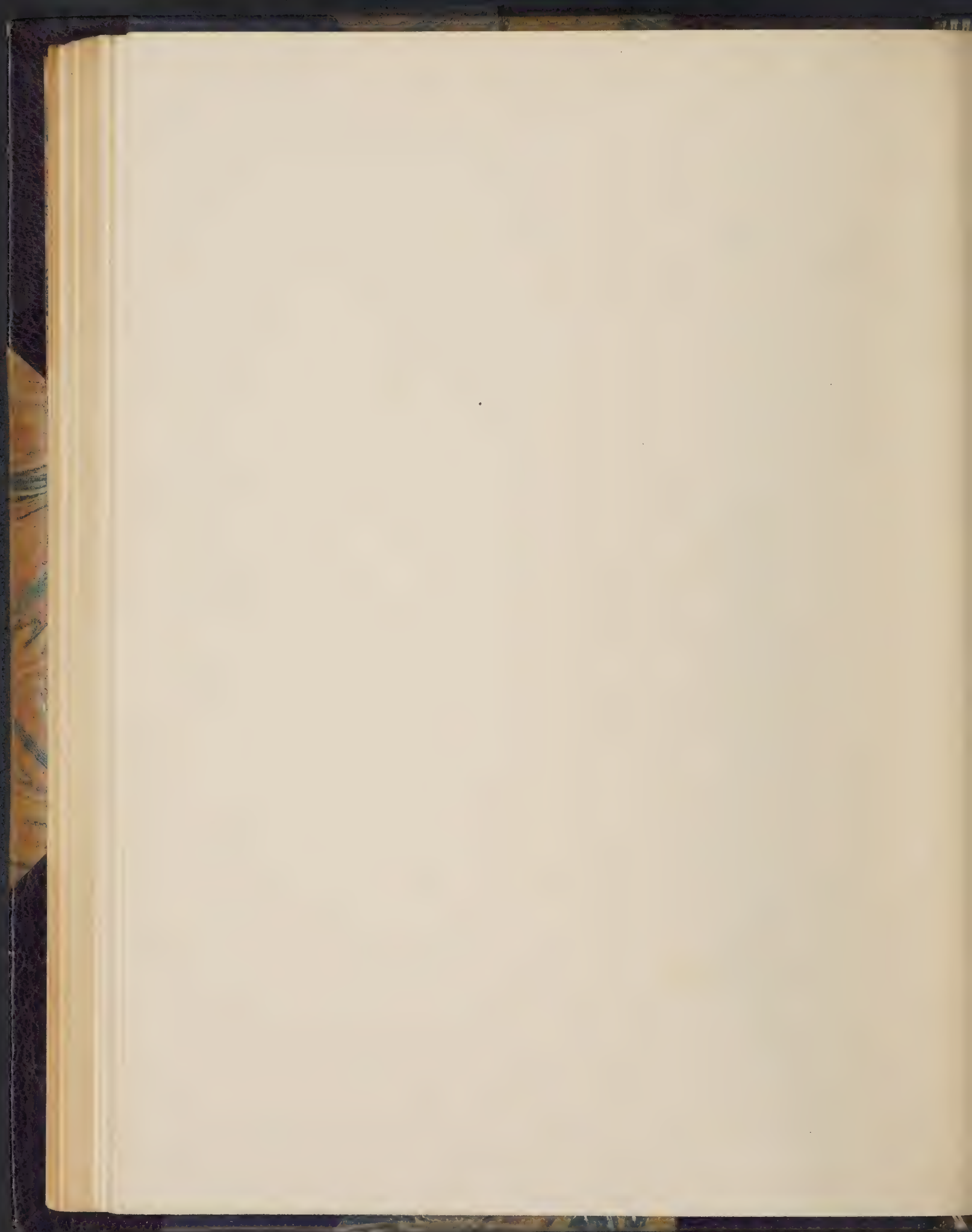
But here an end, I may no longer stay thee,
I must returne t' attend at *Stigian* flood :
Yet ere I go this one word more *I* pray thee,
Tell DELIA, now her sigh may doe me good,
And will her note the frailtie of our blood.
And if *I* passe vnto those happie banks,
Thē she must haue her praise, thy pen her thanks.

So vanquisht she, and left me to returne
To prosecute the tenor of my woes :
Eternall matter for my Muse to mourne,
But (ah) the world hath heard too much of those,
My youth such errors must no more disclose.
Ile hide the rest, and grieue for what hath beene,
Who made me known, must make me liue vnseene.

FINIS.

T. RICHARDS, PRINTER, 37, GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON.





THE
COMPLAINT OF ROSAMOND.

BY
SAMUEL DANIEL.

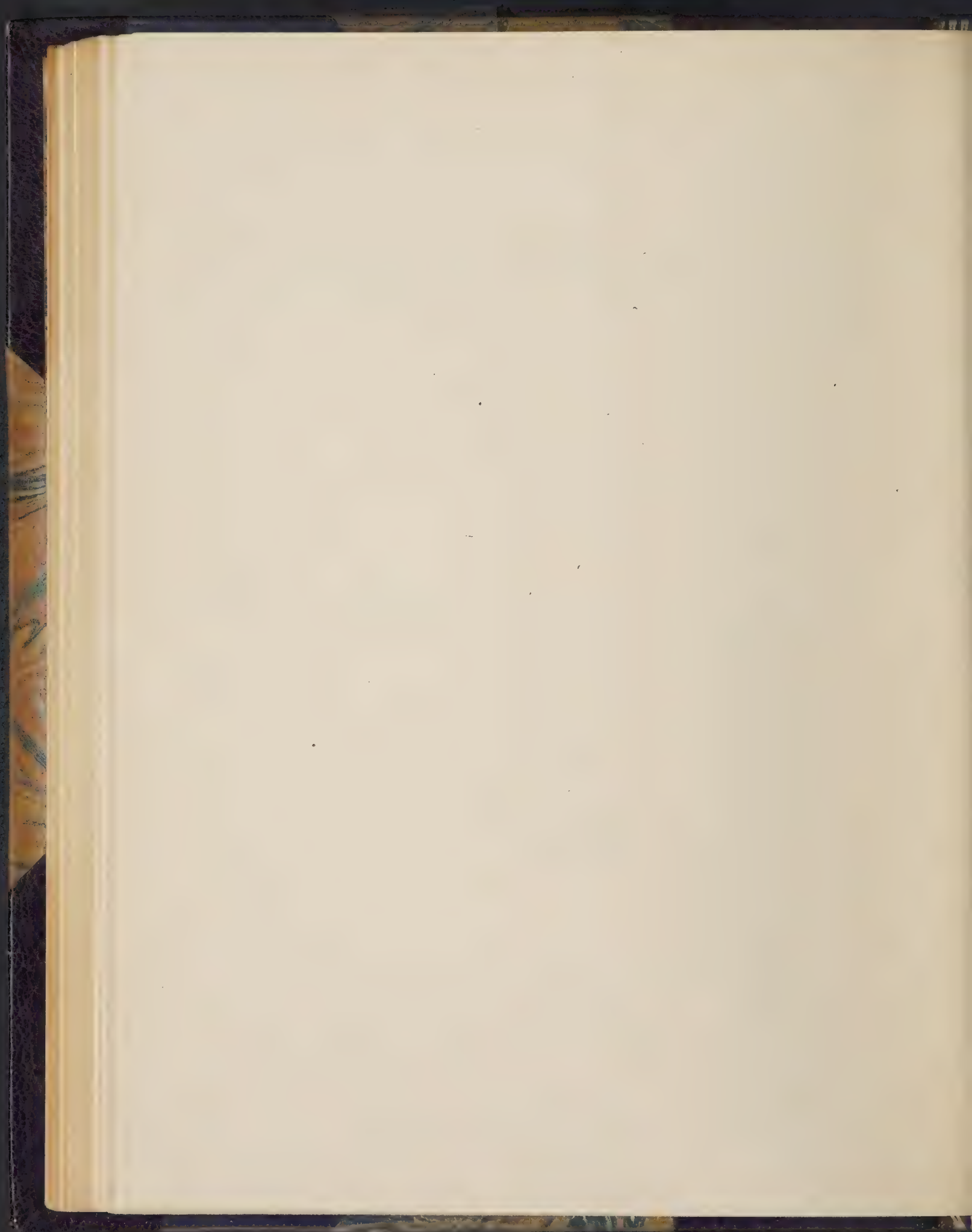
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INTRODUCTION.

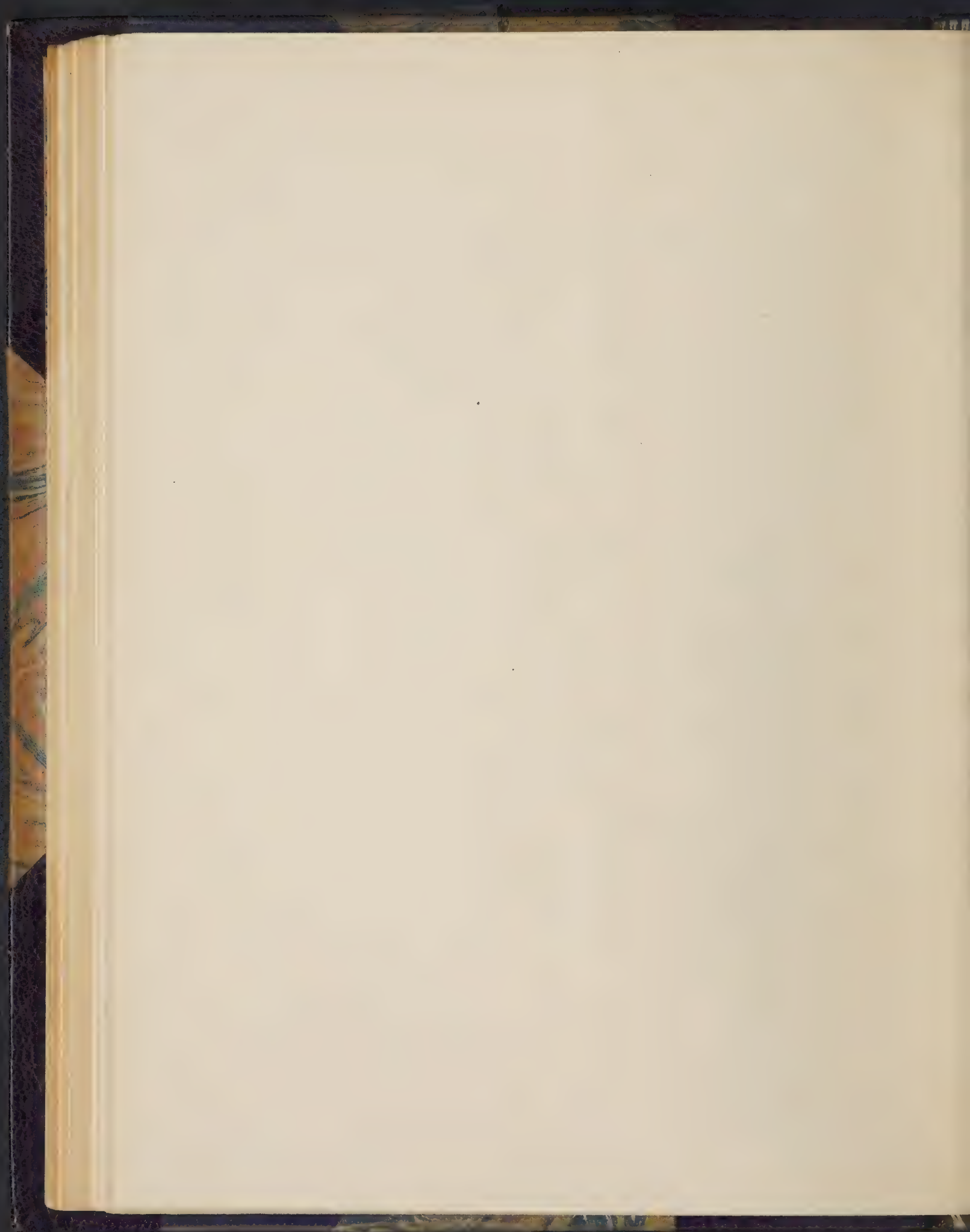
THE peculiarities of this impression (probably the earliest) of Daniel's most popular poem were, we believe, first pointed out in the "Bibliographical and Critical Account of Rare Books," 8vo, 1865, I. 170. The "Rosamond" in this form exists only in a single copy appended to the same author's "Delia," 1592; but as it has no separate title-page, the precise date when it originally appeared is uncertain.

The fact seems to be that Daniel wrote his "Complaint of Rosamond" between the years 1585 and 1591: he subsequently collected his scattered love-sonnets; and having printed them under the title of "Delia" in 1592, he added to them his previously published "Complaint of Rosamond," so that they were then sold together by Waterson, the stationer.

Some of the earliest copies of "Delia" are followed by the second impression of "Rosamond", and such was the case with the reproduction we issued a few months ago. We therefore now reprint the oldest known copy of "The Complaint of Rosamond."

The differences between the two impressions of the "Complaint" will be found numberless: in some places words and lines were substituted, and in one instance nineteen consecutive stanzas were added, while others were separately inserted: thus, in the typographical fac-simile here offered to the reader, the first thoughts and expressions of the great poet are preserved.

J. P. C.



THE COMPLAINT OF ROSAMOND.

(* *)

OVT from the horror of infernall deepes,
My poore afflicted ghost comes heere to plaine it :
Attended with my shame that neuer sleepes,
The spot wherewith my kinde, and youth did staine it :
My body found a graue where to containe it,
A sheete could hide my face, but not my sin,
For Fame finds neuer tombe t' inclose it in.

And which is worfe, my foule is nowe denied,
Her transport to the sweet Elisean rest,
The ioyfull blisse for ghosts repurified,
Th' euer springing Gardens of the blest,
Caron denies me wastage with the rest.
And sayes my foule can neuer passe that Riuer,
Till Louers fighes on earth shall it deliuer.

So shall I neuer passe ; for how should I
Procure this sacrifice amongst the liuing ?
Time hath long since worne out the memorie,
Both of my life, and liues vniust depriuing :
Sorrow for me is dead for aye reuiuing.
Rosamond hath little left her but her name,
And that disgrac'd, for time hath wrong'd the fame.

H. 3.

No

THE COMPLAINT

No Muse suggests the pittie of my case,
Each penne dooth ouerpasse my iust complaint,
Whilst others are preferd, though farre more base :
Shores wife is grac'd, and passés for a Saint ;
Her Legend iustifies her foule attaint ;
Her well-told tale did such compassion finde,
That she is pass'd, and I am left behinde.

Which seene with grieve, my myserable ghost,
(*Whilome* inuested in so faire a vaile,
Which whilst it liu'd, was honoured of the most,
And being dead, giues matter to bewaile)
Comes to sollicit thee, since others faile,
To take this taske, and in thy wofull Song
To forme my case, and register my wrong.

Although I knowe thy iust lamenting Muse,
Toylde in th' affliction of thine owne distresse,
In others cares hath little time to vse,
And therefore maist esteeme of mine the lesse :
Yet as thy hopes attend happie redresse,
Thy ioyes depending on a womans grace,
So moue thy minde a wofull womans case.

Delia

OF ROSAMOND.

Delia may happe to deynge to read our story,
And offer vp her sigh among the rest,
Whose merit would suffice for both our glorie,
Whereby thou might'st be grac'd, and I be blest,
That indulgence would profit me the best;
Such powre she hath by whom thy youth is lead,
To ioy the liuing and to bleffe the dead.

So I through beautie made the wofull'st wight,
By beautie might haue comfort after death:
That dying fayrest, by the fayrest might
Finde life aboue on earth, and rest beneath:
She that can bleffe vs with one happy breath,
Giue comfort to thy Muse to doe her best.
That thereby thou maist ioy, and I might rest.

Thus faide: forthwith mou'd with a tender care
And pittie, which my selfe could neuer finde:
What she desir'd, my Muse deyn'd to declare,
And therefore will'd her boldly tell her minde:
And I more willing tooke this charge assignd,
Because her griefes were worthy to be knowne,
And telling hers, might hap forget mine owne.

H. 4.

Then

THE COMPLAINT

Then write quoth shee the ruine of my youth,
Report the doune-fall of my slippry state :
Of all my life reueale the simple truth,
To teach to others, what I learnt too late :
Exemplifie my frailtie, tell how Fate
 Keepes in eternall darke our fortunes hidden,
And ere they come, to know them tis forbidden.

For whilst the sunn-shine of my fortune lasted,
I ioy'd the happiest warmth, the sweetest heat
That euer yet imperious beautie tasted,
I had what glory euer flesh could get :
But this faire morning had a shamefull set ;
 Disgrace darkt honor, sinne did clowde my browe,
As note the sequel, and Ile tell thee how.

The blood I staind was good and of the best,
My birth had honor, and my beautie fame :
Nature and Fortune ioy'n'd to make me blest,
Had I had grace t' haue knowne to vse the same :
My education shew'd from whence I came,
 And all concur'd to make me happy furst,
That so great hap might make me more accurst.

Happy

OF ROSAMOND.

Happie liu'd I whilst Parents eye did guide,
The indiscretion of my feeble wayes :
And Country home kept me from being eyde,
Where best vnknowne I spent my sweetest dayes ;
Till that my frindes mine honour fought to rayse,
To higher place, which greater credite yeeldes,
Deeming fuch beauty was vnfit for feeldes.

From Country then to Court I was preferr'd,
From calme to stormes, from shore into the deepes :
There where I perish'd, where my youth first err'd ;
There where I lost the Flowre which honour keeps,
There where the worser thriues, the better weepes ;
Ah me poore wench, on this vnhappy shelfe
I grounded me, and cast away my felfe.

For thither com'd, when yeeres had arm'd my youth
With rarest prooffe of beautie euer seene :
When my reuiuing eye had learnt the truth,
That it had powre to make the winter greene,
And flowre affections whereas none had beene :
Soone could I teach my browe to tyrannize,
And make the world do homage to mine eyes.

I.

For

THE COMPLAINT

For age I faw, though yeeres with cold conceit,
Congeald theyr thoughts againſt a warme defire :
Yet figh their want, and looke at ſuch a baite,
I faw how youth was waxe before the fire :
I faw by ſtealth, I fram'd my looke a lire,
Yet well perceiu'd how Fortune made me then,
The enuy of my fexe, and wonder vnto men.

Looke how a Comet at the firſt appearing,
Drawes all mens eyes with wonder to behold it :
Or as the ſaddeſt tale at ſuddaine hearing,
Makes ſilent liſtning vnto him that told it ;
So did my ſpeech when rubies did vnfold it ;
So did the blaſing of my bluſh appeere,
T' amaze the world, that holds ſuch fights ſo deere,

Ah beauty Syren, fayre enchaunting good,
Sweet ſilent rethorique of perſwading eyes :
Domb eloquence, whoſe powre doth moue the blood,
More then the words, or wiſedome of the wiſe :
Still harmonie, whoſe diapafon lyes
Within a brow, the key which paſſions moue,
To rauish ſence, and play a world in loue.

What

OF ROSAMOND.

What might I then not doe whose powre was fuch?
What cannot women doe that know theyr powre?
What women knowes it not I feare too much,
How blisse or bale lyes in theyr laugh or lowre?
Whilst they enioy their happy blooming flowre,
Whilst nature decks her with her proper fayre
Which cheeres the worlde, ioyes each fight, sweetens th' ayre.

Such one was I, my beautie was mine owne,
No borrowed blush which banck-rot beauties seeke:
The newfound shame, a sinne to vs vnknowne,
Th' adulterate beauty of a falsed cheeke:
Vild staines to honor and to women eeke,
Seeing that time our fading must detect,
Thus with defect to couer our defect.

Impiety of times, chastities abator,
Fals-hood, wherein thy selfe, thy selfe deniest:
Treason, to counterfeit the seale of nature,
The stampe of heauen, impressed by the hiest:
Disgrace vnto the world, to whom thou lyeest,
Idol vnto thy selfe, shame to the wise,
And all that honors thee idolatrife.

THE COMPLAINT

Farre was that finne from vs whose age was pure,
When simple beautie was accounted best,
The time when women had no other lure
But modestie, pure cheekes, a vertuous brest :
This was the pompe wherewith my youth was blest ;
 These were the weapons which mine honour wunne,
In all the conflicts that mine eyes begunne.

Which were not small, I wrought on no meane object,
A crowne was at my feete, Scepters obaide mee :
Whom Fortune made my King, Loue made my Subiect,
Who did commaund the Land, most humbly praid mee,
Henry the second, that so highly weigh'd mee,
Founde well by prooffe the priuiledge of Beautie,
 That it hath powre to counter-maund all duetie.

For after all his victories in Fraunce,
Tryumphing in the honour of his deedes :
Vnmatch'd by sword, was vanquisht by a glaunce,
And hotter warres within his bosome breedes :
Warres whom whole Legions of desires feedes,
 Against all which my chastitiy opposes,
The fielde of honour, vertue neuer loses.

OF ROSAMOND.

No armour might bee founde that coulde defend,
Transpearcing rayes of Chrifall-pointed eyes :
No Stratagem, no reason could amend,
No not his age ; yet olde men fhould be wife :
But fhewes deceiue, outward appearance lyes ;
Let none for feeming fo, thinke Saints of others,
For all are men, and all haue fuckt their Mothers.

Who would haue thought, a Monarch would haue euer
Obayed his handmaide, of fo meane a ftate ;
Vultur ambition feeding on his lyuer,
Age hauing worne his pleasures out of date :
But happe comes neuer or it comes too late,
For fuch a daintie which his youth found not,
Vnto his feeble age did chaunce allot.

Ah Fortune neuer abfolutely good,
For that fome croffe ftill counterchecks our luck :
As heere beholde th' incompatible blood,
Of age and youth was that where on we ftuck :
Whofe loathing, we from natures brefts do fuck,
As oppofit to what our blood requires ;
For equall age doth equall like defires.

I. 3.

But

THE COMPLAINT

But mightie men in highest honor fitting,
Nought but applause and pleasure can behold :
Sooth'd in their liking, carelesse what is fitting,
May not be suffred once to thinke the 'are old :
Not trusting what they see, but what is told.

Miserable fortune to forget so farre,
The state of flesh, and what our frailties are.

Yet must I needes excuse so great defect,
For drinking of the *Lethe* of myne eyes :
H' is forc'd forget himselfe, and all respect
Of maiestie whereon his state relies :

And now of loues, and pleasures must deuise.
For thus reuiu'd againe, he serues and su'th,
And seekes all meanes to vndermine my youth.

Which neuer by assault he could recover,
So well incamp'd in strength of chaste desires :
My cleane-arm'd thoughts repell'd an vnchast louer,
The Crowne that could commaund what it requires,
I lesfer priz'd then chastities attires,

Th' vnstained vaile, which innocents adornes,
Th' vngathred Rose, defended with the thornes.

And

OF ROSAMOND.

And fafe mine honor ftoode till that in truth,
One of my Sexe, of place, and nature bad :
Was fet in ambush to intrap my youth,
One in the habit of like frailtie clad,
One who the liu'ry of like weakenes had.
A feeming Matrone, yet a finfull monfter,
As by her words the chafter fort may confter.

Shee fet vpon me with the fmootherft fpeech,
That Court and age could cunningly deuife :
Th' one autentique made her fit to teach,
The other learnt her how to fubtelife :
Both were enough to circumuent the wife.
A document that well may teach the sage,
That there's no trust in youth, nor hope in age.

Daughter (faith fhe) behold thy happy chaunce,
That haft the lot caft downe into thy lap,
Whereby thou maift thy honor great aduaunce,
Whilst thou (vnhappy) wilt not fee thy hap :
Such fond refpect thy youth doth fo inwrap,
T' oppofe thy felfe againft thine owne good fortune,
That points thee out, and fees thee to importune.

Dooft

THE COMPLAINT

Dooft thou not see how that thy King thy *Foue*,
Lightens foorth glory on thy darke estate :
And showres downe golde and treasure from aboue,
Whilst thou doost shutte thy lappe against thy fate :
Fye fondling fye, thou wilt repent too late
The error of thy youth ; that canst not see
What is the fortune that dooth followe thee.

Thou must not thinke thy flowre can alwayes florish,
And that thy beautie will be still admired :
But that those rayes which all these flames doe nourish,
Cancelld with Time, will haue their date expyred,
And men will scorne what now is so desired :
Our frailtyes doome is written in the flowers,
Which florish now and fade ere many howers.

Reade in my face the ruines of my youth,
The wracke of yeeres vpon my aged brow :
I haue beene faire, I must confesse the trueth,
And stoode vppon as nice respects as thow ;
I lost my time, and I repent it now ;
But were I to beginne my youth againe,
I would redeeme the time I spent in vayne.

But

OF ROSAMOND.

But thou hast yeeres and priuiledge to vse them,
Thy priuiledge doth beare beauties great feale :
Besides, the law of nature doth excuse them,
To whom thy youth may haue a iust appeale :
Esteeme not fame more then thou doost thy weale,
Fame, wherof the world seemes to make such choyce :
Is but an Eccho, and an idle voyce.

Then why should thys respect of honor bound vs,
In th' imaginary lists of reputation ?
Titles which cold feueritie hath found vs,
Breath of the vulgar, foe to recreation :
Melancholies opinion, customs relation ;
Pleasures plague, beauties scourge, hell to the fayre,
To leaue the sweete for Castles in the ayre.

Pleasure is felt, opinion but conceau'd,
Honor, a thing without vs, not our owne :
Whereof we see how many are bereau'd,
Which should haue rep'd the glory they had sowne,
And many haue it, yet vnworthy knowne.
So breathes his blasts this many-headed beast,
Whereof the wisest haue esteemed least.

K.

The

THE COMPLAINT

The fubtile Citty-women better learned,
Esteeme them chafte ynough that beft feeme fo :
Who though they fport, it fhall not be difcerned,
Their face bewraies not what their bodies doe ;
Tis warie walking that doth faffieft goe.
With fhew of vertue, as the cunning knowes,
Babes are beguild with sweetes, and men with fhewes.

Then vse thy tallent, youth fhall be thy warrant,
And let not honor from thy fports detract :
Thou must not fondly thinke thy felfe tranfparent,
That thofe who fee thy face can iudge the fact ;
Let her haue fhame that cannot clofely act.
And feeme the chafte, which is cheefest arte,
For what we feeme each fees, none knowes our harte.

The mightie who can with fuch finnes difpence,
In fteed of fhame doe honors great beftow :
A worthie author doth redeeme th' offence,
And makes the fcarelet finne as white as fnow.
The Maieftie that doth descend fo low,
Is not defilde, but pure remaines therein :
And being facred, fanctifies the finne.

What

OF ROSAMOND.

What, doost thou stand on thys, that he is olde,
Thy beauty hath the more to worke vppon :
Thy pleasures want shal be supply'd with gold,
Cold age dotes most when the heate of youth is gone :
Enticing words preuaile with such a one,
Alluring shewes most deepe impressiõ strikes,
For age is prone to credite what it likes.

Heere interrupt she leaues me in a doubt,
When loe began the combat in my blood :
Seeing my youth inuirond round about,
The ground vncertaine where my reasons stood ;
Small my defence to make my party good,
Against such powers which were so surely layde,
To ouerthrow a poore vnskilful mayde.

Treason was in my bones my selfe conspyring,
To sell my selfe to lust, my foule to finne :
Pure-blushing shame was in retiring,
Leauing the sacred hold it glory'd in.
Honor lay prostrate for my flesh to win,
When cleaner thoughts my weakenes can vpbray
Against my selfe, and shame did force me say,

K. 2.

Ah

THE COMPLAINT

Ah *Rosamond*, what doth thy flesh prepare,
Destruction to thy dayes, death to thy fame :
Wilt thou betray that honor held with care,
T' intombe with blacke reproch a spotted name,
Leauing thy blush the collours of thy shame.
Opening thy feete to sinne, thy foule to lust,
Gracelesse to lay thy glorie in the dust.

Nay first let th' earth gape wide to swallow thee,
And shut thee vp in bosome with her dead :
Ere Serpent tempt thee taste forbidden tree,
Or feele the warmth of an vnlawfull bed :
Suffring thy selfe by lust to be misled ;
So to disgrace thy selfe and grieue thine heires,
That *Cliffords* race should scorne thee one of theirs.

Neuer with longer to inioy the ayre,
Then that thou breath'st the breath of chastitie :
Longer then thou preferu'st thy foule as faire,
As is thy face, free from impuritie :
Thy face that makes th' admired in euery eye :
Wher natures care such rarities inroule,
Which vs'd amisse, may serue to damne thy foule.

But

OF ROSAMOND.

But what? he is my King and may constraîne me,
Whether I yeelde or not I liue defamed :
The worlde will thinke authority did gaine me,
I shal be iudg'd hys loue, and so be shamed :
We see the fayre condemn'd, that neuer gamed.
And if I yeeld, tis honorable shame,
If not, I liue disgrac'd, yet thought the same.

What way is left thee then vnhappy mayde,
Whereby thy spotlesse foote may wander out
Thys dreadfull danger, which thou feest is layd,
Wherein thy shame doth compasse thee about?
Thy simple yeeres cannot resolute this doubt.
Thy youth can neuer guide thy foote so euen,
But in despight some scandall will be giuen.

Thus stood I ballanc'd equallie precize,
Till my fraile flesh did weigh me downe to finne :
Till world and pleasure made me partialize,
And glittering pompe my vanitie did winne ;
When to excuse my fault my lusts beginne,
And impious thoughts alledg'd this wanton claufe,
That though I finn'd, my sinne had honest cause.

THE COMPLAINT

So well the golden balles cast downe before me,
Could entertaine my course, hinder my way :
Whereat my rechlesse youth stooping to store me,
Loft me the gole, the glory, and the day.
Pleasure had fet my wel-skoold thoughts to play,
And bade me vse the vertue of mine eyes,
For sweetly it fits the fayre to wantonise

Thus wrought to finne, soone was I traird from Court,
To a solitarie Grange there to attend :
The time the King should thether make resort,
Where he loues long desired-work should end.
Thether he daily meffages doth fend,
With costly iewels orators of loue :
Which (ah too well men know) doe women moue.

The day before the night of my defeature,
He greets me with a Casket richly wrought :
So rare, that arte did seeme to striue with nature,
T' expresse the cunning work-mans curious thought ;
The mistery whereof I prying fought.
And found engrauen on the lidde aboue,
Amymone how she with *Neptune* stroue.

Amymone

OF ROSAMOND.

Amymone old *Danaus* fayrest daughter,
As she was fetching water all alone
At *Lerna* : whereas *Neptune* came and caught her,
From whom she stru'd and strugled to be gone,
Beating the ayre with cryes and pittious mone.
But all in vaine, with him sh' is forc'd to goe :
Tis shame that men should vse poore maydens fo.

There might I see described how she lay,
At those proude feete, not fatisfied with prayer :
Wailing her heauie hap, cursing the day,
In act so pittious to expresse dispaire :
And by how much more greeu'd, so much more fayre ;
Her teares vpon her cheekes poore carefull gerle,
Did seeme against the funne cristall and perle.

Whose pure cleere streames, which loe so faire appeares,
Wrought hotter flames, O myracle of loue,
That kindles fire in water, heate in teares,
And makes neglected beautie mightier proue :
Teaching afflicted affects to moue ;
To shew that nothing ill becomes the fayre,
But crueltie, that yeeldes vnto no prayer.

Thys

THE COMPLAINT

This hauing viewd and therewith something moued,
Figured I found within the other squares :
Transformed *Io*, *Ioues* deerely loued,
In her affliction how she strangely fares,
Strangelie distreff'd, (O beautie borne to cares)
Turn'd to a Heiffer, kept with iealous eyes,
Alwaies in danger of her hatefull spyes.

These presidents presented to my view,
Wherein the presage of my fall was showne :
Might haue fore-warn'd me well what would enfue,
And others harmes haue made me shunne mine owne ;
But fate is not preuented though fore-knowne.
For that must hap decreed by heauenly powers,
Who worke our fall, yet make the fault still ours.

Witnes the world, wherein is nothing rifer,
Then miseries vnkend before they come :
Who can the characters of chaunce discipher,
Written in clowdes of our concealed dome ?
Which though perhaps haue beene reueald to some,
Yet that so doubtfull as succeffe did proue them,
That men must know they haue the heuens aboue the.

OF ROSAMOND.

I sawe the sinne wherein my foote was entring,
I sawe how that dishonour did attend it,
I sawe the shame whereon my flesh was ventring,
Yet had I not the powre for to defende it;
So weake is fence when error hath condemn'd it:
We see what's good, and thereto we consent vs;
But yet we choose the worst, and soone repent vs.

And now I come to tell the worst of ilnes,
Now drawes the date of mine affliction neere:
Now when the darke had wrapt vp all in stilnes,
And dreadfull blacke, had disposseff'd the cleere:
Com'd was the night, mother of sleepe and feare,
Who with her fable mantle friendly couers,
The sweet-stolne sports, of ioyfull meeting Louers.

When loe I ioynde my Louer not my Loue,
And felt the hand of lust most vndesired:
Enforc'd th' vnprooued bitter sweete to proue,
Which yeeldes no mutuall pleasure when tis hired.
Loue's not constrain'd, nor yet of due required,
Iudge they who are vnfortunately wed,
What tis to co come vnto a loathed bed.

L.

But

THE COMPLAINT

But foone his age receiu'd his short contenting,
And sleepe seald vp his languishing desires :
When he turnes to his rest, I to repenting,
Into my selfe my waking thought retires :
My nakednes had prou'd my fences liers.

Now opned were mine eyes to looke therein,
For first we taste the fruite, then see our sin.

Now did I find my selfe vnparadis'd,
From those pure fieldes of my so cleane beginning :
Now I perceiu'd how ill I was aduis'd,
My flesh gan loathe the new felt touch of sinning :
Shame leaues vs by degrees, not at first winning.

For nature checks a new offence with lothing :
But vse of sinne doth make it seeme as nothing.

And vse of sinne did worke in me a boldnes,
And loue in him, incorporates such zeale :
That iealosie increas'd with ages coldnes,
Fearing to loose the ioy of all his weale.
Or doubting time his stealth might els reueale,
H' is driuen to deuise some subtile way,
How he might safeliest keepe so rich a pray.

OF ROSAMOND.

A stately Pallace he foorthwith did buylde,
Whose intricate innumerable wayes,
With such confused errors so beguil'd
Th' vnguided entres with vncertaine strays,
And doubtfull turnings kept them in delays,
With bootlesse labor leading them about,
Able to finde no way, nor in, nor out.

Within the clos'd bosome of which frame,
That seru'd a Center to that goodly round :
Were lodgings, with a garden to the same,
With sweetest flowers that eu'r adorn'd the ground.
And all the pleasures that delight hath found,
T' entertaine the fence of wanton eyes,
Fuell of loue, from whence lusts flames arise.

Heere I inclos'd from all the world a funder,
The Minotaure of shame kept for disgrace :
The monster of fortune, and the worlds wonder,
Liu'd cloystred in so desolate a case :
None but the King might come into the place.
With certaine maides that did attend my neede,
And he himselfe came guided by a threed.

THE COMPLAINT

O Iealoufie, daughter of enuy' and loue
Most wayward issue of a gentle Syer ;
Fostred with feares, thy Fathers ioyes t' improue,
Myrth-marring Monster, borne a subtile lyer ;
Hatefull vnto thy selfe, flying thine owne desier :
Feeding vpon suspect that doth renue thee,
Happie were Louers if they neuer knewe thee.

Thou hast a thousand gates thou enterest by,
Conducting trembling passions to our hart :
Hundred eyed *Argos*, euer waking Spye,
Pale hagge, infernall fury, pleasures smart,
Enuious Obseruer, prying in euery part ;
Suspicious, fearefull, gazing still about thee,
O would to God that loue could be without thee.

Thou didst depriue (through false suggesting feare)
Him of content, and me of libertie :
The onely good that women holde so deare,
And turnst my freedome to captiuitie,
First made a Prisoner, ere an enemy :
Enioynd the raunsome of my bodies shame,
Which though I paide could not redeeme the same.

What

OF ROSAMOND.

What greater torment euer could haue beene,
Then to inforce the fayre to liue retired ?
For what is Beautie if it be not seene,
Or what is 't to be seene vnlesse admired ?
And though admyred, vnlesse in loue desired ?
 Neuer were cheekes of Roses, locks of Amber,
 Ordayn'd to liue imprifond in a Chamber.

Nature created Beautie for the view,
Like as the fire for heate, the Sunne for light :
The Faire doe holde this priuiledge as due,
By auncient Charter, to liue most in fight,
And she that is debarr'd it, hath not right.
 In vaine our friends in this vse their dehorting,
 For Beautie will be where is most resorting.

Witnest the fayrest streetes that Thames doth visit,
The wonrdous concourse of the glittering Faire :
For what rare women deckt with Beautie is it,
That thither couets not to make repaire.
The folitary Country may not stay her,
 Heere is the center of all beauties best,
 Excepting *Delia*, left to adorne the West.

THE COMPLAINT

Heere doth the curious with iudiciall eyes,
Contemplate beauty gloriously attired :
And heerein all our cheefest glory lyes,
To liue where we are praif'd and most desired.
O how we ioy to see our selues admired,
 Whilst niggardly our fauours we discouer,
 We loue to be belou'd, yet scorne the Louer.

Yet would to God my foote had neuer moued
From Countrey safety, from the fields of rest :
To know the danger to be highly loued,
And lyue in pompe to braue among the best,
Happy for me, better had I beene blest ;
 If I vnluckely had neuer strayde :
 But liu'd at home a happy Country mayde.

Whose vnaffected innocencie thinks
No guilefull fraude, as doth the Courtly liuer :
Sh's deckt with trueth, the Riuer where she drinks
Doth serue her for her glasse, her counsell giuer :
She loues sincerely, and is loued euer.

 Her dayes are peace, and so she ends her breath,
 True life that knowes not what's to die till death.

So

OF ROSAMOND.

So should I neuer haue beene registred,
In the blacke booke of the vnfortunate :
Nor had my name enrold with Maydes misled,
Which bought theyr pleasures at so hie a rate.
Nor had I taught through my vnhappy fate,
 This lesson which my selfe learnt with expence,
How most it hurts that most delights the fence.

Shame followes sinne, disgrace is duly giuen,
Impietie will out, neuer so closely doone :
No walles can hide vs from the eyes of heauen,
For shame must end what wickednesse begun :
Forth breakes reproch when we least thinke thereon.
 And thys is euer proper vnto Courts :
 That nothing can be doone but Fame reports.

Fame doth explore what lyes most secrete hidden,
Entring the closet of the Pallace dweller :
Abroade reuealing what is most forbidden,
Of trueth and falshood both an equall teller :
Tis not a garde can serue for to expell her,
 The sword of iustice cannot cutte her wings,
Nor stop her mouth from vttring secrete things.

And

THE COMPLAINT

And this our stealth she could not long conceale,
From her whom such a forfeit most concerned :
The wronged Queene, who could so closely deale :
That she the whole of all our practise learned,
And watcht a time when least it was discerned,
In absence of the King, to wreake her wrong,
With such reuenge as she desired long.

The Laberinth she entred by that threed
That seru'd a conduct to my absent Lord :
Left there by chaunce, referu'd for such a deede,
Where she surpriz'd me whom she so abhord.
Enrag'd with madnes, scarce she speakes a word,
But flies with eger fury to my face,
Offring me most vnwomanly disgrace.

Looke how a Tygresse that hath lost her whelp,
Runs fearcely raging through the woods astray :
And seeing her selfe depriu'd of hope or helpe,
Furioufly assaults what's in her way,
To fatisfie her wrath, not for a pray :
So fell she on me in outrageous wise,
As could Disdaine and Iealousie deuise.

And

OF ROSAMOND.

And after all her vile reproches vsed,
She forc'd me take the poyson she had brought :
To end the lyfe that had her so abused,
And free her feares, and ease her iealous thought.
No crueltie her wrath would leaue vnwrought,
No spightfull act that to reuenge is common :
For no beast fearcer then a iealous woman.

Those handes that beauties ministers had bin,
Must now gyue death, that me adorn'd of late :
That mouth that newly gaue consent to sin,
Must now receiue destruction in there-at.
That body which my lusts did violate,
Must sacrifice it selfe t' appease the wrong,
So short is pleasure, glory lasts not long.

The poyson soone disperc'd through all my vaines,
Had dispossess'd my liuing fences quite :
When naught respecting, death the last of paines,
Plac'd his pale collours, the 'nfigne of his might,
Vpon hys new-got spoyle before his right ;
Thence chac'd my soule, setting my day ere noone,
When I least thought my ioyes could end so soone.

M.

And

THE COMPLAINT

And as conuaid t' vntimely funerals,
My scarce colde corse not suffred longer stay :
Behold the King (by chance) returning, falls
T' incounter with the same vpon the way,
As he repaire to see his deereft ioy.

Not thinking fuch a meeting could haue beene,
To see his loue, and feeing beene vnfeene.

Iudge thofe whom chaunce depriues of fweeteft treafure,
What tis to lofe a thing we hold fo deare :
The beft delight, wherein our foule takes pleasure,
The fweet of life, that penetrates fo neare.
What paffions feels that heart, inforc'd to beare
The deepe impreffion of fo ftrange a fight ?
Tongue, pen, nor art, can neuer fhew a right.

Amaz'd he ftandes, nor voyce nor body fteares,
Words had no paffage, teares no iffue found :
For forrow fhut vp words, wrath kept in teares,
Confuf'd affects each other doe confounde :
Oppreff'd with grieve his paffions had no bounde :
Striuing to tell his woes, wordes would not come ;
For light cares fpeake, when mightie griefes are domb.

At

OF ROSAMOND.

At length extremitie breakes out away,
Through which th'imprisoned voice with teares attended,
Wayles out a found that forrowes doe bewray :
With armes a crosse and eyes to heauen bended,
Vauporing out fighes that to the fkyes ascended.
Sighes, the poore ease calamitie affords,
Which ferue for speech when forrow wanteth words

O heauens (quoth he) why doe myne eyes behold,
The hatefull rayes of this vnhappy sonne ?
Why haue I light to see my finnes controld,
With blood of mine owne shame thus vildly donne ?
How can my fight endure to looke thereon ?
Why doth not blacke eternall darknes hide,
That from myne eyes my hart cannot abide ?

What saw my life, wherein my foule might ioy ?
What had my dayes, whom troubles still afflicted ?
But onely this, to counterpoize annoy,
This ioy, this hope, which death hath interdicted :
This sweete, whose losse hath all distresse afflicted.
This that did season all my fowre of life,
Vext still at home with broyles, abroad in strife.

M. 2.

Vext

THE COMPLAINT

Vext styll at home with broyles, abroad in strife,
Diffension in my blood, iarres in my bed :
Distrust at boord, suspecting still my life,
Spending the night in horror, dayes in dred ;
Such life hath tyrants, and thys lyfe I led.

These myseries goe mask'd in glittering showes,
Which wifemen see, the vulgar little knowes.

Thus as these passions doe him ouer-whelme,
He drawes him neere my bodie to behold it :
And as the Vine married vnto the Elme
With strict imbraces, so doth he infold it ;
And as he in hys carefull armes doth hold it,
Viewing the face that euen death commends,
On fencelesse lips, millions of kysses spends.

Pittifull mouth (quoth he) that liuing gauest
The sweetest comfort that my soule could wish :
O be it lawfull now, that dead thou hauest,
Thys sorrowing farewell of a dying kisse.
And you fayre eyes, containers of my blisse,
Motiues of loue, borne to be matched neuer :
Entomb'd in your sweet circles sleepe for euer.

Ah

OF ROSAMOND.

Ah how me thinks I see death dallying seekes,
To entertaine it selfe in loues sweet place :
Decayed Roses of discoloured cheekes,
Doe yet retaine deere notes of former grace :
And ougly death sits faire within her face ;
Sweet remnants resting of vermillion red,
That death it selfe, doubts whether she be dead.

Wonder of beautie, oh receiue these plaints,
The obsequies, the last that I shall make thee :
For loe my foule that now already faints,
(That lou'd thee lyuing, dead will not forsake thee,)
Hastens her speedy course to ouer-take thee.
Hee meete my death, and free my selfe thereby,
For ah what can he doe that cannot die ?

Yet ere I die, thus much my foule doth vow,
Reuenge shall sweeten death with ease of minde :
And I will cause posterity shall know,
How faire thou wert aboue all women kind.
And after ages monuments shall find,
Shewing thy beauties title not thy name,
Rose of the world that sweetned so the fame.

THE COMPLAINT

This said, though more desirous yet to say,
(For forrow is vnwilling to giue ouer)
He doth repress what griefe would els bewray,
Least that too much his passions might discover:
And yet respect scarce bridles such a Louer.

So farre transported that he knowes not whether,
For loue and Maiestie dwell ill together.

Then were my funerals not long deferred,
But doone with all the rites pompe could deuise:
At *Godstow*, where my body was interred,
And richly tomb'd in honorable wife.
Where yet as now scarce any note descries
Vnto these times, the memory of me,
Marble and Brasse so little lasting be.

For those walles which the credulous deuout,
And apt-beleeuing ignorant did found:
With willing zeale that neuer call'd in doubt,
That time theyr works should euer so confound,
Lye like confused heapes as vnder-ground.
And what their ignorance esteem'd so holy,
The wiser ages doe account as folly.

And

OF ROSAMOND.

And were it not thy fauourable lynes,
Reedified the wracke of my decayes :
And that thy accents willingly assignes,
Some farther date, and giue me longer daies,
Fewe in this age had knowne my beauties praise.
But thus renewd by fame, redeemes some time,
Till other ages shall neglect thy rime,

Then when confusion in her course shall bring,
Sad defolation on the times to come :
When myrth-lesse Thames shall haue no Swan to sing,
All Musique silent, and the Muses dombe.
And yet euen then it must be known to some,
That once they florisht, though not cherisht so,
And Thames had Swannes as well as euer Po.

But heere an end, I may no longer stay thee,
I must returne t' attend at *Stigian* flood :
Yet ere I goe, thys one word more I pray thee,
Tell *Delia* now her sigh may doe me good,
And will her note the frailtie of our blood.
And if I passe vnto those happy banks,
Then she must haue her praise, thy pen her thanks.

So

THE COMPLAINT

So vanisht shee, and left me to returne,
To profecute the tenor of my woes :
Eternall matter for my Muse to mourne,
But ah the worlde hath heard too much of those,
My youth fuch errors must no more disclose.
Ile hide the rest, and greeue for what hath beene,
Who made me knowne, must make me liue vnseene.

FINIS.

INTRODUCTION.

THE following tract is a typographical fac-simile of Michael Drayton's second publication, his first that was not of a sacred character : his "Harmonie of the Church" came out in 1591 ; and between that year and 1593 we know of no separate production from his pen. In reprinting these Pastorals we have not merely imitated the types, but we have followed the pagination, the spelling and even the corrupt punctuation. The original is so rare a book that only two, or at most three, copies of it are extant : the one we have used has the autograph of Queen Elizabeth's unfortunate favourite, the Earl of Essex, on the title-page, and various verbal and literal manuscript corrections, which we have not introduced, because our object was to shew the very form and condition of the work as it came from the poet's hands. Moreover, it comprises poems never afterwards acknowledged by Drayton, and the whole shape of the small volume was altered when it again made its appearance. The author does not speak of the Earl of Essex as his patron, as he probably afterwards became, but he celebrates

Sir Philip Sidney by the name Elphin, and he inserts an elegy upon him, and an eulogy upon the Queen, which, we apprehend, exist only in the volume in the hands of the reader. Drayton was, of course, a warm admirer of Spenser, whom to a certain extent he imitated in the department of pastoral; and while we write we have before us his copy of "The Fairie Queene" with his autograph and many notes, marks, and corrections from the beginning to the end. Spenser chose Colin as his pastoral name, while Drayton adopted that of Rowland.

J. P. C.



THE
SHEPHERDS
GARLAND,

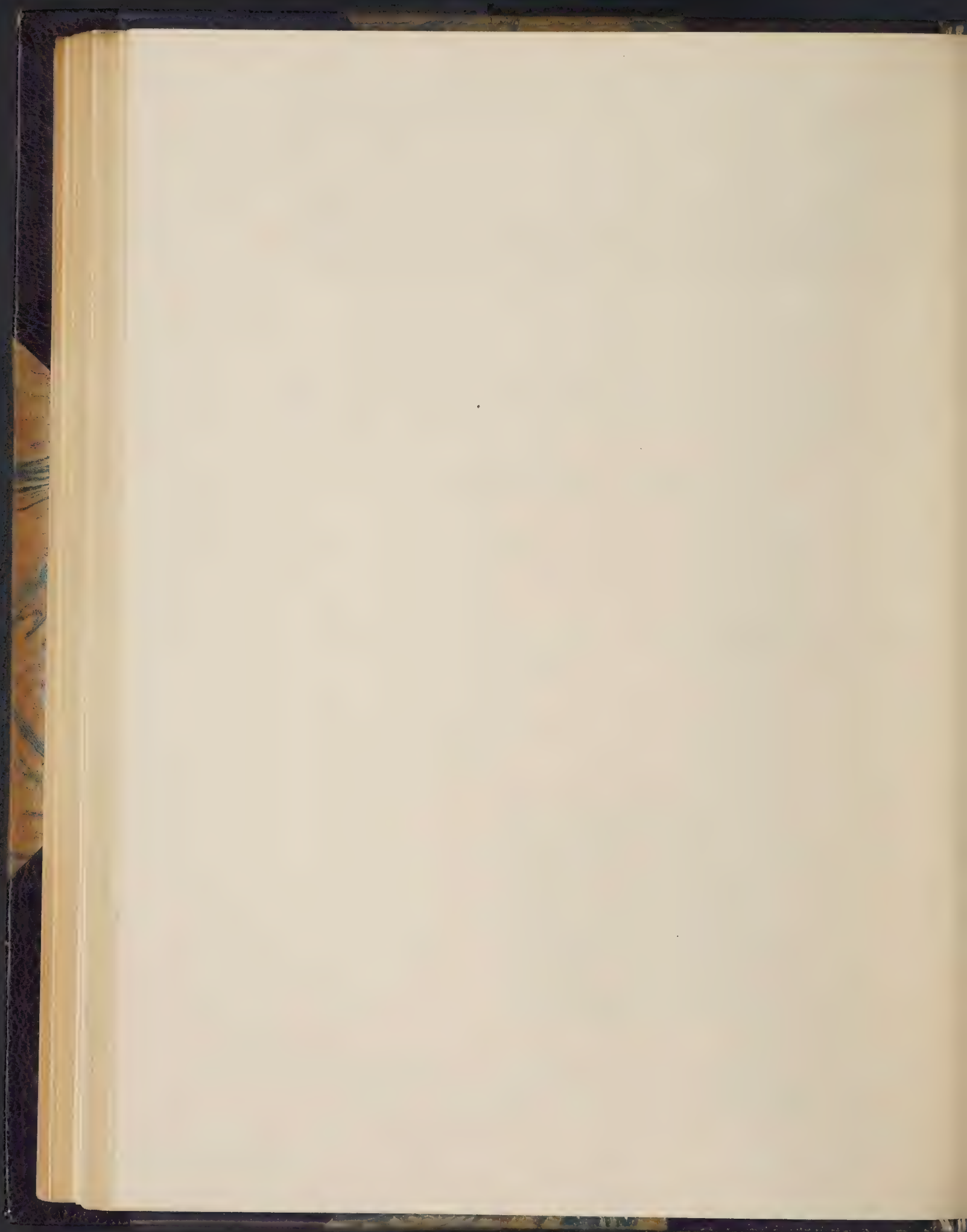
Fashioned in nine Eglogs.

ROWLANDS SACRIFICE
to the nine Muses.

Effugiunt auidos Carmina sola rogos.



Imprinted at London for Thomas Woodcocke, dwelling in Pauls
Churchyarde, at the signe of the black Beare. 1593.

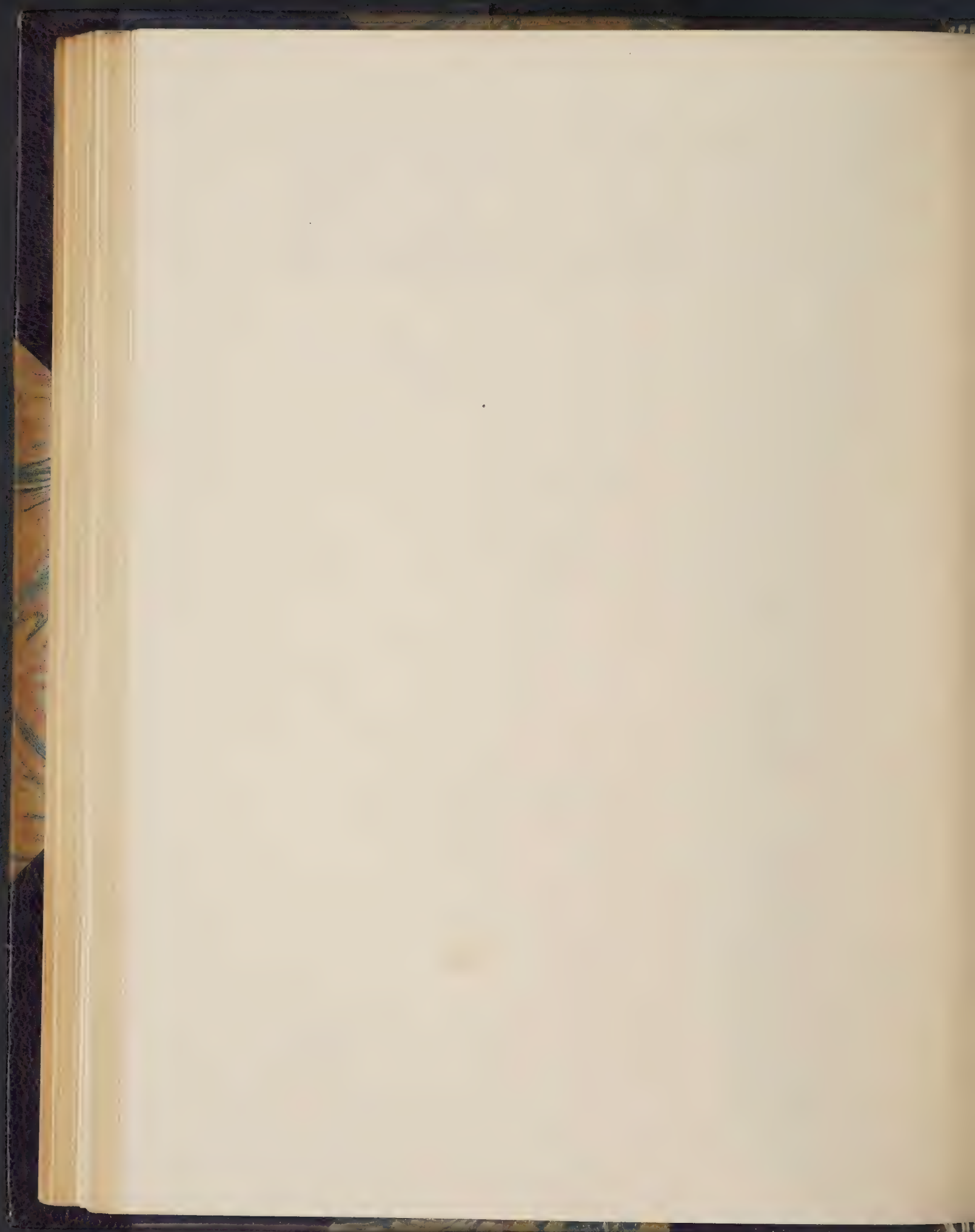




TO THE NOBLE, AND VALEROVS,
GENTLEMAN, MASTER *ROBERT*
DUDLEY: ENRICHED WITH
ALL VERTVES OF THE
MINDE, AND WORTHY
OF ALL HONORA-
BLE DESERT.

*Your most affectionate,
and deuoted :*

Michael Drayton.





THE FIRST EGLOG.

*When as the ioyfull spring brings in
the Summers sweete reliefe:
Poore Rowland malcontent bewayles
the winter of his grieve.*

NOW *Phœbus* from the equinoctiall Zone,
Had task'd his teame vnto the higher spheare.
And from the brightnes of his glorious throne,
Sends forth his Beames to light the lower ayre,
The cheerfull welkin, comen this long look'd hower,
Distils adowne full many a siluer shower.

Fayre *Philomel* night-musicke of the spring,
Sweetly recordes her tunefull harmony,
And with deepe sobbes, and dolefull forrowing,
Before fayre *Cinthya* actes her Tragedy:
The Throstlecock, by breaking of the day,
Chants to his sweete, full many a louely lay.

The crawling snake, against the morning funne,
Now streaks him in his rayn-bow coloured cote:
The darkefome shades, as loathsome he doth shunne,
Inchanted with the Birds sweete siluan note:
The Buck forsakes the launds where he hath fed,
And scornes the hunt should view his veluet head.

B

Through

Through all the partes, disperfed is the blood,
 The luftie fpring, in flower of her pride,
 Man, bird, and beaft, and fifh, in pleafant flood,
 Reioycing all in this moft ioyfull tide :
 Saue *Rowland* leaning on a Ranpick tree,
 O'r growne with age, forlorne with woe was he.

Oh bleffed *Pan*, thou fhepheards god fayth he,
 O thou Creator of the ftarrie light,
 Whofe wonderous workes fhew thy diuinitie,
 Thou wife inuentor of the day and night,
 Refreshing nature with the louely fpring,
 Quite blemifht erft, with stormy winters ftिंग.

O thou ftrong builder of the firmament,
 Who placedft *Phæbus* in his fierie Carre,
 And by thy mighty Godhead didft inuent,
 The planets manfions that they fhould not iarre,
 Ordeyning *Phebe*, miftrefse of the night,
 From *Tytans* flame to fteale her forked light.

Euen from the cleereft chriftall fhining throne,
 Vnder whose feete the heauens are low abafed,
 Commaunding in thy maieftie alone,
 Whereas the fiery Cherubines are placed :
 Receiue my vowes as incenfe vnto thee,
 My tribute due to thy eternitie.

O shepheards foueraigne, yea receiue in gree,
 The gushing teares, from neuer-resting eyes,
 And let those prayers vvhich I shall make to thee,
 Be in thy fight perfumed sacrifice :
 Let smokie fighes be pledges of contrition,
 For follies past to make my foules submifsion.

Submifsion makes amends for all my misse,
 Contrition a refined life begins,
 Then sacred fighes, what thing more precious is ?
 And prayers be oblations for my finnes,
 Repentant teares, from heauen-beholding eyes,
 Ascend the ayre, and penetrate the skies.

My forrowes waxe, my ioyes are in the wayning,
 My hope decayes, and my despayre is springing,
 My loue hath losse, and my disgrace hath gayning,
 Wrong rules, desert with teares her hands fits wringing :
 Sorrow, despayre, disgrace, and wrong, doe thwart
 My Ioy, my loue, my hope, and my desert.

Deuouring time shall swallow vp my forrowes,
 And strong beliefe shall torture black despaire,
 Death shall orewhelme disgrace, in deepest furrowes,
 And Iustice laie my wrongs vpon the Beere :
 Thus Iustice, death, beleefe, and time, ere long,
 Shall end my woes, despayre, disgrace, and wrong.

Yet time shall be expir'd and lose his date,
 And full assurance cancell strongest trust,
 Eternitie shall trample on deathes pate,
 And Iustice shall surcease when all be iust :
 Thus time, beleefe, death, Iustice, shall surcease,
 By date, assurance, 'eternity, and peace.

Thus breathing from the Center of his foule,
 The tragick accents of his extasie,
 His fun-fet eyes gan here and there to roule,
 Like one surprisde with sodaine lunacie :
 And being rouzde out of melancholly,
 Flye whirle-winde thoughts vnto the heauens quoth he.

Now in the Ocean *Tytan* quencht his flame,
 And summond *Cinthya* to set vp her light,
 The heauens with their glorious starry frame,
 Preparde to crowne the fable-vayled night :
 When *Rowland* from this time-consumed stock,
 With stone-colde hart now stalketh towards his flock.

*Quid queror ? & toto facio conuicia cælo :
 Di quoq; habent oculos, di quoq; pectus habent.*

Wynken

THE SECOND EGLOG.

*Wynken of mans frayle wayning age
declares the simple truth,
And doth by Rowlands harmes reprooue
Mottos vnbrideled youth.*

Motto.

Might my youths mirth delight thy aged yeeres,
My gentle shepheard father of vs all,
Wherewith I whylome Ioy'd my louely feeres,
Chanting fweete straines of heauenly pastorall.

Now would I tune my miskins on this Greene,
And frame my muse those vertues to vnfold,
Of that sole Phenix Bird, my liues sole Queene,
Whose locks done staine, the three times burnisht gold.

But melancholie grafted in thy Braine,
My Rimes seeme harsh, to thy vnrelisht taste,
Thy droughthy wits, not long refresht with raigne,
Parched with heat, done wither now and waste.

Wynken.

Indeed my Boy, my wits been all forlorne,
My flowers decayd, with winter-withered frost,
My cloudy set eclips'd my cherefull morne,
That Iewell gone wherein I ioyed most.

My dreadful thoughts been drawn vpon my face,
 In blotted lines with ages iron pen,
 The lothlie morpheu faffroned the place,
 Where beuties damaske daz'd the eies of men.

A cumber-world, yet in the world am left,
 A fruitles plot, with brambles ouergrowne,
 Misliued man of my vvorlds ioy bereft,
 Hart-breaking cares the ofspring of my mone.

Thofe daintie ftraines of my vvell tuned reed,
 Which manie a time hath pleafd my vvanton eares,
 Nor fvveet, nor pleasing thoughts in me done breed,
 But tell the follies of my vvandring yeares.

Thofe poyfned pils been bidding at my hart,
 Thofe loathsome drugs of my youths vanitie,
 Svveete feem'd they once, ful bitter novv and tart,
 Ay me confuming corofives they be.

Motto.

Euen fo I vveene, for thy old ages feuer,
 Deemes fvveetefst potions bitter as the gall,
 And thy colde Pallat hauing loft her fauour,
 Receiues no comfort in a cordiall.

VVinken

Wynken.

As thou art novv, vvas I a gamefome boy,
 Though staru'd vvith vvintred eld as thou do'ft fee,
 And vvell I know thy fvvallovv-vvinged ioy,
 Shalbe forgotten as it is in me.

When on the Arche of thine eclipfed eies,
 Time hath ingrau'd deep characters of death,
 And fun-burnt age thy kindlie moisture dries,
 Thy vvearied lungs be niggards of thy breath,

Thy bravvne-falne armes, thy camock-bended backe,
 The time-plovv'd furrovves in thy fairest field,
 The Southfaiers of natures vvofull vvrack,
 When blooming age must stoupe to starued eld,

When Lillie vvwhite is of a tavvnie die,
 Thy fragrant crimson turn'd ash-coloured pale,
 Thy skin orecaft vvith rough embroderie,
 And cares rude pencell, quite difgrac'd thy fale,

When dovvnne-beds heat must thavve thy frozen cold,
 And luke-vvarme brothes recure Phlebotomie,
 And vvhen the bell is readie to be tol'd,
 To call the vvormes to thine Anatomie:
 Remember then my boy, vvhat once I said to thee.

Now am I like the knurrie-bulked Oke,
 Whome waſting eld hath made a toombe of duſt,
 Whoſe wind-fallen branches feld by tempeſt ſtroke,
 His barcke confumes with canker-wormed ruſt.

And though thou ſeemſt like to the bragging bryer,
 As gay as is the mornings Marygolde,
 Yet ſhortly ſhall thy ſap be drie and ſeere,
 Thy gaudy Bloffomes blemiſhed with colde.

Euen ſuch a wanton, an vnruely ſwayne,
 was little Rowland, vwhen of yore as he,
 Vpon the Beechen tree on yonder playne,
 Carued this rime of loues Idolatrie.

*The Gods delight, the heauens hie ſpectacle,
 Earths greateſt glory, worlds rareſt miracle.*

*Fortunes fayr'ſt miſtreſſe, vertues ſureſt guide,
 Loues Gouverneſſe, and natures chiefeſt pride.*

*Delights owne darling, honours cheefe defence,
 Chaſtities choyce, and wiſdomes quinteſſence.*

*Conceipts ſole Riches, thoughts only treaſure,
 Deſires true hope, Ioyes ſweeteſt pleaſure.*

Mercies

*Mercies due merite, valeurs iust reward,
Times fayrest fruited, fames strongest garde.*

*Yea she alone, next that eternall he,
The expresse Image of eternitie.*

Motto.

Oh diuine loue, which so aloft canst raise,
And lift the minde out of this earthly mire,
And do't inspire the pen with so hie prayse,
As with the heauens doth equal mans desire.

Thou lightning flame of sacred Poesie,
Whose furie doth incense the swelling braines,
As draws to thee by heauen-bred Sympathie,
The sweete delights of highest soaring vaines :

Who doth not helpe to deck thy holy Shrine,
With Mirtle, and triumphant Lawrell tree?
Who will not say that thou art most diuine?
Or who doth not confesse thy deitie?

Wyken.

A, foolish boy, full ill is he repayed,
For now the wanton pines in endles paine,
And fore repents what he before misfaide,
So may they be which can so lewdly faine.

Now hath this yonker torne his treffed lockes,
 And broke his pipe which founded erst so fweete,
 Forfaking his companions and their flocks,
 And casts his gayest garland at his feete.

And being shrowded in a homely cote,
 And full of sorrow as a man might be,
 He tun'd his Rebeck with a mournfull note,
 And thereto sang this dolefull elegie.

*Tell me fayre flocke (if so you can conceaue)
 The sodaine cause of my night-sunnes eclipse,
 If this be wrought me my light to bereaue,
 By Magick spels, from some inchanting lips
 Or vgly Saturne from his combust sent,
 This fatall presage of deaths dreryment.*

*Oh cleereſt day-ſtarre, honored of mine eyes,
 Yet ſdaynſt mine eyes ſhould gaze vpon thy light,
 Bright morning ſunne, who with thy ſweet ariſe,
 Expell'ſt the clouds of my harts lowring might,
 Goddes reiecting ſweeteſt ſacrifice,
 Of mine eyes teares ay offered to thine eyes.*

May

*May purest heauens scorne my soules pure desires ?
 Or holy shrines hate Pilgrims orizons ?
 May sacred temples gaynsay sacred prayers ?
 Or Saints refuse the poores deuotions ?
 Then Orphane thoughts with sorrow be you waind,
 When loues Religion shalbe thus prophayn'd.*

*Yet needes the earth must droupe with visage sad,
 VVhen siluer dewes been turn'd to bitter stormes,
 The Cheerful Welkin, once in sables clad,
 Her frownes foretell poore humaine creatures harmes.
 And yet for all to make amends for this,
 The clouds sheed teares, and weepen at my misse.*

Motto.

Woe's me for him that pineth so in payne,
 Alas poore Rowland, how it pities me,
 So faire a baite should breed so foule a bayne,
 Or humble shewes should couer crueltie.

Winken.

Beware by him thou foolish wanton fvvayne,
 By others harmes thus maist thou learne to heede,
 Beautie and wealth been fraught vvith hie disdaine,
 Beleeue it as a Maxim of thy Creede.

Motto.

If that there be fuch woes and paines in loue,
Woe be to him that list the fame to proue.

VVynken.

Yes thou shalt find, if thou desir'st to proue,
There is no hell, vnto the paines in loue.

THE THIRD EGLOG.

Rowland *and* Perkin both *Jfeere*,
in field vpon a day,
VVith little Robin redbrests Round,
doe passe the time away.

Perkin.

Rowland for shame awake thy drowfie muse,
 Time plaies the hunts-vp to thy sleepe head,
 Why li'st thou here as thou hadst long been dead,
 foule idle fwayne ?

Who euer heard thy pipe and pleasing vaine,
 And doth but heare this scurrill minstrelcy,
 These noninos of filthie ribauldry,
 that doth not muse.

Then slumber not with foule *Endymion*,
 But tune thy reede to dapper virelayes,
 And sing a while of blessed *Betas* prayse,
 faire *Beta* she :

In thy sweete song so blessed may'st thou bee,
 For learned *Collin* laies his pipe to gage,
 And is to fayrie gone a Pilgrimage :
 the more our mone.

Rowland.

What, *Beta*? shepheard, she is *Pans* belou'd,
 Faire *Betas* praise beyond our straine doth stretch,
 Her notes too hie for my poore pipe to reach,
 poore oten reede :

So farre vnfit to speake of vvorthies deede,
 But set my stops vnto a lovver kay,
 Whereas a horne-pipe I may safelie play,
 yet vnreproou'd.

With flatterie my muse could neuer fage,
 Nor could affect such vaine scurrility,
 To please lewd Lorrels, in their foolery,
 too base and vile :

Nor but a note yet will I raise my stile,
 My selfe aboue *VVill* Piper to aduance,
 Which so bestirs him at the morris dance,
 for pennie wage.

Perkin.

Rowland, so toyes oft times esteemed are,
 And fashions euer changing with the time,
 Then frolick it a while in lustie rime,
 with mirth and glee :

And

And let me heare that Roundelay of thee,
Which once thou fangst to me in Ianeueer,
VVhen Robin-redbrest fitting on a breere,
the burthen bare.

Rowland.

VVell needes I must yet with a heauie hart ;
But were not *Beta* fure I would not sing,
VVhose praife the ecchoes neuer cease to ring,
vnto the skies.

Pirken.

Be blith good *Rowland* then, and cleere thine eyes:
And now fith Robin to his roost is gone,
Good *Rowland* then supplie the place alone,
and shew thy arte.

*O thou fayre siluer Thames: o cleereft chrystall flood,
Beta alone the Phenix is, of all thy watery brood,
The Queene of Virgins onely she:
And thou the Queene of floods shalt be:
Let all thy Nymphes beioyfull then to see this happy day,
Thy Beta now alone shalbe the subiect of my laye.*

With

*V*ith daintie and delight some straines of sweetest virelayes:
 Come louely shepheards sit we down & chant our Betas prayse:
 And let vs sing so rare a verse,
 Our Betas prayses to rehearse,
 That little Birds shall silent be, to heare poore shepheards sing,
 And riuers backward bend their course, & flow vnto the spring.

Range all thy swannes faire Thames together on a rancke,
 And place them duely one by one, vpon thy stately banck,
 Then set together all agood,
 Recording to the siluer flood,
 And craue the tune full Nightingale to helpe you with her lay,
 The Osel & the Throstle cocke, chiefe musick of our maye.

O! see what troupes of Nymphs been sporting on the strands,
 And they been blessed Nymphs of peace, with Oliues in their
 How meryly the Muses sing, (hands.
 That all the flowry Medowes ring,
 And Beta sits vpon the banck, in purple and in pall,
 And she the Queene of Muses is, and weares the Corinall.

Trim vp her Golden tresses with Apollos sacred tree,
 ô happy sight vnto all those that loue and honor thee,
 The Blessed Angels haue prepar'd,
 A glorious Crowne for thy reward,
 Not such a golden Crowne as haughtie Cæsar weares,
 But such a glittering starry Crowne as Ariadne beares.

Make

*Make her a goodly Chapilet of azur'd Colombine,
And wreath about her Coronet with sweetest Eglentine:
Bedeck our Beta all with Lillies,
And the dayntie Daffadillies,
VVith Roses damask, white, and red, and fairest flower delice,
VVith Cowslips of Ferusalem, and cloues of Paradice.*

*O thou fayre torch of heauen, the days most deereſt light,
And thou bright-shyning Cinthya, the glory of the night:
You ſtarres the eyes of heauen,
And thou the glyding leuen,
And thou ô gorgeous Iris with all ſtrange Colours dyed,
VVhen ſhe ſtreams foorth her rayes, then daſht is all your pride.*

*See how the day ſtands ſtill, admiring of her face,
And time loe ſtretcheth foorth her armes, thy Beta to imbrace,
The Syrens ſing ſweete layes,
The Trytons ſound her prayſe,
Goe paſſe on Thames and hie thee faſt vnto the Ocean ſea,
And let thy billowes there proclaimethy Beta ſholy-day.*

*And water thou the bleſſed roote of that greene Oliue tree,
VVith whoſe ſweete ſhadow, al thy bancks with peace preſerued
Lawrell for Poets and Conquerours, (be,
And mirtle for Loues. Paramours :
That fame may be thy fruit, the boughes preſeru'd by peace,
And let them mournful Cipres die, now ſtormes & tempeſts ceaſe.*

D

Wee'l

*VVe'l straw the shore with pearle where Beta walks alone,
And we wil paue her princely Bower with richest Indian stone,
Perfume the ayre and make it sweete,
For such a Goddesse it is meete,
For if her eyes for purity contend with Tytans light,
No maruaile then although they sodoedazell humaine sight.*

*Sound out your trumpets then, from London's stately towres,
To beat the stormie windes a back & calme the raging showres,
Set too the Cornet and the flute,
The Orpharyon and the Lute,
And tune the Taber and the Pipe, to the sweet violons,
And moue the thunder in the ayre, with lowdest Clarions.*

*Beta long may thine Altars smoke, with yeerely sacrifice,
And long thy sacred Temples may their Saboths solemnize,
Thy shepheards watch by day and night,
Thy Mayds attend the holy light,
And thy large empyre stretch her armes from east vnto the west,
And thou vnder thy feet mayst tread, that foule seven-headed
[beast.*

Perken.

Thanks gentle Rowland for my Roundelay,
And bleff'd be *Beta* burthen of thy song,
The shepheards Goddesse may she florish long,
ô happie she.

Her

Her yeares and dayes thrice doubled may they bee:
 Triumphing *Albion* clap thy hands for ioy,
 And pray the heauens may shield her from anoy,
 so will I pray.

Rowland.

Sodoe, and when my milk-white ewes haue yeande,
Beta shall haue the firstling of the fould,
 I'll burnish all his hornes with finest gould,
 and paynt his fleece with purple grayne.

Perkin.

Beleeue me as I am true shepheards fwayne,
 Then for thy loue all other I forsake,
 And vnto thee my selfe I will betake,
 with fayth vnfayn'd.

*Ipse ego thura dabo, fumosis candidus aris:
 Ipse feram ante tuos munera vota pedes.*

THE FOVRTH EGLOG.

*Wynken bewayleth Elphins losse,
the God of Poesie,
with Rowlands rime ecleepd the teares,
of the greene Hawthorne tree.*

Gorbo.

Well met good *wynken*, whither doest thou wend?
How hast thou far'd sweet shepherd many a yeer?
May *vvynken* thus his daies in darkenes spend?
Who I haue knowne for piping had no peere?

Where been those fayre flocks thou wert wont to guide?
What? been they dead? or hap'd on some mischance,
Or mischief hath their master else betide,
Or Lordly Loue hath cast thee in a trance.

What man? lets still be merie whilst we may,
And take a truce with sorrow for a time,
And let vs passe this wearie winters day,
In reading Riddles, or in making rime.

VVynken.

Ah woe's me *Gorbo*, mirth is farre away,
Mirth may not foioorne with black malcontent,
The lowring aspect of this dismall day,
The winter of my sorrow doth augment.

My

My fong is now a fwanne-like dying fong,
 And my conceipts, the deepe conceipts of death,
 My heart becom'n a very hell of wrong,
 My breast the irkfome prifon of my breath.

I loth my life, I loth the deareft light,
 Com'n is my night, when once appeeres the day,
 The bleffed funne feemes odious in my fight,
 No fong may like me but the fhreech-owles lay.

Gorbo.

What maift thou be, that old *VVynken de word*,
 Whofe thred-bare wits, o'rworne with melancholly,
 Once fo delightfome at the fhepheards boord,
 But now forlorne with thy felues felf-wild folly.

I think thou dot'ft in thy gray-bearded age,
 Or brufd with finne, for thy youths fin art fory,
 And vow'ft for thy? a folemne pilgrimage,
 To holy Hayles or Patricks Purgatory.

Come fit we downe vnder this Hawthorne tree.
 The morrowes light fhall lend vs daie enough,
 And tell a tale of *Gawen* or *Sir Guy*,
 Of *Robin Hood*, or of good *Clem a Clough*.

Or else some Romant vnto vs areed,
 Which good olde *Godfrey* taught thee in thy youth,
 Of noble Lords and Ladies gentle deede,
 Or of thy loue, or of thy lasses truth.

V Vinken.

Gorbo, my Comfort is accloy'd with care,
 A new mishap my wonted ioyes hath crost :
 Then meruaile not although my musicke iarre,
 When she the Author of her mirth hath lost,

Elphin is dead, and in his graue is laid,
 Our liues delight whilst louely *Elphin* liued,
 What cruell fate hath so the time betraid,
 The widow world of all her ioyes depriued.

O curfed death, Liues fearfull enemye,
 Times poyfned fickle : Tyrants reuenging pride :
 Thou blood-fucker, Thou childe of infamie :
 Deuouring Tiger : slaughtering homicide :
 Ill hast thou done, and ill may thee betide.

Naught hast thou got, the earth hath wonne the most,
 Nature is payd the interest of her due,
Pan hath receau'd, what him so dearly cost,
 O heauens his vertues doe belong to you.

A heauenly clowded in a humaine fhape,
 Rare fubftance, in fo rough a barcke Iclad,
 Of Paftorall, the liuely fpringing fappe,
 Though mortall thou, thy fame immortall made.

Spel-charming Prophet, footh-diuning feer,
 ô heauenly muficke of the higheft fpheare,
 Sweet founding trump, foule-rauifhing defire,
 Thou ftealer of mans heart, inchanter of the eare.

God of Inuention, *Ioues* deere *Mercury*,
 Ioy of our Lawrell, pride of all our ioy :
 The effence of all Poets diuinitie,
 Spirit of *Orpheus* : *Pallas* louely boy.

But all my words fhallbe diffolu'd to teares,
 And my tears fountaines fhall to riuers grow :
 Thefe Riuers to the floods of my difpaires,
 And thefe fhall make an Ocean of my woe.

His rare defarts, fhall kindle my defire,
 With burning zeale, the brands of mine vnreft,
 My fighes in adding fulphure to this fire,
 Shall frame another *Ætna* in my breaft.

Planets

Planets referue your playnts till difmall day,
 The ruthles rockes but newly haue begonne,
 And when in drops they be diffolu'd away,
 Let heauens begin to weepe when earth hath done.

Then tune thy pipe and I will fing alaye,
 Vpon his death by *Rowland* of the rocke,
 Sitting with me this other stormy day,
 In yon fayre field attending on our flock.

Gorbo.

This shall content me *VVynken* wondrous well,
 And in this mistie wether keepe vs waking,
 To heare of him, who whylome did excell,
 In fuch a fong of learned *Rowlands* making.

*Melpomine put on thy mourning Gaberdine,
 And fet thy fong vnto the dolefull Base,
 And with thy sable vayle shadow thy face,
 with weeping verfe,
 attend his hearse,
 Whose blessed soule the heauens doe now enshrine.*

*Come Nymphs and with your Rebecks ring his knell,
 VVarble forth your wamenting harmony,
 And at his drery fatall obsequie,
 with Cypres bowes,
 maske your fayre Browes,
 And beat your breasts to chyme his burying peale.*

Thy

*Thy birth-day was to all our ioye, the euen,
 And on thy death this dolefull song we sing,
 Sweet Child of Pan, and the Castalian spring,
 vnto our endless mone,
 from vs why art thou gone,
 To fill up that sweete Angels quier in heauen.*

*O whylome thou thy lasses dearest loue,
 VVhen with greene Lawrell she hath crowned thee,
 Immortall mirror of all Poesie:
 the Muses treasure,
 the Graces pleasure,
 Reigning with Angels now in heauen aboue.*

*Our mirth is now depriu'd of all her glory,
 Our Taburins in dolefull dumps are drown'd.
 Our viols want their sweet and pleasing sound,
 our melodie is mar'd
 and we of ioyes debard,
 O wicked world so mutable and transitory.*

*O dismall day, bereauer of delight,
 O stormy winter sourse of all our sorrow,
 ô most vntimely and eclipsed morrow,
 to rob vs quite
 of all delight,
 Darkening that starre which euer shone so bright:*

E

Oh

*Oh Elphin, Elphin, Though thou hence be gone,
 In spight of death yet shalt thou liue for aye,
 Thy Poesie is garlanded with Baye :
 and still shall blaze
 thy lasting prayse :
 VVhose losse poore shepherds euer shall bemone.*

*Come Girles, and with Carnations decke his graue,
 VVith damaske Roses and the hyacynth :
 Come with sweete VVilliams, Marioram and Mynt,
 with precious Balmes,
 with hymnes and psalmes,
 This funerall deserues no lesse at all to haue.*

*But see where Elphin sits in fayre Elizia,
 Feeding his flocke on yonder heauenly playne,
 Come and behold, yon louely shepheards swayne,
 piping his fill,
 on yonder hill,
 Tasting sweete Nectar, and Ambrosia.*

Gorbo.

*Oh how thy plaints (sweete friend) renew my payne,
 In listning thus to thy lamenting cries :
 That from the tempest of my troubled brayne,
 See how the floods been risen in mine eyes.*

And

And being now a full tide of our teares,
It is full time to stop the streame of griefe,
Left drowning in the floods of our despaire,
We want our liues, wanting our foules reliefe.

But now the funne beginneth to decline,
And whilest our woes been in repeating here,
Yon little eluifh moping Lamb of mine,
Is all betangled in yon crawling Brier.

*Optima prima ferè manibus rapiuntur auaris :
Implentur numeris deteriora suis.*

THE FIFTH EGLOG.

*This lustie fwayne his lowly quill,
to higher notes doth rayse,
And in Ideas person paynts,
his louely lasses prayse.*

Motto.

Come frolick it a while my lustie fwayne,
Let's see if time haue yet reui'd in thee,
Or if there be remayning but a grayne,
Of the olde stocke of famous poesie,
Or but one flip yet left of this fame facred tree.

Or if referu'd from elds deuouring rage,
Recordes of vertue, Aye memoriall,
Left to the wold as learnings lasting gage,
Or if the prayse of worthy pastorall,
May tempt thee now, or mooue thee once at all.

To Fortunes Orphans Nature hath bequeath'd,
That mighty Monarchs seldome haue possesst,
From highest Heauen, this influence is breath'd,
A most diuine impressiō in the breast, (feast.
And those whom Fortune pines doth Nature often

Ti's

Ti's not the troupes of paynted Imagerie,
 Nor these worlds Idols, our world Idiots gazes,
 Our forgers of suppos'd Gentillitie,
 When he his great, great Grand-fires glory blases,
 And paints out fictions in base coynd Phrases.

For honour nought regards, nor followeth fame,
 These filken pictures shewed in euery streete :
 Of Idlenes comes euill, of pride ensueth shame,
 And blacke obliuion is their winding sheete,
 And all their glory troden vnder feete.

Though Enuie fute her feuen-times poyfined dartes,
 Yet purest golde is feuen times try'd in fier,
 True valeur lodgeth in the lowleft harts,
 Vertue is in the minde, not in th' attyre,
 Nor staes at starres, nor stoups at filthy myre.

Rowland.

I may not sing of such as fall, nor clyme,
 Nor chaunt of armes, nor of heroique deedes,
 It fitteth not poore shepheards rurall rime,
 Nor is agreeing with my oaten reedes,
 Nor from my quill, grosse flatterie proceedes.

Vnfitting tearmes, nor falſe diſſembling ſmiles,
 Shall in my lines, nor in my ſtile appeare,
 Worlds fawning fraud, nor like deceitfull guiles,
 No, no, my muſe, none ſuch ſhall ſoiourne here,
 Nor any bragges of hope nor ſignes of baſe deſpaire,

No fatall dreads nor fruitles vaine deſires,
 Nor caps, nor curſies to a paynted wall,
 Nor heaping rotten ſticks on needles fires,
 Ambitious thoughts to clime, nor feares to fall,
 A minde voyd of miſtruſt, and free from ſeruile thral.

Foule flander thou ſuſpitions Baſtard Child,
 Selfe-eating Impe from vipers poyſned wombe,
 Foule ſwelling toade with lothly ſpots deſi'd,
 Vile *Aſpis* bred within the ruinde tombe,
 Eternall death for euer be thy doombe.

Still be thou ſhrouded in blacke pitchie night,
 Luld with the horror of night-rauens ſong,
 Let foggie miſtes, clowd and eclipse thy light,
 Thy wooluiſh teeth chew out thy venomd tongue,
 With Snakes and adders be thy body ſtong.

Motto.

Motto.

Nor these, nor these, may like thy lowlie quill,
 As of too hie, or of too base a straine,
 Vnfitting thee, and fdeyned of thy skill,
 Nor yet according with a shepheards vayne,
 Nor no such subiect may befeeme a fwayne.

Then tune thy reede vnto *Ideas* prayse :
 And teach the woods to wonder at her name :
 Thy lowlie notes here mayst thou learne to rayse,
 And make the ecchoes blazen out her name,
 The lasting trumpe of *Phebes* lasting fame.

Thy Temples then shall with green bayes be dight,
 Thy Egle-foring muse vpon her wing,
 With her fayre filuer wings shall take her flight,
 To that hie welked tower where Angels sing,
 From thence to fetch the tutch of her sweete string.

Rowland.

Oh hie inthronized *Foue*, in thy *Olympicke* raigne,
 Oh battel-waging *Marte*, oh fage-faw'd *Mercury*,
 Oh Golden-thrined *Sol*, *Venus* loues foueraigne,
 Oh dreadfull *Saturne*, flaming aye with furie,
 Moyst-humord *Cinthya*, Author of Lunacie,
 Conioyne helpe to erect our faire *Ideas* trophie.

Oh

Oh Treffes of faire *Phæbus* stremed die,
 Oh bleffed load-starre lending purest light,
 Oh Paradice of heauenly tapistrie,
 Angels sweete musick, ô my foules delight,
 ô fayrest *Phebe* passing euery other light.

Whose prefence ioyes the earths decayed state,
 Whose counfels are registred in the sphere,
 Whose sweete reflecting clearennes doth amate,
 The starrie lights, and makes the Sunne more fayre,
 Whose breathing sweete perfumeth all the ayre.

Thy snowish necke fayre Natures trefurie,
 Thy swannish breast the hauen of lasting blisse,
 Thy cheekes the bancks of Beauties vfurie,
 Thy heart the myne where goodnes gotten is,
 Thy lips those lips which *Cupid* ioyes to kisse.

And those fayre hands within whose louely palmes,
 Fortune diuineth happie Augurie,
 Those straightest fingers dealing heauenly almes,
 Pointed with pur'st of Natures Alcumie,
 Where loue fits looking in loues palmistrie.

And those fayre Iuorie columnes which vpreare,
 That Temple built by heauens Geometrie,
 And holiest Flamynes sacrificzen theare,
 Vnto that heauenly Queene of Chastitie,
 Where vertues burning lamps can neuer quenched be.

Thence

Thence fee the fairest light that euer shone,
 That cleare which doth worlds cleerenes quite fu-
 Braue *Phæbus* chayred in his golden throane, passe,
 Beholding him, in this pure Christall glasse,
 See here the fayrest fayre that euer was.

Delicious fountaine, liquid christalline,
 Mornings vermilion, verdant spring-times pride,
 Purest of purest, most refined fine,
 With crimson tincture curiously Idy'd,
 Mother of Muses, great *Apollus* bride.

Earths heauen, worlds wonder, hiest house of fame,
 Reuiuer of the dead, eye-killer of the liue,
 Belou'd of Angels, Vertues greatest name,
 Fauors rar'st feature, beauties prospectiue,
 Oh that my verse thy vertues could contriue.

That stately Theater on whose fayre stage,
 Each morall vertue actes a princely part,
 Where euery scene pronounced by a Sage,
 Eternizeth diuineſt Poets Arte,
 Ioyes the beholders eyes, and glads the hearers hart.

The worlds memorials, that sententious booke,
 Where euery Comma, points a curious phraſe,
 Vpon whose method, Angels ioye to looke :
 At euery Colon, Wiſdomes ſelfe doth pause,
 And euery Period hath his hie applauſe.

Read in her eyes a Romant of delights,
 Read in her words the prouerbs of the wife,
 Read in her life the holy vestall rites,
 Which loue and vertue sweetly moralize :
 And she the *Academ* of vertues exercise.

But on thy volumes who is there may comment,
 When as thy selfe hath Arts selfe vndermined :
 Or vndertake to coate thy learned margent,
 When learnings lines are euer enterlined,
 And purest words, are in thy mouth refined.

Knewest thou thy vertues, oh thou fayr'st of fayrest,
 Thou earths sole *Phenix*, of the world admired,
 Vertue in thee repurify'd and rarest,
 Whose endles fame by time is not expired,
 Then of thy selfe would thy selfe be admired.

But arte wants arte to frame so pure a Myrror,
 VWhere humane eyes may view thy vertues beautie,
 VWhen fame is so surprised with the terror,
 wanting to pay the tribute of her duetie,
 with colours who can paint out vertues beautie.

But since vnperfect are the perfects colours,
 And skill is so vnskillfull how to blaze thee :
 Now will I make a myrror of my dolours,
 and in my teares then looke thy selfe and prayse thee,
 oh happy I, if such a glasse might please thee.

Goe gentle windes and whisper in hēr eare,
 And tell *Idea* how much I adore her,
 And thou my flock, reporte vnto my fayre,
 How she excelleth all that went before her,
 Tell her the very foules in ayre adore her.

And thou cleare Brooke by whose fayre filuer streame,
 Grow those tall Okes where I haue caru'd her name,
 Conuay her praise to *Neptunes* watery Realme,
 refresh the rootes of her still growing fame,
 and teach the Dolphins to resound her name.

Motto.

Cease shepheard cease, referue thy Muses store,
 Till after time shall teach thy Oaten reede,
 Aloft in ayre with Egles wings to fore,
 and sing in honor of some worthies deede,
 to serue *Idea* in some better steede.

She sees not shepheard, no she will not see,
 Her rarest vertues blazond by thy quill,
 Nor knowes the effect the fame hath wrought in thee,
 The very tuch and anuile of thy skill,
 and this is that which bodeth all thy ill.

Yet if her vertues glorie shall decay,
 Or if her beauties flower shall hap to fall,
 Or any cloud eclipse her sun-shine day,
 Then looke (*Fdea*) in thy pastorall,
 And thou thy vertues vnto minde shalt call,

Rowland.

Shepheard farewell, the skies begin to lowre,
 Yon pitchie clowd which hangeth in the West,
 I feare me doth presage some sodaine showre,
 Come let vs home, for so I think it best,
 For all our flocks been laid them downe to rest.

Motto.

And if thou list to come vnto my Coate,
 Although (God knowes) my cheere be to too small,
 And wealth with me was neuer yet afloat, e,
 Yet take in gree what euer doe befall,
 And wee will sit, and sing a mery madrigall.

Rowland.

*Per superos iuro testes, pampamque Deorum,
 Te Dominam nobis tempus in omne fore.*

Motto.

*Nos quoque per totum pariter cantabimur orbem,
 Iunctaque semper erunt nomina nostra tuis.*

Good

THE SIXT EGLOG.

*Good Gorbo cals to mind the fame,
 of our old Ancestrie :
 And Perkin sings Pandoras prayse,
 the Muse of Britanye.*

Perkin.

All haile good *Gorbo*, yet return'd at last,
 What tell me man? how goes the world with thee?
 What is it worfe then it was wont to be?
 Or been thy youthfull dayes already past?
 Haue patience man, for wealth will come and goe,
 And to the end the world shall ebbe and flowe.

The valiant man, whose thoughts on hie been placed,
 And fees sometime how fortune list to rage,
 With wisdome still his actions so doth gage,
 As with her frownes he no whit is disgraced,
 And when she fawnes, and turnes her squinting eye,
 Bethinks him then, of her inconstancie.

When as the Cullian, and the viler Clowne,
 Who with the swine, on draffe sets his desire,
 And thinks no life to wallowing in the myre,
 In stormie tempest, dying layes him downe,
 Yet tasting weale, the asse begins to bray,
 And feeling woe, the beast consumes away.

F 3

Gorbo

Gorbo.

So said the Sage in his Philosophie,
The Lordly hart inspir'd with nobleſſe,
VVith courage doth his croſſes ſtill ſuppreſſe,
His patience doth his paſſions mortifie,
vvhen other folke this paine cannot endure,
becauſe they vvant this med'cine for their cure.

Perkin.

And yet oft times the vvorld I doe admire,
VVhen as the vvife and vertuous men I ſee,
Be hard beſet with neede and pouertie,
And lewdeſt fooles to higheſt things aſpire,
vvhat ſhould I ſay? that fortune is to blame?
or vnto whome ſhould I impute this ſhame?

Gorbo.

Vertue and Fortune neuer could agree,
Foule Fortune euer vvas faire vertues foe,
Blinde Fortune blindly doth her gifts beſtovve,
But vertue wiſe, and vvifely doth foreſee,
they fall vvhiſh truſt to fortunes fickle vvheele,
but ſtaied by vertue, men ſhall neuer reele.

Perkin

Perkin.

If so, vvhy should she not be more regarded,
 Why should men cherish vice and villanie,
 And maintaine finne and basest rogerie,
 And vertue thus so flightly be revvarded,
 this shevves that vve full deepe diffemblers be,
 and all vve doe, but meere hypocrisie.

Gorbo.

Where been those Nobles, *Perkin*, vvhere been they?
 Where been those vvorthies, *Perkin*, vvchich of yore,
 This gentle Ladie did so much adore?
 And for her Impes did vvith such care puruey,
 they been yfvvadled in their vvinding sheete,
 and she (I thinke) is buried at their feete.

Oh vvorthy vvorld, vvherein those vvorthies liued,
 Vnnvvorthy vvorld, of such men so vnnvvorthy,
 Vnnvvorthy age, of all the most vnnvvorthy,
 Which art of these so vvorthy men depriued,
 and invvardly in vs is nothing lesse,
 Than outvvardly that, vvchich vve most professe.

Perkin.

Nay stay good *Gorbo*, Vertue is not dead,
 Nor all her friends be gone which wonned here,
 She liues with one who euer held her deere,
 And to her lappe for succour she is fled,
 In her sweete bosome, she hath built her nest,
 And from the world, euen there she liues at rest.

Vnto this sacred Ladie was she left,
 (To be an heire-loome) by her ancestrie,
 And so bequeathed by their legacie,
 When on their death-bed, life was them bereft :
 And as on earth together they remayne,
 Together so in heauen they both shall raigne.

Oh thou *Pandora*, through the world renoun'd,
 The glorious light, and load-starre of our West,
 With all the vertues of the heauens possessest,
 With mighty groues of holy Lavvrell cround,
 Erecting learnings long decayed fame,
 Heryed and hallowed be thy sacred name.

The flood of *Helicon*, forspent and drie,
 Her source decayd with foule obliuion,
 The fountaine flovves againe in thee alone,
 VVhere Muses now their thirst may satisfie,
 And old *Apollo*, from *Pernafsus* hill,
 May in this spring refresh his droughty quill.

The

The Graces twisting garlands for thy head,
 Thy Iuorie temples deckt with rarest flowers,
 Their rootes refreshed with diuineſt flowers,
 Thy browes with mirtle all inueloped,
 ſhepheards erecting trophies to thy praife,
 lauding thy name in ſongs and heauenly laies.

Sapphos ſweete vaine in thy rare quill is ſeene,
Minerua was a figure of thy worth,
Mnemofine, who brought the Muſes forth,
 Wonder of *Britaine*, learnings famous Queene,
 Apollo was thy Syer, *Pallas* her ſelfe thy mother,
 Pandora thou, our *Phæbus* was thy brother.

Delicious Larke, ſweete muſick of the morrow,
 Cleere bell of Rhetoricke, ringing peales of loue,
 Ioy of the Angels, ſent vs from aboue,
 Enchanting *Syren*, charmer of all forrow,
 the loftie ſubieſt a heauenly tale,
 Thames faireſt Swanne, our ſummers Nightingale.

Arabian Phenix, wonder of thy ſexe,
 Louely, chaſte, holy, Myracle admired,
 With ſpirit from the higheſt heauen inſpired,
 Oh thou alone, whome fame alone reſpects,
 Natures chiefe glory, learnings richeſt prize,
 Hie *Joues* Emprefa, vertues Paradize.

Oh glorie of thy nation, beauty of thy name,
 Ioy of thy countrey, bleffer of thy birth,
 Thou blazing Comet, Angel of the earth,
 Oh Poets Goddeffe, sun-beame of their fame :
 vvhome time through many worlds hath fought to
 thou peerles Paragon of woman kinde. (find,

Thy glorious Image, gilded with the funne,
 Thy lockes adorn'd with an immortall crowne,
 Mounted aloft, vpon a Chrystal throne,
 When by thy death, thy life shalbe begun :
 the bleffed Angels tuning to the spheares,
 with Gods fweete mufick, charme thy facred eares.

From Fayrie Ile, deuided from the mayne,
 To vtmost *Thuly* fame transports thy name,
 To *Garamant* shall thence conuey the fame,
 Where taking wing, and mounting vp againe,
 from parched banckes on sun-burnt *Affricks* shore,
 shall flie as farre as erft she came of yore.

And gentle *Zephire* from his pleafant bower,
 Whistling fweete mufick to the fhepheards rime,
 The *Ocean* billowes duely keeping time,
 Playing vpon *Neptunus* brazen tower :
 louers of learning fhouting out their cries,
 fhaking the Center with th' applaudities.

Whilft

Whilst that great engine, on her axeltree,
 Doth role about the vaultie circled Globe,
 Whilst morning mantleth, in her purple Robe,
 Or *Tytan* poste his sea Queenes bower to see,
 whilst *Phæbus* crowne, adornes the starrie skie,
Pandoras fame so long shall neuer die.

When all our siluer fwans shall cease to sing,
 And when our groues shall want their Nightingales,
 When hils shall heare no more our shepheards tales,
 Nor ecchoes with our Roundelayes shall ring,
 the little birdes long listning to thy fame,
 shall teach their ofspring to record thy name.

Ages shall tell such wonders of thy name,
 And thou in death thy due desert shalt haue,
 That thou shalt be immortall in thy graue,
 Thy vertues adding force vnto thy fame,
 so that vertue with thy fames wing shall flie,
 and by thy fame shall vertue neuer die.

Vpon thy toombe shall spring a Lawrell tree,
 Whose sacred shade shall serue thee for an hearfe,
 Vpon whose leaues (in golde) ingrau'd this verse,
Dying she liues, whose like shall neuer be,
 a spring of *Nectar* flowing from this tree,
 the fountayne of eternall memorie.

To adorne the triumph of eternitie,
 Drawne with the steedes which dragge the golden funne,
 Thy wagon through the milken way shall runne,
 Millions of Angels still attending thee,
 Millions of Saints shall thy liues prayfes sing,
 pend with the quill of an Archangels wing.

Gorbo.

Long may *Pandora* weare the Lawrell crowne,
 The ancient glory of her noble Peers,
 And as the Egle : Lord renew her yeeres,
 Long to vpholde the proppe of our renowne,
 long may she be as she hath euer beene,
 the lowly handmaide of the Fayrie Queene.

*Non mihi mille placent : non sum desertor Amoris :
 Tu mihi (si qua fides) cura perennis eris.*

THE SEVENTH EGLOG.

*Borril, an aged peasant swaine,
with reasons doth reprooue,
Batte a foolish wanton boy,
but lately false in love.*

Batte.

Borrill, why fit'st thou musing in thy coate?
like dreaming *Merlyn* in his drowfie Cell,
What may it be with learning thou doest doate,
or art enchanted with some Magick spell?
Or wilt thou an Hermites life professe?
And bid thy beades heare like an Ancoreffe?

See how faire *Flora* decks our fields with flowers,
and clothes our groues in gaudie summers greene,
And wanton *Ver* distils rose-water showers,
to welcome *Ceres*, harvests hallowed Queene,
Who layes abroad her louely sun-shine haire,
Crown'd with great garlands of her golden eares.

Now shepheards layne their blankets all awaie,
and in their Iackets minfen on the plaines,
And at the riuers fishen daie by daie,
now none so frolicke as the shepheards swaines,
Why liest thou here then in thy loathsome caue,
As though a man were buried quicke in graue.

G 3

Borrill

Borril.

Batte, my coate from tempest standeth free,
 when stately towers been often shakt with wind,
 And wilt thou *Batte*, come and sit with me?
 contented life here shalt thou onely finde,
 Here mai'st thou caroll Hymnes, and sacred Pfalmes,
 And hery *Pan* with orizons and almes.

And fcorne the crowde of such as cogge for pence,
 and waste their wealth in sinfull brauerie,
 Whose gaine is losse, whose thrift is levvd expence,
 and liuen still in golden flauery :
 Wondring at toyes, as foolish worldlings doone,
 Like to the dogge which barked at the moone.

Here maist thou range the goodly pleasant field,
 and search out simples to procure thy heale,
 What fundry vertues hearbs and flovvres doe yeeld,
 gainst griefe vvhich may thy sheepe or thee affaile :
 Here mayst thou hunt the little harmlesse Hare,
 Or else entrap false Raynard in a snare.

Or if thou vvilt in antique Romants reede,
 of gentle Lords and Ladies that of yore,
 In forraine lands atchieu'd their noble deede,
 and been renovvnd from East to Westernne shore :
 Or learne the shepheards nice astrolobie,
 To knowv the Planets moouing in the skie.

Batte

Batte.

Shepheard these things been all too coy for mee,
 whose lustie dayes should still be spent in mirth,
 These mifter artes been better fitting thee, (earth :
 vvhoſe drouping dayes are dravving tovwards the
 VVhat thinkeſt thou? my iolly peacocks trayne,
 Shall be acoyd and brooke ſo foule a ſtayne?

Theſe been for ſuch as make them votarie,
 and take them to the mantle and the ring,
 And ſpenden day and night in dotarie,
 hammering their heads, muſing on heauenly thing,
 And vvhiſper ſtill of ſorrovv in their bed,
 And done deſpiſe all loue and luſtie head :

Like to the curre, vvith anger vvell neere vvooode,
 vvho makes his kennel in the Oxes ſtall,
 And ſnarleth vvhen he ſeeth him take his foode,
 and yet his chaps can chev v no hay at all.

Borrill, euen ſo it fareth novv with thee,
 And vvith theſe vvifards of thy myſterie.

Borrill.

Sharpe is the thorne, full ſoone I ſee by thee,
 bitter the bloſſome, when the fruite is ſovver,
 And early crook'd, that vvill a Camock bee,
 rough is the vvinde before a ſodayne ſhovver :
 Pittie thy vvit ſhould be ſo vvrong miſlead,
 And thus be guyded by a giddie head.

Ah

Ah foolish elfe, I inly pittie thee,
 misgouerned by thy lewd brainfick will :
 The hidden baytes, ah fond thou do'st not see,
 nor find'st the cause which breedeth all thy ill :
 Thou think'st all golde, that hath a golden shew,
 And art deceiu'd, for it is nothing foe.

Such one art thou as is the little flie,
 who is so crowse and gamesome with the flame,
 Till vvith her busines and her nicetie,
 her nimble vvings are scorched vvith the fame,
 Then fals she dovvne vvith pitteous buzzing note,
 And in the fier doth findge her mourning cote.

Batte.

Alas good man I see thou ginst to raue,
 thy vvits done erre, and misse the cushen quite,
 Because thy head is gray and vvordes been graue,
 thou think'st thereby to dravv me from delight :
 What I am young, a goodly Batcheler,
 And must liue like the lustie limmeter.

Thy legges been crook'd, thy knees done bend for age,
 and I am fvvift and nimble as the Roe,
 Thou art ycouped like a bird in cage,
 and in the field I vvander too and froe,
 Thou must doe penance for thy old misdeedes,
 And make amendes, vvith Auies and vvith creedes.

For

For al that thou canst fay, I will not let,
 for why my fancie strayneth me so fore,
 That day and night, my minde is wholly fet
 on iollie Loue, and iollie Paramore :
 Only on loue I fet my whole delight,
 The summers day, and all the winters night.

That pretie *Cupid*, little god of loue,
 whose impd wings with speckled plumes been dight,
 Who striketh men below, and Gods aboue,
 Rouing at randon with his feathered flight,
 When louely *Venus* fits and giues the ayme,
 And smiles to see her little Bantlings game.

Vpon my staffe his statue will I carue,
 his bowe and quiuer on his winged backe,
 His forked heads, for such as them deferue,
 and not of his, an implement shall lacke,
 And *Venus* in her Litter all of loue,
 Drawne with a Swanne, a Sparrow, and a Doue.

And vnder him *Thesby* of *Babylon*,
 and *Cleopatra* fomtime of renoune :
Phillis that died for loue of *Demophoon*,
 Then louely *Dido* Queene of *Carthage* towne,
 Which euer held god *Cupids* lawes so deare,
 And been canoniz'd in Loues Calendere.

H

Borrill

Borrill.

Ah wilful boy, thy follie now I finde,
 and hard it is a fooles talke to endure,
 Thou art as deafe euen as thy god is blinde,
 fike as the Saint, fike is the feruiture :
 But wilt thou heare a good olde Minstrels fong,
 A medicine for fuch as been vvith loue yftong.

Batte.

Borrill, fing on I pray thee let vs heare,
 that I may laugh to fee thee shake thy beard,
 But take heede *Borrill* that thy voyce be cleare,
 or by my hood thou'lt make vs all a feard,
 Or els I doubt that thou wilt fright our flockes,
 When they fhall heare thee barke fo like a foxe.

Borrill.

*Oh fpightfull wayward wretched loue,
 VVoe to Venus which did nurse thee,
 Heauens and earth thy plagues do proue,
 Gods and men haue cause to curse thee.
 Thoughts grieve, hearts woe,
 Hopes paine, bodies languish,
 Enuies rage, sleepes foe,
 Fancies fraud, foules anguish,
 Defires dread, mindes madnes,
 Secrets bewrayer, natures error,
 Sights deceit, fullens sadnes,
 Speeches expence, Cupids terror,*

Malcon-

Malcontents melancholly,
Liues slaughter, deaths nurse,
Cares slaue, dotards folly,
Fortunes bayte, worlds curse,
Lookes theft, eyes blindnes,
Selves will, tongues treason,
Paynes pleasure, wrongs kindnes,
Furies frensie, follies reason:
VVith cursing thee as I began,
Cursing thee I make an end,
Neither God, neither man,
Neither Fayrie, neither Feend.

Batte.

Ah worthy *Borrill*, here's a goodly song,
 now by my belt I neuer heard a worfe :
 Olde doting foole, for shame hold thou thy tongue,
 I would thy clap were shut vp in my purse.
 It is thy life, if thou mayst scolde and braule :
 Yet in thy words there is no wit at all.

And for that wrong which thou to loue hast done,
 I will aueng me at this present time,
 And in such forte as now thou hast begonne,
 I will repeat a carowlet in rime,
 Where, *Borrill*, I vnto thy teeth will proue,
 That all my good consisteth in my loue.

Borrill.

Come on good *Batte*, I pray thee let vs heare?
Much will be fayd, and neuer a vvhit the near.

Batte.

*Loue is the heauens fayre aspect,
loue is the glorie of the earth,
Loue only doth our liues direct,
loue is our guyder from our birth,
Loue taught my thoughts at first to flie,
loue taught mine eyes the way to loue,
Loue raysed my conceit so hie,
loue framd my hand his arte to proue.
Loue taught my Muse her perfect skill,
loue gaue me first to Poesie:
Loue is the Soueraigne of my will,
loue bound me first to loyalty.
Loue was the first that fram'd my speech,
loue was the first that gaue me grace:
Loue is my life and fortunes leech,
loue made the vertuous giue me place.
Loue is the end of my desire,
loue is the loadstarre of my loue,
Loue makes my selfe, my selfe admire,
loue seated my delights aboue.*

Loue

*Loue placed honor in my brest,
 loue made me learnings fauoret,
 Loue made me liked of the best,
 loue first my minde on vertue set.*

*Loue is my life, life is my loue,
 loue is my whole felicity,
 Loue is my sweete, sweete is my loue,
 I am in loue, and loue in me.*

Borrill.

Is loue in thee? alas poore fillie lad,
 thou neuer couldst haue lodg'd a worfer guest,
 For where he rules no reason can be had,
 so is he still sworne enemie to rest:
 It pitties me to thinke thy springing yeares
 Should still be spent with woes, with sighes, with teares.

Batte.

Gramercy *Borrill* for thy company,
 for all thy iestes and all thy merrie Bourds,
 I still shall long vntill I be with thee,
 because I find some wisdome in thy words,
 But I will watch the next time thou doost ward, (heard.
 And sing thee such a lay of loue as neuer shepheard

THE EIGHTH EGLOG.

*Good Gorbo of the golden world,
and Saturns raigne doth tell,
And afterward doth make reporte,
of bonnie Dovvfabell.*

Motto.

Shepheard why creepe we in this lowly vaine,
as though our muse no store at all affordes,
While others vaunt it with the frolicke fwayne,
and strut the stage with reperfumed wordes.

See how these yonkers raue it out in rime,
who make a traffique of their rarest wits,
And in *Bellonas* buskin tread it fine,
like *Bacchus* priests raging in franticke fits.

Those mirtle Groues decay'd, done growe againe,
their rootes refresht with *Heliconas* spring,
Whose pleasant shade inuites the homely fwayne,
to fit him dovvene and heare the Muses sing.

Then if thy Muse hath spent her wonted zeale,
with Iuie twist thy temples shall be crownd,
Or if she dares hoyse vp top-gallant fayle,
Amongst the rest, then may she be renownd.

Gorbo

Gorbo.

My boy, these yonkers reachen after fame,
 and so done presse into the learned troupe,
 With filed quill to glorifie their name,
 which otherwise were pend in shamefull coupe.

But this hie object hath abiected me,
 and I must pipe amongst the lowly forte,
 Those little heard-groomes who admir'd to see,
 When I by Moone-shine made the fayries sporte.

Who dares describe the toyles of *Hercules*,
 and puts his hand to fames eternall penne,
 Must inuocate the foule of *Hercules*,
 attended with the troupes of conquered men.

Who vvrites of thrice renovvmed *Theseus*,
 a monfter-tamers rare description,
 Trophies the iavves of vglie *Cerberus*,
 and paynts out *Styx*, and fiery *Acheron*.

My Muse may not affect night-charming spels,
 vvhofe force effects th' *Olympicke* vault to quake,
 Nor call those gryfly Goblins from their Cels,
 the euer-damned frye of *Limbo* lake.

.And

And who erects the braue *Pyramides*,
 of Monarches or renowned warriours,
 Neede bath his quill for fuch attempts as thefe,
 in flowing ftreames of learned *Maros* fhowres.

For when the great worlds conquerer began,
 to proue his helmet and his habergeon,
 The fweat that from the Poets-God *Orpheus* ran,
 foretold his Prophets had to play vpon.

When Pens and Launces fawe the *Olympiad* prize,
 thofe chariot triumphes with the Lawrell crowne,
 Then gan the worthies glorie firft to rife,
 and plumes were vayled to the purple gowne.

The graueft Cenfor, fageft Senator,
 with wings of Iuftice and Religion,
 Mounted the top of *Nimrods* ftateli Tower,
 foring vnto that hie celeftiall throne :

Where bleffed Angels in their heauenly queares,
 chaunt Anthemes with shrill *Syren* harmonie,
 Tun'd to the found of thofe aye-crouding fpears,
 Which herien their makers eternitie.

Thofe who foretell the times of vnborne men,
 and future things in foretime augured,
 Haue flumbred in that fpell-gods darkeft den,
 which firft infpir'd his prophefiyng head.

Sooth-

Sooth-faying *Sibels* sleepe long agone,
 we haue their reede, but few haue cond their Arte,
 Welch-wifard *Merlyn*, cleueth to a stone,
 no Oracle more wonders may impart.

The Infant age could deftly caroll loue,
 till greedy thirst of that ambitious honor,
 Drew Poets pen, from his sweete lasses gloue,
 to chaunt of slaughtering broiles & bloody horror.

Then *Joues* loue-theft was priuily discri'd,
 how he playd false play in *Amphitrios* bed,
 And how *Apollo*, in the mount of *Jde*,
 gaue *Oenon* phisick for her maydenhead.

The tender grasse was then the softest bed,
 the pleasant'st shades were deem'd the stateliest hals,
 No belly-god with *Bacchus* banqueted,
 nor paynted ragges then couered rotten wals.

Then simple loue with simple vertue way'd,
 flowers the fauours which true fayth reuayled,
 Kindnes with kindnes was againe repay'd,
 with sweetest kisses couenants were sealed.

I

Then

Then beauties selfe with her selfe beautified,
 scornd payntings pergit, and the borrowed hayre,
 Nor monstrous formes deformities did hide,
 nor foule was vernisht with compounded fayre.

The purest fleece then couered purest skin,
 for pride as then with *Lucifer* remaynd :
 Deformed fashions now were to begin,
 nor clothes were yet with poyfned liquor staynd.

But when the bowels of the earth were fought,
 and men her golden intrayles did espie,
 This mischief then into her world was brought,
 this fram'd the mint which coynd our miserie.

Then lofty *Pines* were by ambition hewne,
 and men sea-monsters fwamme the brackish flood,
 In waynscot tubs, to seeke out worlds vnknowne,
 for certain ill to leaue affured good.

The starteling steede is manag'd from the field,
 and serues a subiect to the riders lawes,
 He whom the churlish bit did neuer weeld,
 now feels the courb controll his angrie iawes.

The

The hammering *Vulcane* spent his waisting fire,
 till he the vse of tempred mettals found,
 His anuile wrought the steeled cotes attire,
 and forged tooles to carue the foe-mans wound.

The Citie builder then intrencht his towres,
 and wald his wealth within the fenced towne,
 Which afterward in bloudy stormy stours,
 kindled that flame which burnt his Bulwarks downe.

And thus began th' *Exordium* of our woes,
 the fatall dumbe shewe of our miserie :
 Here sprang the tree on which our mischiefe growes,
 the drery subiect of worlds tragedie.

Motto.

Well, shepheard well, the golden age is gone,
 wishes may not reuoke that which is past :
 It were no wit to make two griefes of one,
 our prouerb sayth, Nothing can alwayes last.

Listen to me my louely shepheards ioye,
 and thou shalt heare with mirth and mickle glee,
 A pretie Tale, which when I was a boy,
 my toothles Grandame oft hath tolde to me.

Gorbo.

Shepheard fay on, fo may we paffe the time,
There is no doubt it is fome worthy ryme.

Motto.

*Farre in the countrey of Arden
There wond a knight hight Caffemen,
as bolde as Ifenbras :
Fell was he and eger bent,
In battell and in Tournament,
as was the good fir Topas.
He had as antique stories tell,
A daughter cleaped Dowfabell,
a mayden fayre and free :
And for she was her fathers heire,
Full well she was ycond the leyre,
of mickle curtesie.
The filke wel couth she twist and twine,
And make the fine Marchpine,
and with the needle werke,
And she couth helpe the priest to say
His Mattens on a holyday,
and sing a Psalme in Kirke.
She ware a frock of frolicke greene,
Might well beseeme a mayden Queene,
which seemly was to see.*

*A hood to that so neat and fine,
 In colour like the colombine,
 ywrought full featously.
 Her feature all as fresh aboue,
 As is the grasse that growes by Doue,
 as lyth as lasse of Kent :
 Her skin as soft as Lemster wooll,
 As white as snow on peakish hull,
 or Swanne that swims in Trent.
 This mayden in a morne betime,
 VVent forth when May was in her prime,
 to get sweete Cetywall,
 The hony-suckle, the Harlocke,
 The Lilly and the Lady-smocke,
 to deck her summer hall.
 Thus as she wandred here and there,
 Ypicking of the bloomed Breere,
 she chanced to espie
 A shepheard sitting on a bancke,
 Like Chanteclere he crowed crancke,
 and pip'd with merrie glee :
 He leard his sheepe as he him list,
 VVhen he would whistle in his fist,
 to feede about him round :
 VVhilst he full many a caroll sung,
 Vntill the fields and medowes rung,
 and that the woods did sound :*

*In fauour this same shepheards swayne,
 Was like the bedlam Tamburlayne,
 which helde proude Kings in awe :
 But meeke he was as Lamb mought be,
 Ylike that gentle Abel he,
 whom his lewd brother slaw.
 This shepherd ware a sheepe gray cloke,
 Which was of the finest loke,
 that could be cut with sheere,
 His mittens were of Bauzens skinne,
 His cockers were of Cordiwin,
 his hood of Menueere.
 His aule and lingell in a thong,
 His tar-boxe on his broad belt hong,
 his breech of Coyntrie blew :
 Full crispe and curled were his lockes,
 Hir browes as white as Albion rockes,
 so like a loue true.
 And pyping still he spent the day,
 So mery as the Poppingay :
 which liked Dowfabell,
 That would she ought or would she nought,
 This lad would neuer from her thought :
 she in loue-longing fell,
 At length she tucked vp her frocke,
 VVhite as the Lilly was her smocke,
 she drew the shepherd nie,*

But

*But then the shepheard pyp'd a good,
That all his sheepe forsooke their foode,
to heare his melodie.*

*Thy sheepe quoth she cannot be leane,
That haue a iolly shepheards swayne,
the which can pipe so well.*

*Yea but (sayth he) their shepheard may,
If pyping thus he pine away,
in loue of Dowfabell.*

*Of loue fond boy take thou no keepe,
Quoth she, looke well vnto thy sheepe,
lest they should hap to stray.*

*Quoth he, so had I done full well,
Had I not seene fayre Dowfabell,
come forth to gather Maye.*

*VVith that she gan to vaile her head,
Her cheekes were like the Roses red,
but not a word she sayd.*

*VVith that the shepheard gan to frowne,
He threw his pretie pypes adowne,
and on the ground him layd.*

*Sayth she, I may not stay till night,
And leaue my summer hall vndight,
and all for long of thee.*

*My Coate sayth he, nor yet my foulde,
Shall neither sheepe nor shepheard hould,
except thou fauour me.*

Sayth

*Sayth she yet leuer I were dead,
 Then I should lose my maydenhead,
 and all for loue of men :*
*Sayth he yet are you too vnkind,
 If in your heart you cannot finde,
 to loue vs now and then :*
*And ¶ to thee will be as kinde,
 As Colin was to Rosalinde,
 of curtesie the flower ;*
*Then will I be as true quoth she,
 As euer mayden yet might be,
 vnto her Paramour :*
*VVith that she bent her snowe-white knee,
 Downe by the shepheard kneeled shee,
 and him she sweetely kist.*
*VVith that the shepheard whoop'd for ioy,
 Quoth he, ther's neuer shepheards boy,
 that euer was so blist.*

Gorbo.

Now by my sheep-hooke here's a tale alone,
 Learne me the fame and I will giue thee hier,
 This were as good as curds for our *¶*one,
 When at a night we sitten by the fire.

Motto.

Motto.

Why gentle hodge I will not sticke for that,
when we two meeten here another day,
But see whilst we haue fet vs downe to chat,
yon tikes of mine begin to steale away.

And if thou wilt but come vnto our greene,
on Lammas day when as we haue our feast,
Thou shalt sit next vnto our summer Queene,
and thou shalt be the onely welcome gwest.

*K**When*

THE NINTH EGLOG.

*VVhen cole-blacke night with sable vaile
eclipsd the gladsome light,
Rowland in darke some shade alone,
bemoanes his wofull flight.*

What time the weatherbeaten flockes,
forfooke the fields to shrowd them in the folde,
The groues dispoyl'd of their fayre summer lockes,
the leaueles branches nipt with frostie colde,
The drouping trees their gayneffe all agone,
In mossie mantles doe expresse their moane.

When *Phæbus* from his Lemmans louely bower,
throughout the sphere had ierckt his angry Iades,
His Carre now pass'd the heauens hie welked Tower,
gan dragge adowne the occidental flades,
In silent shade of defart all alone,
Thus to the night, *Rowland* bewrayes his moane.

Oh bleffed starres which lend the darknes light,
the glorious paynting of that circled throane,
You eyes of heauen, you lanthornes of the night,
to you bright starres, to you I make my moane,
Or end my dayes, or ease me of my griefe,
The earth is frayle, and yeelds me no reliefe.

And

And thou fayre *Phebe*, deerer to my fight,
 then *Tytan* is when brightest he hath shone,
 Why shouldst thou now shut vp thy bleffed light,
 and fdayne to looke on thy *Endymion*?
 Perhaps the heauens me thus despight haue done,
 Because I durst compare thee with their funne.

If drery fighes the tempests of my brest,
 or streames of teares from floods of weeping eyes,
 If downe-cast lookes with darksome cloudes opprest,
 or words which with sad accents fall and rise,
 If these, nor her, nor you, to pittie moue,
 There's neither helpe in you, nor hope in loue.

Oh fayr'st that liues, yet most vnkindest mayd,
 ô whilome thou the ioy of all my flocke,
 Why haue thine eyes these eyes of mine betrayd,
 Vnto thy hart more hard then flintie rocke,
 And lastly thus depriu'd me of their fight,
 From whome my loue deriues both life and light.

Those dapper ditties pend vnto her prayse,
 and those sweete straynes of tunefull pastorall,
 She scorneth as the Lourdayns clownish layes,
 and recketh as the rustick madrigall,
 Her lippes prophane *Jdeas* sacred name,
 And fdayne to read the annals of her fame.

Those gorgeous garlands and those goodly flowers,
 wherewith I crown'd her tresses in the prime,
 She most abhors, and shuns those pleasant bowers,
 made to disport her in the summer time :
 She hates the sports and pastimes I inuent,
 And as the toade, flies all my meriment.

With holy verses heryed I her gloue,
 and dew'd her cheekes with fountaines of my teares,
 And carold her full many a lay of loue,
 twisting sweete Roses in her golden hayres.
 Her wandring sheep full safely haue I kept,
 And watch'd her flocke full oft when she hath slept.

Oenon neuer vpon *Jda* hill,
 so oft hath cald on *Alexanders* name,
 As hath poore *Rowland* with an Angels quill,
 erected trophies of *Jdeas* fame :
 Yet that false shepherd *Oenon* fled from thee,
 I follow her that euer flies from me.

Ther's not a groue that wonders not my woe,
 there's not a riuer weepes not at my tale :
 I heare the ecchoes (wandring too and froe)
 resound my grieve in euery hill and dale,
 The beasts in field, with many a wofull groane,
 The birds in ayre help to expresse my moane.

Where

Where been those lines? the heraulds of my heart,
 my plaints, my tears, my vowes, my fighes, my prayers?
 ô what auayleth fayth, or what my Artes?
 ô loue, ô hope, quite turn'd into despayres :
 She stops her eares as Adder to the charmes,
 And lets me lye and languish in my harmes.

All is agone, such is my endles grieve,
 And my mishaps amended naught with moane,
 I see the heauens will yeeld me no reliefe :
 what helpeth care, when cure is past and gone,
 And teares I see, doe me auayle no good,
 But as great showres increase the rising flood.

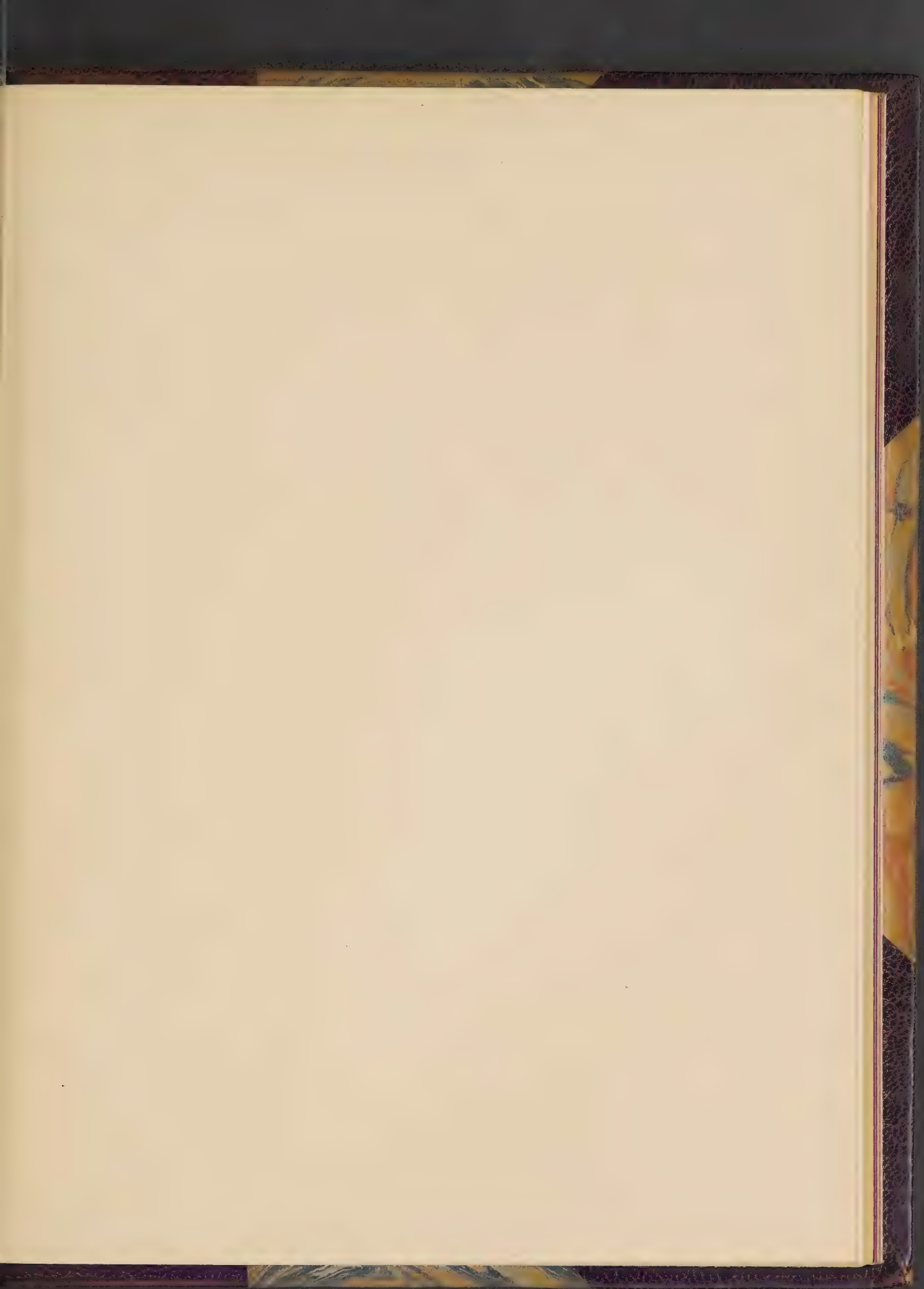
With folded armes, thus hanging downe his head,
 he gaue a groane as though his heart had broke,
 Then looking pale and wan as he were dead,
 he fetch'd a sigh, but neuer a word he spoke :
 For now his heart wax'd cold as any stone,
 Was neuer man aliue so woe begone.

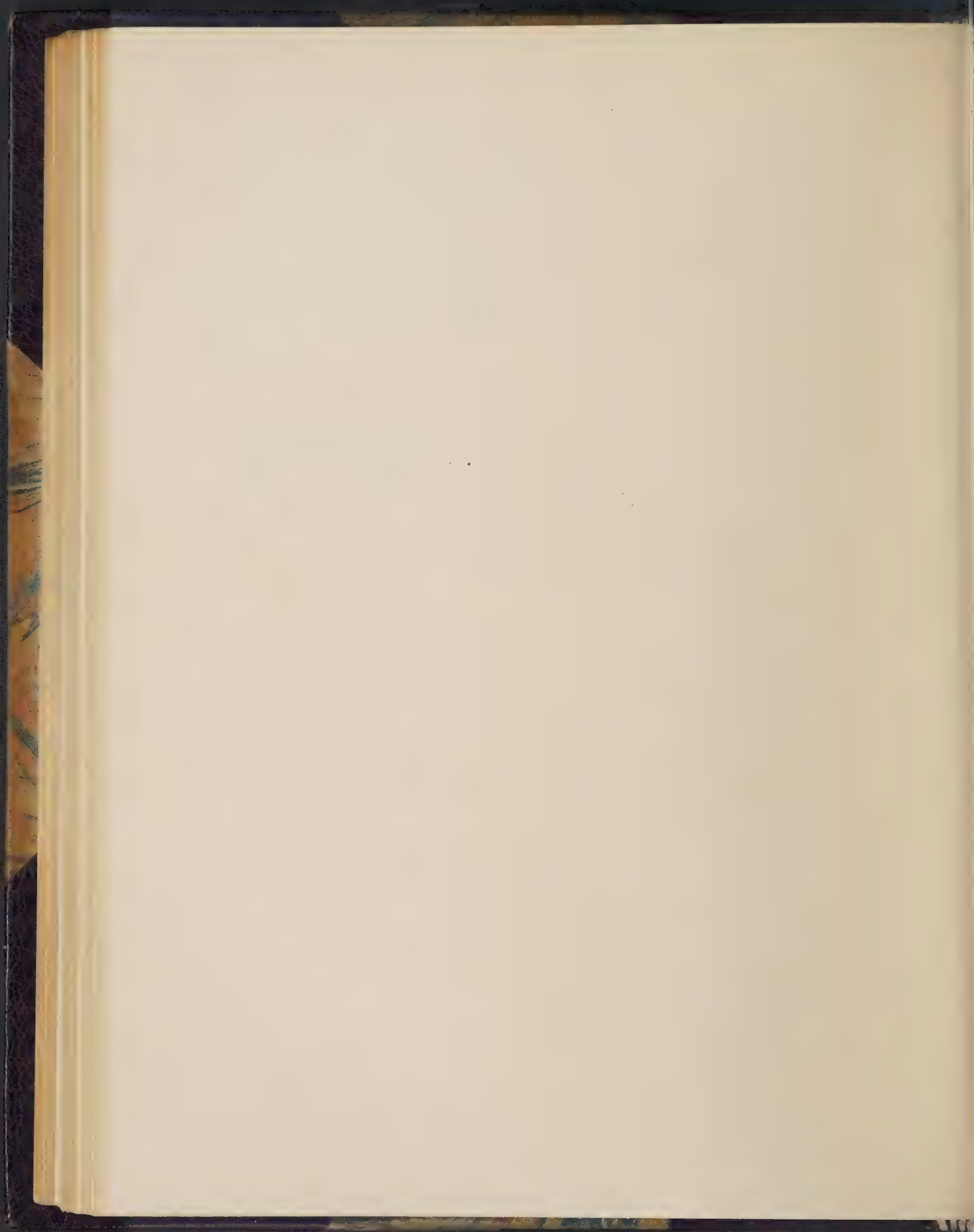
With that fayre *Cinthya* stoups her glittering vayle,
 and diues adowne into the Ocean flood,
 The easterne brow which erst was wan and pale,
 now in the dawning bluseth red as blood :
 The whistling Larke ymounted on her wings,
 To the gray morrow, her good morrow sings.

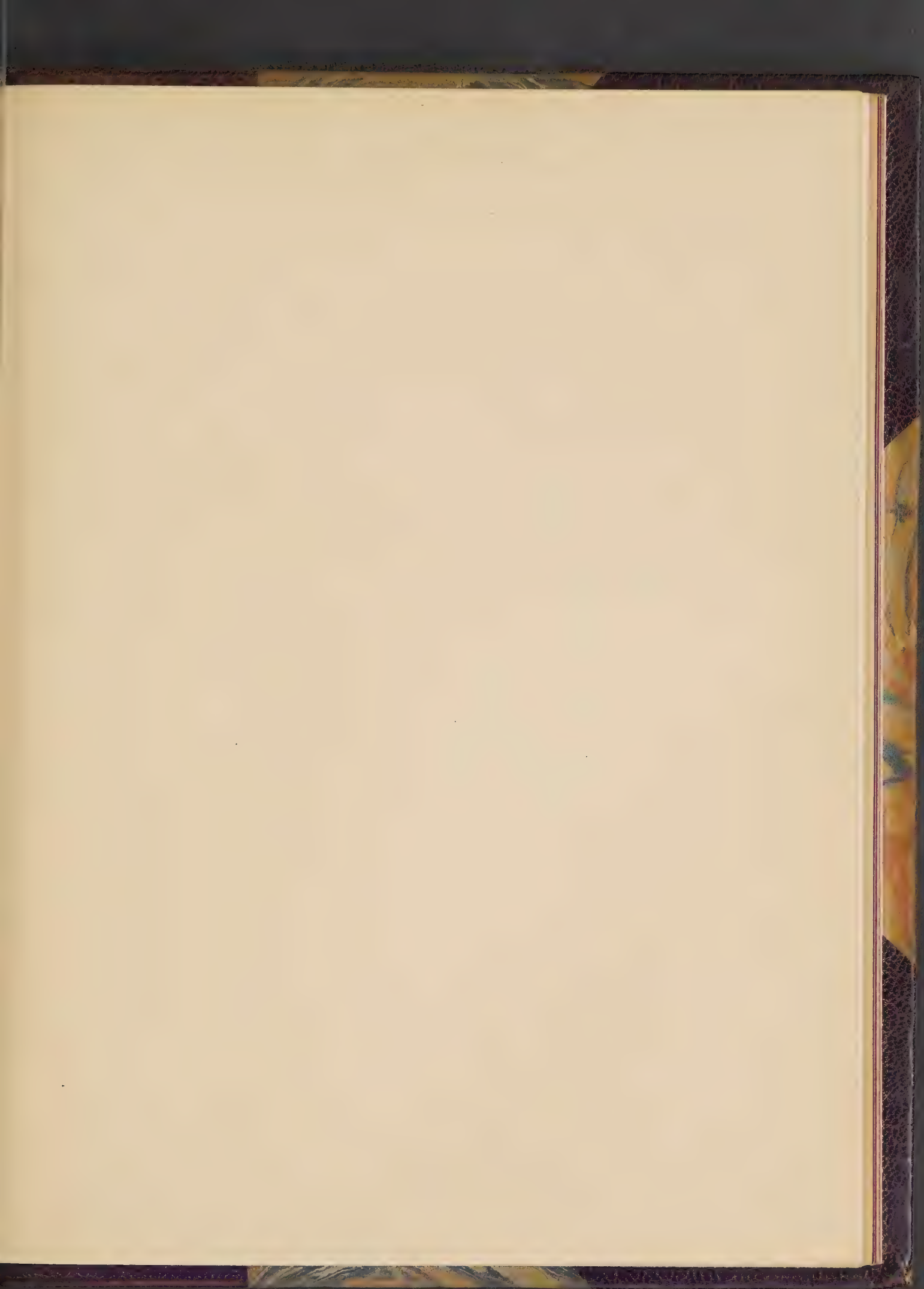
When this poore shepheard *Rowland* of the Rocke,
 whose faynting legges his body scarce vpheld,
 Each shepheard now returning to his flocke,
 alone poore *Rowland* fled the pleasant field,
 And in his Coate got to vechie bed :
 Was neuer man aliue so hard bested.

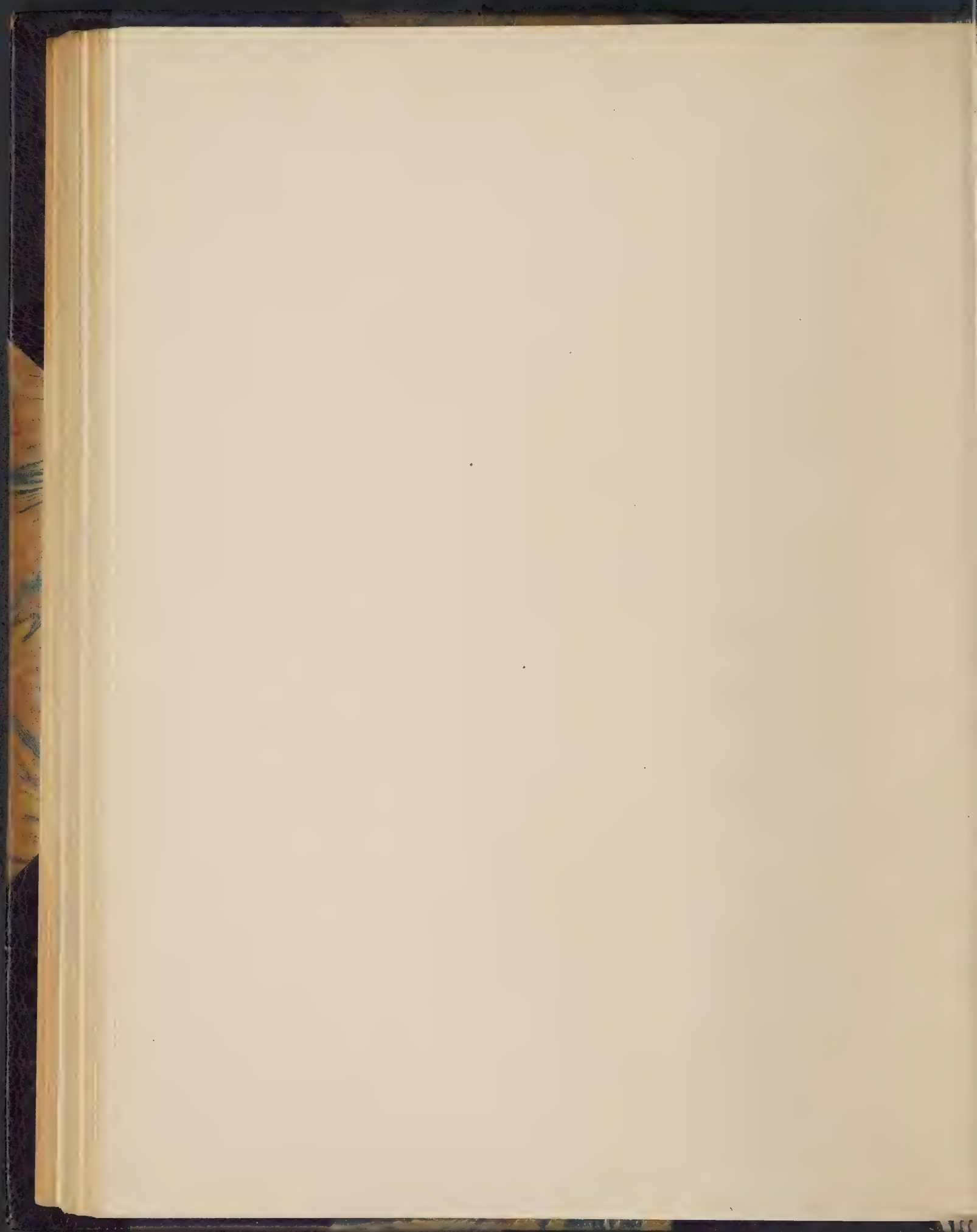


Imprinted at London for *Thomas*
VWoodcock, dwelling in Pauls Church-
 yarde, at the signe of the black
 Beare. 1593.









INTRODUCTION.

DRAYTON suppressed this poem, but we know nothing of his reasons for doing so : it is in some respects like Marlowe's "Hero and Leander", but the last was not published (as far as we are aware) until 1598, when it first appeared with Chapman's Continuation : that Marlowe's and Chapman's separate portions came out together as one tract, in 1598, is a new fact in our bibliography ; but Marlowe's commencement of the subject was also printed by itself in the same year ; whereas Drayton's "Endimion and Phœbe" came out several years earlier (1594), and could hardly have been an imitation of Marlowe, unless, as is not impossible, Drayton had seen "Hero and Leander" in manuscript. This imputation, however, may have led to the suppression of "Endimion and Phœbe" ; or it may have been in some way connected with the real, or supposed, difference between its author and Shakespeare : the subjects both of "Venus and Adonis" and of "Endimion and Phœbe" were purely mythological ; but "Venus and Adonis" was in stanzas, while Drayton (like Marlowe) preferred couplets, and in other particulars there is only a distant resemblance.

That Drayton's "Endimion and Phœbe" was not suppressed until after 1600 we may believe from the fact that it is freely quoted in "England's Parnassus", as part of the current literature of the day. It had been cited by Lodge in 1595.

It deserves remark that Drayton, in his tribute to the great poets of his time (sign. G b), mentions Spencer, Lodge, Daniel and others, but does not introduce the name of Shakespeare. Just previously he promises a poem on the "Vision" of Endymion; but, unless he meant his own "Man in the Moon," where lines occur also found in "Endimion and Phœbe", we are not aware that he kept his word. His suppression of "Endimion and Phœbe" may have been influenced by this circumstance; but we do not know that "The Man in the Moon" ever came out as a separate and independent publication.

Only two copies of "Endimion and Phœbe" are extant, and of one of them (the only perfect exemplar) the following pages are a typographical fac-simile, with all its peculiarities. We were fortunate enough to have procured the imperfect copy before 1837, and until then the poem had never been heard of: the perfect copy is also in a private collection.

J. P. C.

ENDIMION

and Phœbe.

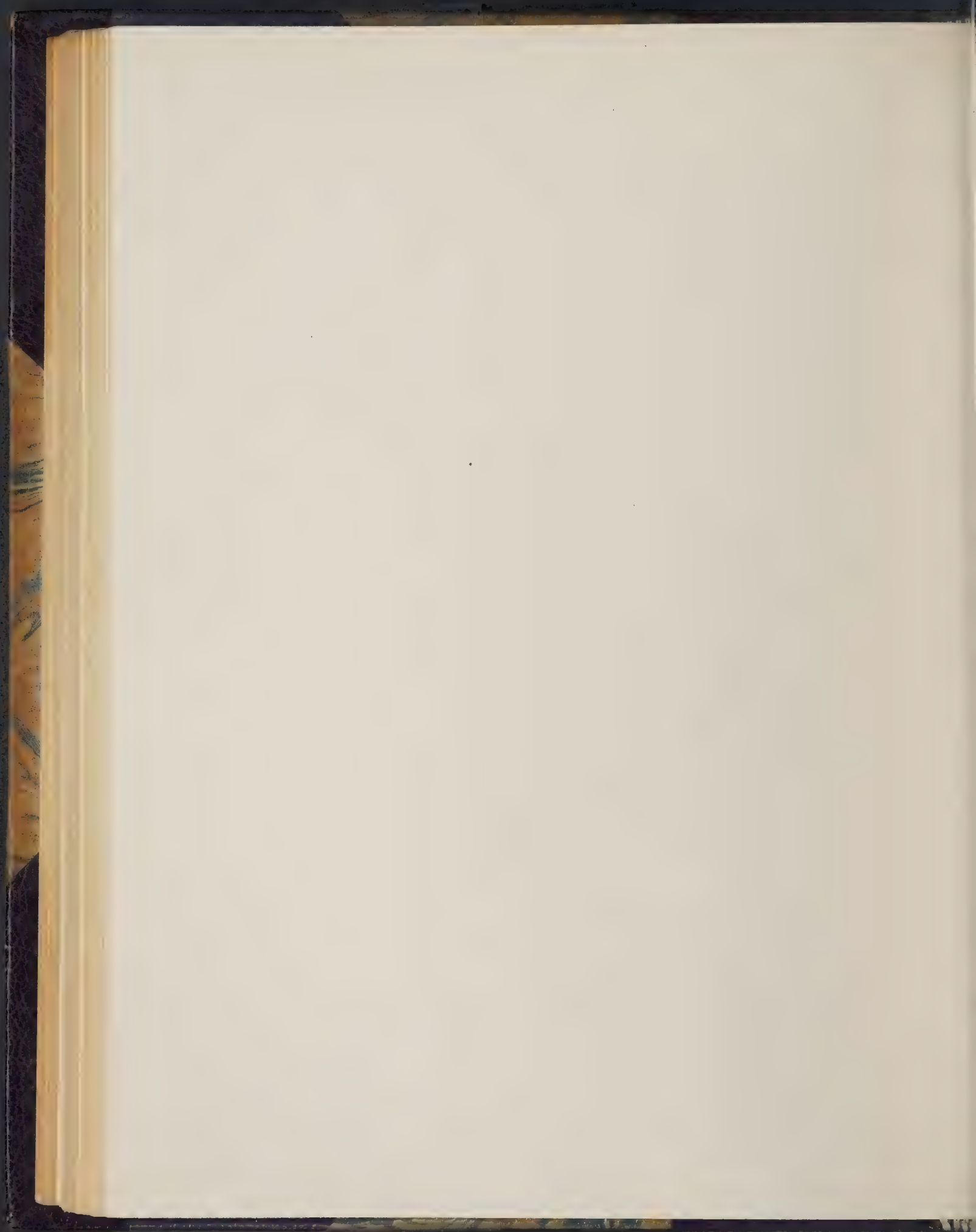
IDEAS LATMVS.

*Phœbus erit nostri princeps, et
carminis Author.*



AT LONDON,

Printed by *James Roberts* for
John Busbie.



TO THE EXCELLENT
and most accomplisht Ladie: *Lucie*
Countesse of Bedford.

Great Ladie, effence of my cheefest good,
Of the most pure and finest tempred spirit
Adornd with gifts, enobled by thy blood,
Which by discent true vertue do't inherit;
That vertue which no fortune can depriue,
Which thou by birth tak'st from thy gracious mother,
Whose royall mindes with equall motion striue
Which most in honor shall excell the other;
Vnto thy fame my Muse her selfe shall taske,
Which rain't vpon mee thy sweet golden showers,
And but thy selfe, no subiect will I aske,
Vpon whose praise my foule shall spend her powers.
Sweet Ladie then, grace this poore Muse of mine,
Whose faith, whose zeale, whose life, whose all is thine.

Your Honors humbly
diuoted

Michael Drayton.

Rouland when first I red thy stately rymes
In Sheepheards weedes, when yet thou liu'dst vnknowne,
Not seene in publike in those former tymes,
But vnto Ankor tund'st thy Pype alone
I then beheld thy chaste Ideas fame
Put on the wings of thine immortall stile,
Whose rarest vertues, and deserued name
Thy Muse renowns throughout this glorious Ile,
Thy lines, like to the Lawrells pleasant shade,
In after ages shall adorne her Herse,
Nor can her beauties glory fade
Deckt in the collours of thy happy verse.
Thy fiery spirit mounts vp to the skye,
And what thou writ'st liues to Eternitye.

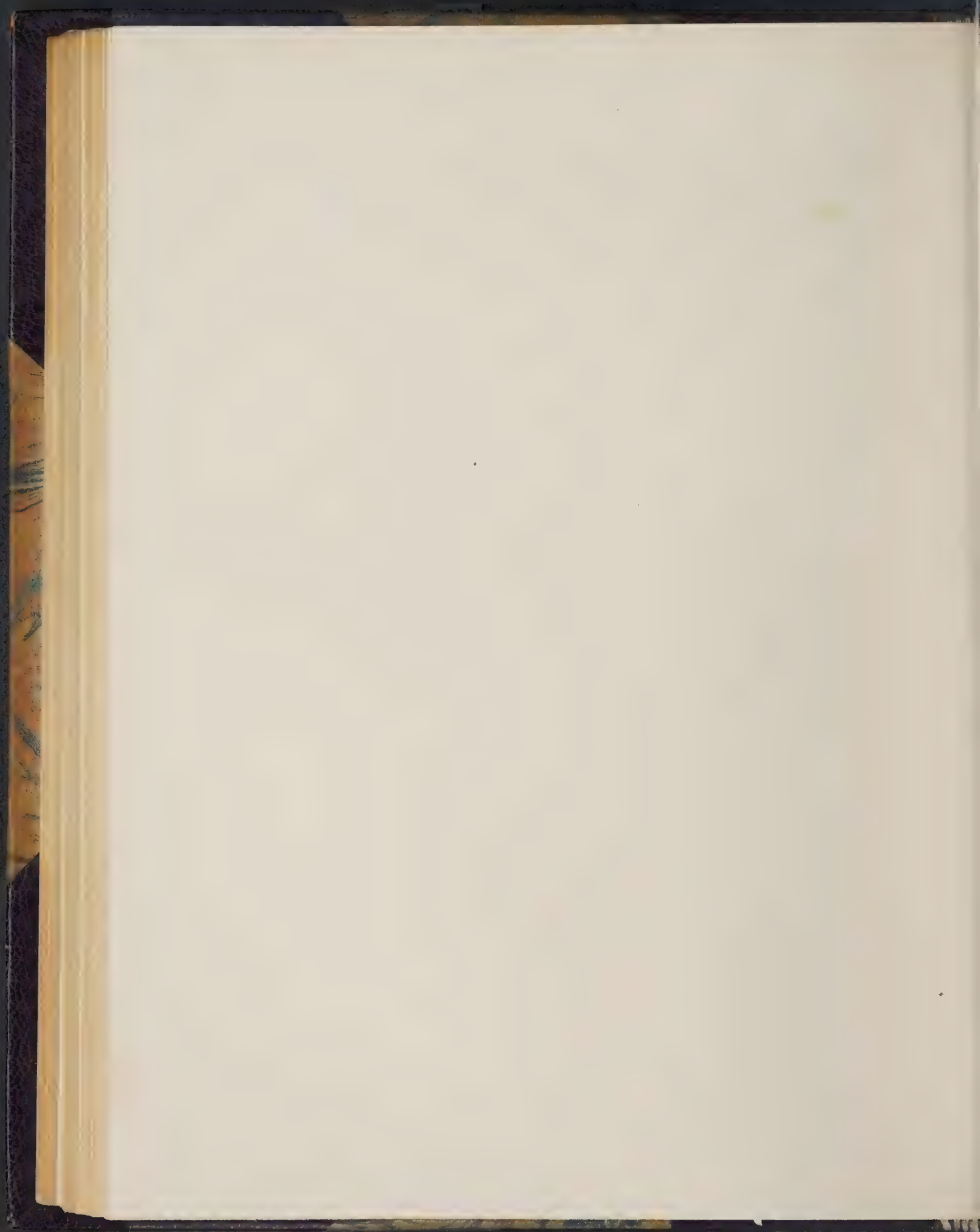
E. P.



To Idea.

*Amidst those shades wherein the Muses sit,
Thus to Idea, my Idea sings,
Support of wisdom, better force of Wit:
Which by desert, desert to honour brings,
Borne to create good thoughts by thy rare worth,
Whom Nature with her bounteous store doth bless,
More excellent then Art can set thee forth;
Happy in more, then praises can expresse:
Which by thy selfe shalt make thy selfe continue,
When all worlds glory shall be cleane forgot,
Thus I the least of skilfull Arts retinue:
Write in thy prayse which time shall neuer blot;
Heaven made thee what thou art, till worlds be done,
Thy fame shall flourish like the rising Sunne.*

S. G.





ENDIMION & PHŒBE.

Ideas Latmus.

In *I-onia*, whence sprang old Poets fame,
From whom that Sea did first deriue her name,
The blessed bed whereon the Muses lay,
Beauty of *Greece*, the pride of *Asia*,
Whence *Archelaus* whom times historifie,
First vnto Athens brought Phylosophie.
In this faire Region on a goodly Plaine,
Stretching her bounds vnto the bordring Maine,
The Mountaine *Latmus* ouer-lookes the Sea,
Smiling to see the Ocean billowes play :
Latmus, where young *Endimion* vfd to keepe
His fairest flock of filuer-fleeced sheepe.
To whom *Siluanus* often would resort,
At barly-breake to see the Satyres sport ;
And when rude *Pan* his Tabret list to found,
To see the faire Nymphes foote it in a round,
Vnder the trees which on this Mountaine grew,
As yet the like *Arabia* neuer knew :

B.

For

Endimion and Phœbe.

For all the pleasures Nature could deuife,
Within this plot ſhe did imparadize ;
And great *Diana* of her ſpeciall grace,
With *Vestall* rytes had hallowed all the place :
Vpon this Mount there ſtood a ſtately Groue,
Whoſe reaching armes, to clip the Welkin ſtroue,
Of tufted Cedars, and the branching Pine,
Whoſe buſhy tops themſelues doe ſo intwine,
As ſeem'd when Nature firſt this work begun,
Shee then conſpir'd againſt the piercing Sun ;
Vnder whoſe couert (thus diuinely made)
Phæbus greene Laurell florifht in the ſhade :
Faire *Venus* Mirtile, *Mars* his warlike Fyrre,
Mineruas Oliue, and the weeping Myrhe,
The patient Palme, which thriues in ſpite of hate,
The Popler, to *Alcides* conſecrate ;
Which Nature in ſuch order had diſpoſed,
And there-withall theſe goodly walkes incloſed,
As ſeru'd for hangings and rich Tapeſtry,
To beautifie this ſtately Gallery :
Imbraudring theſe in curious trailes along,
The cluſtred Grapes, the golden Citrons hung,
More glorious thē the precious fruite were theſe
Kept by the Dragon in *Hesperides* ;

Or

Endimion and Phœbe.

Or gorgeous Arras in rich colours wrought,
With filk from Affrick, or from Indie brought :
Out of thys foyle sweet bubling Fountains crept,
As though for ioy the fencelesse stones had wept ;
With straying channels dauncing fundry wayes,
With often turnes, like to a curious Maze :
Which breaking forth, the tender grasse bedewed,
Whose siluer sand with orient Pearle was strewed,
Shadowed with Roses and sweet Eglantine,
Dipping theyr sprays into this cristalline :
From which the byrds the purple berries pruned,
And to theyr loues their small recorders tuned.
The Nightingale, woods Herauld of the Spring,
The whistling Woofell, Mauis carroling,
Tuning theyr trebbles to the waters fall,
Which made the musique more angelicall :
Whilst gentle *Zephyre* murmuring among,
Kept tyme, and bare the burthen to the song.
About whose brims, refresht with dainty showers,
Grew Amaranthus, and sweet Gilliflowers,
The Marigold, *Phœbus* beloued frend,
The Moly, which from forcery doth defend :
Violet, Carnation, Balme and Cassia,
Ideas Primrose, coronet of May.

Endimion and Phœbe.

Aboue this Groue a gentle faire ascent,
Which by degrees of Milk-white Marble went :
Vpon the top, a Paradife was found,
With which, Nature this miracle had crownd ;
Empald with Rocks of rarest precious stone,
Which like the flames of *Aetna* brightly shone ;
And seru'd as Lanthornes furnished with light,
To guide the wandring passengers by night :
For which fayre Phœbe sliding from her Sphere,
Vfed oft times to come and sport her there.
And from the Azure starry-painted Sky,
Embalmd the bancks with precious lunary :
That now her *Menalus* shee quite forfooke,
And vnto *Latmus* wholly her betooke,
And in this place her pleasure vf'd to take,
And all was for her sweet *Endimions* sake :
Endimion, the louely Shepheards boy,
Endimion, great *Phæbes* onely ioy,
Endimion, in whose pure-shining eyes,
The naked Faries daunst the heydegies.
The shag-haird Satyrs Mountain-climbing race,
Haue been made tame by gazing in his face.
For this boyes loue, the water-Nymphs haue wept
Stealing oft times to kisse him whilst he slept :

And

Endimion and Phæbe.

And tasting once the Nectar of his breath,
Surfet with sweet, and languish vnto death ;
And *Ioue* oft-times bent to lasciuious sport,
And coming where *Endimion* did resort,
Hath courted him, inflamed with desire,
Thinking some Nymph was cloth'd in boyes at-
And often-times the simple rural Swaines, (tire.
Beholding him in crossing or'e the Plaines,
Imagined, *Apollo* from aboue
Put on this shape, to win some Maidens loue.
This Shepheard, *Phæbe* euer did behold,
Whose loue already had her thoughts controld ;
From *Latmus* top (her stately throne) shee rose,
And to *Endimion* downe beneath shee goes.
Her Brothers beames now had shee layd aside,
Her horned creffent, and her full-fac'd pride :
For had shee come adorned with her light,
No mortall eye could haue endur'd the fight ;
But like a Nymph, crown'd with a flowrie twine,
And not like *Phæbe*, as herselfe diuine.
An Azur'd Mantle purfled with a vaile,
Which in the Ayre pufte like a swelling faile,
Embossed Rayne-bowes did appeare in filk,
With wauie streames as white as mornings Milk :

Endimion and Phæbe.

Which euer as the gentle Ayre did blow,
Still with the motion seem'd to ebb and flow :
About her neck a chayne twife twenty fold,
Of Rubyes, fet in lozenges of gold ;
Trust vp in trammels, and in curious pleats,
With spheary circles falling on her teats.
A dainty smock of Cipresse, fine and thin,
Or'e cast with curls next to her Lilly skin:
Throgh which the purenes of the same did shew
Lyke Damaske-roses strew'd with flakes of snow.
Discouering all her stomack to the waste,
With branches of sweet circling veynes enchaſte.
A Coronet she ware of Mirtle bowes,
VVhich gaue a shadow to her Iuory browes.
No smother beauty maske did beauty smother
“ Great lights dim lesse yet burn not one another,
Nature abhorrs to borrow from the Mart,
“ Simples fit beauty, fie on drugs and Art.

Thus came shee where her loue *Endimion* lay,
VVho with sweet Carrols fang the night away ;
And as it is the Shepheards vsuall trade,
Oft on his pype a Roundelay he playd.
As meeke he was as any Lambe might be,
Nor neuer lyu'd a fayrer youth then he :

His

Endimion and Phœbe.

His dainty hand, the snow it selfe dyd stayne,
Or her to whom *Ioue* shewr'd in golden rayne :
From whose sweet palme the liquid Pearle dyd
Pure as the drops of *Aganippas* Well : (fwell,
Cleere as the liquor which fayre *Hebe* spylt ;
Hys sheephooke filuer, damask'd all with gilt.
The staffe it selfe, of snowie Iuory,
Studded with Currall, tipt with Ebony ;
His tresses, of the Rauens shyning black,
Stragling in curles along his manly back.
The balls which nature in his eyes had set,
Lyke Diamonds inclosing Globes of Iet :
Which sparkled from their milky lids out-right,
Lyke fayre Orions heauen-adorning light.

The stars on which her heauenly eyes were bent,
And fixed still with louely blandishment,
For whom so oft disguised shee was seene,
As shee Celestiall *Phæbe* had not beene :
Her dainty Buskins lac'd vnto the knee,
Her pleyted Frock, tuck'd vp accordingly :
A Nymph-like huntresse, arm'd with bow & dart,
About the woods she scoures the long-liu'd Hart.
She climes the mountains with the light-foot Fauns
And with the Satyrs scuds it o're the launes.

In

Endimion and Phoebe.

In Musicks sweet delight shee shewes her skill,
Quauering the Cithron nimbly with her quill,
Vpon each tree she carues *Endimions* name
In *Gordian* knots, with *Phoebe* to the same :
To kill him Venfon now she pitch'd her toyles,
And to this louely Raunger brings the spoyles ;
And thus whilst she by chaste desire is led
Vnto the Downes where he his fayre Flocks fed,
Neere to a Groue she had *Endimion* spide,
Where he was fishing by a Riuer side
Vnder a Popler, shadowed from the Sun,
Where merrily to court him she begun :
Sweet boy (qd. she) take what thy hart can wish,
When thou doost angle would I were a fish,
When thou art sporting by the siluer Brooks,
Put in thy hand thou need'st no other hooks ;
Hard harted boy *Endimion* looke on mee,
Nothing on earth I hold too deere for thee :
I am a Nymph and not of humaine blood,
Begot by *Pan* on *Isis* sacred flood :
When I was borne vpon that very day,
Phæbus was seene the Reueller to play :
In *Ioues* hye house the Gods assembled all,
And *Iuno* held her sumptuous Festiuall,

Oceanus

Endimion and Phoebe.

Oceanus that hower was dauncing spy'de,
And *Tython* seene to frolick with his Bride,
The *Halcions* that season sweetly fang,
And all the shores, with shouting Sea-Nymphes --
And on that day, my birth to memorize, (rang,
The Shepheards hold a solemne sacrifice :
The chaste *Diana* nurst mee in her lap,
And I suckt Nectar from her Downe-soft pap.
The Well wherein this body bathed first,
Who drinks thereof, shall neuer after thirst ;
The water hath the Lunacie appeased,
And by the vertue, cureth all diseased ;
The place wherein my bare feete touch the mold,
Made vp in balls, for Pomander is fold.
See, see, these hands haue robd the Snow of white,
These dainty fingers, organs of delight :
Behold these lyps, the Load-stones of desire,
Whose words inchant, like *Amphyons* well-tun'd
This foote, Arts iust proportiō doth reueale, (lyre,
Signing the earth with heauens own manuel seale.
Goe, play the wanton, I will tend thy flock,
And wait the howres as duly as a clock ;
Ile deck thy Ram with bells, and wreathes of Bay,
And gild his hornes vpon the sheering day ;

C.

And

Endimion and Phœbe.

And with a garlond crown thee Shepheards king,
And thou shalt lead the gay Gyrles in a ring ;
Birds with their wings shall fan thee in the Sun,
And all the fountaynes with pure Wine shall run,
I haue a Quier of dainty Turtle-doues,
And they shall fit and sweetly sing our loues :
Ile lay thee on the Swans soft downy plume,
And all the Winde shall gently breath perfume,
Ile plat thy locks with many a curious pleate,
And chafe thy temples with a sacred heate ;
The Muses still shall keepe thee company,
And lull thee with inchaunting harmony ;
If not all these, yet let my vertues moue thee,
A chaster Nymph *Endimion* cannot loue thee.

But he imagin'd she some Nymph had been,
Because shee was apparelled in greene ;
Or happily, some of fayre *Floras* trayne,
Which oft did vse to sport vpon the Plaine :
He tels her, he was *Phœbes* seruant sworne,
And oft in hunting had her Quiuer borne,
And that to her virginity he vowed,
Which in no hand by *Venus* was alowed ;
Then vnto her a Catalogue recites
Of *Phœbes* Statutes, and her hallowed Rites,

And

Endimion and Phœbe.

And of the grieuous penalty inflicted,
On such as her chaste lawes had interdicted :
Now, he requests, that shee would stand aside,
Because the fish her shadow had espide ;
Then he intreats her that she would be gone,
And at this time to let him be alone ;
Then turnes him from her in an angry sort,
And frownes and chafes that shee had spoil'd his
And then he threatens her, if she did stay, (sport.
And told her, great *Diana* came this way.
But for all this, this Nymph would not forbear,
But now she smoothes his crispy-curled haire,
And when hee (rudely) will'd her to refrayne,
Yet scarcely ended, she begins agayne :
Thy Ewes (qd. she) with Milk shall daily spring,
And to thy profit yeerely Twins shall bring,
And thy fayre flock, (a wonder to behold)
Shall haue their fleeces turn'd to burnisht gold ;
Thy batefull pasture to thy wanton Thewes,
Shall be refresht with Nectar-dropping dewes,
The Oakes smooth leaues, sirropt with hony fall,
Trickle down drops to quench thy thirst withall :
The cruell Tygar will I tame for thee,
And gently lay his head vpon thy knee ;

Endimion and Phœbe.

And by my fpells, the Wolues iawes will I lock,
And (as good Sheepheards) make them gard thy
Ile mount thee brauely on a Lyons back, (flock,
To driue the fomy-tusked Bore to wrack :
The brazen-hoofed yelling Bulls Ile yoke,
And with my hearbs, the scaly Dragon choke.
Thou in great *Phœbes* Iuory Coche shalt ride,
Which drawne by Eagles, in the ayre shall glide :
Ile stay the time, it shall not steale away,
And twenty Moones as seeming but one day.
Behold (fond boy) this Rozen-weeping Pine,
This mournfull Larix, dropping Turpentine,
This mounting Teda, thus with tempests torne,
With incky teares continually to mourne ;
Looke on this tree, which blubbereth Amber gum,
which seemes to speak to thee, though it be dumb,
Which being fenceles blocks, as thou do'st see,
Weepe at my woes, that thou might'st pitty mee.
O thou art young, and fit for loues profession,
Like wax which warmed quickly takes impressiō,
Sorrow in time, with floods those eyes shall weare,
Whence pitty now cannot extort a teare.
Fond boy, with words thou might'st be ouercome,
“ But loue surpriz'd the hart, the tongue is dumbe,

But

Endimion and Phœbe.

But as I can, Ile striue to conquer thee ;
Yet teares, & fighes, my weapons needs must bee.
My fighes moue trees, rocks melting with my tears,
But thou art blind ; and cruell stop'ft thine eares :
Looke in this Well, (if beautie men alow)
Though thou be faire, yet I as fayre as thou ;
I am a *Vestall*, and a spotles Mayd,
Although by loue to thee I am betrayd :
But sith (vnkinde) thou doost my loue difdayne,
To rocks and hills my felfe I will complaine.

Thus with a figh, her fpeeches of ſhe broke,
The whilst her eyes to him in ſilence ſpoke ;
And from the place this wanton Nymph aroſe,
And vp to *Latmus* all in haſt ſhee goes ;
Like to a Nymph on ſhady *Citheron*,
The ſwift *Iſmoenos*, or *Thirmodoon*,
Gliding like Thetis, on the fleet waues borne,
Or ſhe which trips vpon the eares of Corne :
Like ſwallowes when in open ayre they ſtriue,
Or like the Foule which towring Falcons driue.
But whilst the wanton thus purſu'd his ſport,
Deceitfull Loue had vndermin'd the Fort,
And by a breach (in ſpight of all deniance,)
Entred the Fort which lately made defiance :

Endimion and Phœbe.

And with strong fiedge had now begirt about
The mayden Skonce which held the fouldier out.
“Loue wants his eyes, yet shoots he passing right,
His shafts our thoughts, his bowe hee makes our
His deadly piles are tempred by such Art, (fight.
As still directs the Arrowe to the hart :
He cannot loue, and yet forfooth he will,
He fees her not, and yet he fees her still,
Hee goes vnto the place shee stood vpon,
And asks the poore foyle whether she was gon ;
Fayne would he follow her, yet makes delay,
Fayne would he goe, and yet fayne would he stay,
He kist the flowers depressed with her feete,
And swears frō her they borrow'd all their sweet.
Faine would he cast aside this troublous thought,
But still like poyson, more and more it wrought,
And to himselfe thus often would he say,
Heere my Loue sat, in this place did shee play,
Heere in this Fountaine hath my Goddesse been,
And with her presence hath she grac'd this green.

Now black-browd Night plac'd in her chaire
Sat wrapt in clouds within her Cabinet, (of Iet,
And with her dusky mantle ouer-spred,
The path the Sunny Palfrayes vf'd to tred ;

And

Endimion and Phæbe.

And *Cynthia* fitting in her Christall chayre,
In all her pompe, now rid along her Spheare,
The honnied dewe descended in soft showres,
Drizled in Pearle vpon the tender flowers ;
And *Zephyre* husht, and with a whispering gale,
Seemed to harken to the Nightingale,
Which in the thorny brakes with her sweet song,
Vnto the silent Night bewrayd her wrong.

Now fast by *Latmus* neere vnto a Groue,
Which by the mount was shadowed from aboue,
Vpon a banck *Endimion* sat by night,
To whom fayre *Phæbe* lent her frendly light :
And sith his flocks were layd them downe to rest,
Thus giues his forrowes passage from his brest ;
Sweet leaues (qd. he) which with the ayre doe tremble,
Oh how your motions do my thoughts resemble,
With that milde breath by which onely moue,
Whisper my words in silence to my Loue :
Conuay my sighes sweet Ciuet-breathing ayre,
In dolefull accents to my heauenly fayre ;
You murmuring Springs, like doleful Instruments
Vpon your grauell found my sad laments,
And in your silent bubling as you goe,
Confort your selues like Musick to my woe.

And

Endimion and Phœbe.

And lifting now his sad and heauy eyes
Vp, towards the beauty of the burnisht skies,
Bright Lamps (qd. he) the glorious Welkin bears,
Which clip about the Plannets wandring Sphears,
And in your circled Maze doe euer role,
Dauncing about the neuer-moouing Pole :
Sweet Nymph, which in fayre *Elice* dooft shine,
Whom thy furpassing beauty made diuine,
Now in the Artick constellation,
Smyle sweet *Calisto* on *Endimion* :
And thou braue *Perseus* in the Northern ayre,
Holding *Medusa* by the snaky hayre,
Ioues showre-begotten Søn, whose valure tryed
In seauenteene glorious lights art stellified ;
Which won't thy loue, left as a Monsters pray ;
And thou the louely fayre *Andromida*,
Borne of the famous Etheopian lyne,
Darting these rayes from thy transpiercing eyne,
To thee the bright *Cassiopey*, with these,
Whose beauty stroue with the *Neriedes*,
With all the troupe of the celestiall band,
Which on *Olimpus* in your glory stand ;
And you, great wandring lights, if frō your Sphears
You haue regard vnto a Sheepeheards teares,

The con-
stellations
neere the
Pole Artick.

Or

Endimion and Phœbe.

Or as men say, if ouer earthly things
You onely rule as Potentates and Kings,
Vnto my loues euent fweet Stars direct,
Your kindest reuolution and aspect,
And bend your cleere eyes from your Thrones a-
Vpon *Endimion* pyning thus in loue. (boue

Now, ere the purple dauning yet did spring,
The ioyfull Lark began to stretch her wing,
And now the Cock the mornings Trumpeter,
Playd hunts-vp for the day starre to appeare,
Downe flydeth *Phœbe* from her Christall chayre,
Sdayning to lend her light vnto the ayre,
But vnto *Latmus* all in haste is gon,
Longing to see her fweet *Endimion*;
At whose departure all the Plannets gazed,
As at some feld-seene accident amazed,
Till reasoning of the same, they fell at ods,
So that a question grew amongst the Gods,
Whether without a generall consent
She might depart their sacred Parliament?
But what they could doe was but all in vaine,
Of liberty they could her not restraine:
For of the seauen sith she the lowest was,
Vnto the earth she might the easiest passe;

D.

Sith

Endimion and Phœbe.

Sith onely by her moylty influence,
Of earthly things she hath preheminnence,
And vnder her, mans mutable estate,
As with her changes doth participate ;
And from the working of her waning source,
Th'vncertaine waters held a certaine course,
Throughout her kingdōe she might walk at large,
Wherof as Empreffe she had care and charge,
And as the Sunne vnto the Day giues light,
So is she onely Mistris of the Night ; (guide,
Which whilst shee in her oblique course dooth
The glittering stars apeare in all their pride,
Which to her light their frendly Lamps do lend,
And on her trayne as Hand-maydes doe attend,
And thirteene times she through her Sphere doth
Ere *Phæbus* full his yearly course have don : (run,
And vnto her of women is assign'd,
Predominance of body and of mind,
That as of Plannets shee most variable,
So of all creatures they most mutable,
But her sweet *Latmus* which she lou'd so much,
No sooner once her dainty foote doth touch,
But that the Mountaine with her brightnes shone,
And gaue a light to all the Horizon :

Euen

Endimion and Phœbe.

Euen as the Sun which darknes long did shroud,
Breakes suddainly from vnderneath a clowd,
So that the Nimphs which on her still attended,
Knew certainly great *Phœbe* was discended ;
And all aproched to this sacred hill,
There to awayt their foueraigne Goddesse will,
And now the little Birds, whom Nature taught,
To honour great *Diana* as they ought,
Because she is the Goddesse of the woods,
And sole preferuer of their hallowed floods,
Set to their confort in their lower springs,
That with the Musicke all the mountaine rings ;
So that it seemd the Birds of euery Groue
Which should excell and passe each other stroue,
That in the higher woods and hollow grounds,
The murmuring Eccho euery where refounds,
The trembling brooks their flyding courses stayd,
The whilst the waues one with another playd,
And all the flocks in this reioycing mood,
As though inchaunted do forbear their food :
The heards of Deare downe from the mountains
As loth to come within *Dianas* view, (flew,
Whose piercing arrowes from her Iuory bowe,
Had often taught her powerfull hand to knowe ;

Endimion and Phœbe.

And now from *Latmus* looking towards the plains,
Casting her eyes vpon the Sheepheards fwaines,
Perceiu'd her deare *Endimions* flock were stray'd
And he himfelfe vpon the ground was layd ;
Who late recald from melancholy deepe,
The chaunting Birds had lulled now asleepe :
For why the Mufick in this humble kinde,
As it firft found, fo doth it leaue the minde ;
And melancholy from the Spleene begun,
By paffion moou'd, into the veynes doth run ;
Which when this humor as a fwelling Flood,
By vigor is infused in the blood ;
The vitall fpirits doth mightely apall ;
And weakeneth fo the parts organically,
And when the fenfes are disturbd and tierd,
With what the hart inceffantly defierd,
Like Trauellers with labor long opprest,
Finding release, eft-foones they fall to rest.

The effect
of Melan-
cholie.

And comming now to her *Endimion*,
Whom heauy fleepe had lately ceaf'd vpon,
Kneeling her downe, him in her armes ſhe clips,
And with ſweet kiſſes ſealet vp his lips, (ſhowrs,
Whilst from her eyes, teares ſtreaming downe in
Fell on his cheekes like dew vpon the flowrs,

In

Endimion and Phœbe.

In globy circles like pure drops of Milk,
Sprinckled on Rofes, or fine crimfon filk :
Touching his brow, this is the feate (quoth ſhe)
Where Beauty fits in all her Maieſtie,
She calls his eye-lids thoſe pure Chriſtall couers
Which do include the looking Glaſſe of Louers,
She calls his lips the ſweet delicious folds
VVhich rare perfume and precious incenſe holds,
Shee calls his ſoft ſmooth Allablacter ſkin,
The Lawne which Angels are attyred in,
Sweet face (qd. ſhe) but wanting words I ſpare thee
Except to heauen alone I ſhould compare thee :
And whilſt her words ſhe waſteth thus in vayne,
Sporting herſelfe the tyme to entertayne,
The frolick Nymphes with Muſicks ſacred ſound,
Entred the Meddowes dauncing in a round :
And vnto *Phœbe* ſtraight their courſe direct,
Which now their ioyfull comming did expect,
Before whoſe feet their flowrie ſpoyles they lay,
And with ſweet Balme his body doe imbay.
And on the Laurels grovving there along,
Their wreathed garlonds all about they hung :
And all the ground within the compaſſe load,
With ſweeteſt flowers, wheron they lightly trod.

Endimion and Phœbe.

With Nectar then his temples they be dew,
And kneeling softly kisse him all arew ;
Then in braue galiards they themfelues aduaunce,
And in the Tryas *Bacchus* stately daunce ;
Then, following on fayre *Floras* gilded trayne,
Into the Groues they thus depart agayne,
And now to shew her powerfull deitie,
Her sweet *Endimion* more to beautifie,
Into his soule the Goddesse doth infuse,
The fiery nature of a heauently Muse,
Which in the spyrit labouring by the mind
Pertaketh of celestiall things by kind :
For why the soule being diuine alone,
Exempt from vile and grosse corruption,
Of heauenly secrets comprehensible,
Of which the dull flesh is not sensible,
And by one onely powerfull faculty,
Yet gouerneth a multiplicity,
Being essentiall, uniforme in all ;
Not to be seuer'd nor diuiduall,
But in her function holdeth her estate,
By powers diuine in her ingenerate,
And so by inspiration conceaueth
What heauen to her by diuination breatheth ;

The excell-
ency of the
soule.

But

Endimion and Phæbe.

But they no fooner to the shades were gone,
Leaving their Goddesse by *Endimion*,
But by the hand the lovely boy shee takes,
And from his sweet sleepe softly him awakes,
Who being struck into a fodayne feare,
Beholding thus his glorious Goddesse there,
His hart transpierced with this fodayne glance,
Became as one late cast into a trance :
Wiping his eyes not yet of perfect sight,
Scarcely awak'd amazed at the light,
His cheekes now pale then lovely blushing red,
Which oft increas'd, and quickly vanished,
And as on him her fixed eyes were bent,
So to and fro his colour came and went ;
Like to a Chrystall neere the fire set,
Against the brightnes rightly opposet,
Now doth reteyne the colour of the flame,
And lightly moued againe, reflects the same ;
For our affection quickned by her heate,
Alayd and strengthned by a strong conceit,
The mind disturbed forth-with doth conuart,
To an internall passion of the hart,
By motion of that fodayne ioy or feare,
Which we receiue either by the eye or eare,

The causes of
the externall
signes of pas-
sion.

For

Endimion and Phæbe.

For by retraction of the spirit and blood,
From those exterior parts where first they stood,
Into the center of the body sent,
Returns againe more strong and vehement :
And in the like extremitie made cold,
About the same, themselves doe closely hold,
And though the cause be like in this respect,
Works by this meanes a contrary effect.

Thus whilst this passion hotely held his course,
Ebbing and flowing from his springing source,
With the strong fit of this sweet Feuer moued,
At sight of her which he intirely loued,
Not knowing yet great *Phæbe* this should be,
His foueraigne Goddesse, Queene of Chastitie,
Now like a man whom Loue had learned Art,
Resolu'd at once her secrets to impart :
But first repeats the torments he had past,
The woes indur'd since tyme he saw her last ;
Now he reports he noted whilst he spake,
The bustling windes their murmure often brake,
And being silent, seemd to pause and stay,
To listen to her what she ment to say :
Be kind (quoth he) sweet Nymph vnto thy louer,
My foules sole essence, and my senses mouer,

Life

Endimion and Phœbe.

Life of my life, pure Image of my hart,
Impressure of Conceit, Inuention, Art,
My vitall spirit, receues his spirit from thee,
Thou art that all which ruleth all in me,
Thou art the sap, and life whereby I liue,
Which powerfull vigor doost receiue and giue,
Thou nourishest the flame wherein I burne,
The North whereto my harts true tuch doth turne.
Pitty my poore flock, see their wofull plight,
Theyr Maister perisht liuing from thy sight,
Theyr fleeces rent, my tresses all forlorne,
I pyne, whilst they theyr pasture haue forborne ;
Behold (quoth he) this little flower belowe,
Which heere within this Fountayne brim dooth
With that, a solemne tale begins to tell (grow ;
Of this fayre flower, and of this holy Well,
A goodly legend, many Winters old,
Learn'd by the Sheepheards sitting by their folde,
How once this Fountayne was a youthfull fwaine,
A frolick boy and kept vpon the playne,
Vnfortunate it hapt to him (quoth he)
To loue a fayre Nymph as I nowe loue thee,
To her his loue and sorrow he imparts,
Which might diffolue a rock of flinty harts ;

E.

To

Endimion and Phœbe.

To her he fues, to her he makes his mone,
But she more deafe and hard then Steele or stone ;
And thus one day with grief of mind opprest,
As in this place, he layd him downe to rest,
The Gods at length vppon his sorrowes looke,
Transforming him into this pirrling Brooke,
Whose murmuring bubbles softly as they creepe,
Falling in drops, the Channell seems to weepe,
But shee thus careles of his misery,
Still spends her dayes in mirth and iollity ;
And comming one day to the Riuer side,
Laughing for ioy when she the same espyde,
This wanton Nymph in that vnhappy hower,
Was heere transformd into this purple flower,
Which towards the water turnes it selfe agayne,
To pittie him by her vnkindnes flayne.

She, as it seemd, who all this time attended,
Longing to heare that once his tale were ended,
Now like a iealous woman she repeats,
Mens subilties, and naturall deceyts ;
And by example striues to verifie,
Their ficklenes and vaine inconstancie :
Their hard obdurate harts, and wilfull blindnes,
Telling a storie wholly of vnkindnes ;

But

Endimion and Phæbe.

But he, who well perceiued her intent,
And to remoue her from this argument,
Now by the sacred Fount he vowes and fweares,
By Louers fighes, and by her halowed teares ;
By holy *Latmus* now he takes his oath,
That all he spake was in good fayth and troth ;
And for no frayle vncertayne doubt should moue
Vowes fecrecie, the crown of a true Louer. (her,

She hearing this, thought time that she reueald,
That kind affection which she long conceald,
Determineth to make her true Loue known,
Which shee had borne vnto *Endimion* ;
I am no Huntresse, nor no Nymph (quoth she)
As thou perhaps imagin'ft me to be,
I am great *Phæbe*, *Latmus* sacred Queene,
Who from the skies haue hether past vnseene,
And by thy chaste loue hether was I led,
Where full three years thy fayre flock haue I fed,
Vpon these Mountaines and these firtile plaines,
And crownd thee King of all the Sheeheardes
Nor wanton, nor laciuious is my loue, (fwaines :
Nor neuer lust my chaste thoughts once could moue
But fith thou thus hast offerd at my Shrine,
And of the Gods hast held me most diuine,

Endimion and Phæbe.

Mine altars thou with sacrifice hast stord,
And in my Temples hast my name ador'd,
And of all other, most hast honor'd mee,
Great *Phæbes* glory thou alone shalt see.

Thys spake, she putteth on her braue attire,
As being burnisht in her Brothers fire,
Purer then that Celestiall shining flame
Wherein great *Ioue* vnto his Lemmon came,
Which quickly had his pale cheekes ouer-spred,
And tinted with a louely blushing red.
Which whilst her Brother *Titan* for a space,
Withdrew himselfe, to giue his sister place,
Shee now is darkned to all creatures eyes,
Whilst in the shadow of the earth she lyes,
For that the earth of nature cold and dry,
A very Chaos of obscurity,
Whose globe exceeds her compasse by degrees,
Fixed vpon her Superficies ;
When in his shadow she doth hap to fall,
Dooth cause her darknes to be generall.

Thus whilst he layd his head vpon her lap,
Shee in a fiery mantle doth him wrap,
And carries him vp from this lumpish mould,
Into the skyes, whereas he might behold,

The

Endimion and Phoebe.

The earth in perfect roundnes of a ball
Exceeding globes most artificiall :
Which in a fixed poynt Nature disposed,
And with the fundry Elements inclosed,
Which as the Center permanent dooth stay,
When as the skies in their diurnall sway,
Strongly maintaine the euer-turning course,
Forced alone by their strong moouer source,
Where he beholds the ayery Regions,
Whereas the clouds and strange impreffions,
Maintaynd by coldnes often doe appeare,
And by the highest Region of the ayre,
Vnto the cleereft Element of fire,
Which to her filuer foot-stoole doth aspire,
Then dooth she mount him vp into her Sphere,
Imparting heauenly secrets to him there,
Where lightned by her shining beames he sees,
The powerfull Plannets, all in their degrees,
Their fundry reuolutions in the skies,
And by their working how they simpathize ;
All in theyr circles feuerally prefixt,
And in due distance each with other mixt :
The mantions which they hold in their estate,
Of which by nature they participate ;

Endimion and Phœbe.

The signes in
their triplici-
ties participate
with the Ele-
ments.

And how those signes their feuerall places take,
Within the compasse of the Zodiacke ;
And in their feuerall triplicities consent,
Vnto the nature of an Element,
To which the Plannets doe themfelues disperce,
Hauing the guidance of this vniuers,
And do from thence extend their feuerall powers,
Vnto this little fleshly world of ours :
Wherin her Makers workmanship is found,
As in contriuing of this mighty round,
In such strange maner and such fashion wrought,
As doth exceede mans dull and feeble thought,
Guiding vs still by their directions ;
And that our fleshly frayle complections
Of Elementall natures grounded bee,
With which our dispositions most agree,
Some of the fire and ayre participate,
And some of watry and of earthy state,
As hote and moyst, with chilly cold and dry,
And vnto these the other contrary ;
And by their influence powerfull on the earth,
Predominant in mans fraile mortall bearth,
And that our liues effects and fortunes are,
As in that happy or vnlucky Starre,

Which

Endimion and Phæbe.

Which reigning in our frayle natiuitie,
Seales vp the secrets of our destinie,
With frendly Plannets in coniunction set,
Or els with other meerely oppofet :
And now to him her greatest power ſhe lent,
To lift him to the ſtarry Firmament,
Where he beheld that milky ſtayned place,
By which the Twynns & heauenly Archers trace,
The dogge which doth the furious Lyon beate,
Whofe flaming breath increafeth *Titans* heate,
The teare-diſtilling mournfull *Pliades*,
Which on the earth the ſtormes & tempeſts raiſe,
And all the courſe the conſtellations run,
When in coniunction with the Moone or Sun,
When towards the fixed Articke they ariſe,
When towards the Antaricke, falling frō our eyes ;
And hauing impt the wings of his deſire,
And kindled him, with this cœleſtiall fire,
She ſets him downe, and vaniſhing his ſight,
Leaues him inwrapped in this true delight :
Now whereſoeuer he his fayre flock fed,
The Muſes ſtill *Endimion* followed ;
His ſheepe as white as Swans or driuen ſnow,
Which beautified the foyle with ſuch a ſhow,

As

Endimion and Phœbe.

As where hee folded in the darkeſt Night,
There neuer needed any other light ;
If that he hungred and deſired meate,
The Bees would bring him Honny for to eate,
Yet from his lyps would not depart away,
Tyll they were loden with Ambroſia ;
And if he thirſted, often there was ſeene
A bubling Fountaine ſpring out of the greene,
VVith Chriſtall liquor fild vnto the brim,
VVhich did preſent her liquid ſtore to him.
If hee would hunt, the fayre Nymphs at his will,
VVith Bowes & Quiuers would attend him ſtill :
And what-foeuer he deſierd to haue,
That he obtain'd if hee the ſame would craue.

And now at length, the ioyfull tyme drew on,
She meant to honor her *Endimion*,
And glorifie him on that ſtately Mount,
VVhereof the Goddeſſe made ſo great account.
Shee ſends *Ioues* winged Herauld to the woods,
The neighbour Fountains, & the bordring floods,
Charging the Nymphes which did inhabit there,
vpon a day appoynted, to appeare,
And to attend her ſacred Maieſtie
In all theyr pompe and great ſolemnity,

Hauing

Endimion and Phæbe.

Hauing obtaynd great *Phœbus* free consent
To further her diuine and chast intent,
Which thus imposed as a thing of waight,
In stately troupes appeare before her straight,
The Faunes and Satyres from the tufted Brakes,
Theyr brifly armes wreath'd al about with fnakes ;
Their sturdy loynes with ropes of Iuie bound,
Their horned heads with Woodbine Chaplets crownd,
With Cipresse Iauelens, and about theyr thyes
The flaggy hayre disorder'd looseley flyes :
Th' *Oriudes* like to the *Spartan* Mayd,
In Murrie-fcyndall gorgeiously arayd :
With gallant greene Scarfes girded in the waft,
Theyr flaxen hayre with filken fillets lac'd,
Wouē with flowers in sweet lasciuious wreathes,
Moouing like feathers as the light ayre breathes,
VVith crownes of Mirtle, glorious to behold,
whose leaues are painted with pure drops of gold :
With traines of fine Biffe checker'd al with frets
Of dainty Pincks and precious Violets,
In branched Buskins of fine Cordiwin,
With spangled garters downe vnto the shin,
Fring'd with fine filke, of many a fundry kind,
VVhich lyke to pennons waued with the wind,

Endimion and Phœbe.

The *Hamadriads* from their shady Bowers,
Deckt vp in Garlands of the rarest flowers,
Vpon the backs of milke-white Bulls were fet,
With horne and hoofe as black as any Iet,
Whose collers were great maffy golden rings,
Led by their fwaynes in twifted filken strings ;
Then did the louely *Driades* appeare,
On dapled Staggs, which brauely mounted were,
Whose veluet palmes with nofegaies rarely dight,
To all the reft bred wonderfull delight ;
And in this fort accompaned with thefe,
In tryumph rid the watry *Niades*,
Vpon Sea-horfes, trapt with fhining finns,
Arm'd with their male impenitrable fkinns,
Whose fcaly crefts like Raine-bowes bended hye,
Seeme to controule proud *Iris* in the fkye ;
Vpon a Charriot was *Endimion* layd,
In fnowy Tiffue gorgioufly arayd,
Of precious Iuory couer'd or'e with Lawne,
Which by foure ftately Vnicornes was drawne.
Of ropes of Orient pearle their traces were,
Pure as the path which dooth in heauen appeare,
With rareft flowers inchafte and ouer-fpred,
Which feru'd as Curtaynes to this glorious bed,
Whose

Endimion and Phœbe.

Whose feate of Chrifal in the Sun-beames fhone,
Like thunder-breathing *Ioues* celeftiall Throne,
Vpon his head a Coronet inftald,
Of one intire and mighty Emerald,
With richeft Bracelets on his lilly wrifts,
Of Hellitropium, linckt with golden twifts ;
A beuy of fayre Swans, which flying ouer,
With their large wings him frō the Sun do couer,
And eafily wafting as he went along,
Doe lull him ftill with their inchaunting fong,
Whilft all the Nymphes on folemne Inftuments,
Sound daintie Mufick to their fweet laments.

And now great *Phœbe* in her tryumph came,
With all the tytles of her glorious name,
Diana, Delia, Luna, Cynthia,
Virago, Hecate, and Elythia,
Prothiria, Dictinna, Proferpine,
Latona, and Lucina, moft diuine ;
And in her pompe began now to approch,
Mounted aloft vpon her Chrifall Coach,
Drawn or'e the playnes by foure pure milk-white Hinds,
Whose nimble feet feem'd winged with the winds,
Her rareft beauty being now begun,
But newly borrowed from the golden Sun,

Endimion and Phœbe.

Her louely creffant with a decent fpace,
By due proportion beautifi'd her face,
Till hauing fully fild her circled fide,
Her glorious fulnes now appeard in pride ;
vvhich long her changing brow could not retaine,
But fully waxt, began againe to wane ;
Vpon her brow (like meteors in the ayre)
Twenty & eyght great gorgious lamps fhee bare ;
Some, as the Welkin, fhining paffing bright,
Some not fo fumptuous, others leffer light,
Some burne, fome other, let theyr faire lights fall,
Compofd in order Geometricall ;
And to adorne her with a greater grace,
And ad more beauty to her louely face,
Her richeft Globe fhee gloriously difplayes,
Now that the Sun had hid his golden rayes :
Least that his radiencie fhould her fuppreffe,
And fo might make her beauty feeme the leffe ;
Her ftately trayne layd out in azur'd bars,
Poudred all thick with troopes of filuer ftars :
Her ayrie vesture yet fo rare and ftrange,
As euery howre the colour feem'd to change,
Yet ftill the former beauty doth retaine,
And euer came vnto the fame againe.

Then

Endimion and Phæbe.

Then fayre *Astrea*, of the *Titans* line,
VVhom equity and iustice made diuine,
VWas seated heer vpon the filuer beame,
And with the raines guides on this goodly teame,
To whom the *Charites* led on the way,
Aglaia, *Thalia*, and *Euphrozine*,
vvith princely crownes they in the triumph came,
Imbellished with *Phæbes* glorious name :
These forth before the mighty Goddesse went,
As Princes Heraulds in a Parliament.
And in their true conforated symphony,
Record sweet songs of *Phæbes* chastity ;
Then followed on the Muses, sacred nyne,
With the first number equally diuine,
In Virgins white, whose louely mayden browes,
Were crowned with tryumphant Lawrell bowes ;
And on their garments paynted out in glory,
Their offices and functions in a story,
Imblazoning the furie and conceite
Which on their sacred company awaite ;

For none but these were suffered to aproch,
Or once come neere to this celestially Coach,
But these two of the numbers, nine and three,
Which being od include an vnity,

Endimion and Phœbe.

Into which number all things fitly fall,
And therefore named Theologicall:
And first composing of this number nine,
Which of all numbers is the most diuine,
From orders of the Angels dooth arise,
Which be containd in three Hirarchies,
And each of these three Hirarchies in three,
The perfect forme of true triplicity;
And of the Hirarchies I spake of erst,
The glorious *Epiphania* is the first,
In which the hie celestiall orders been,
Of thrones, Chirrup, and the Ciraphin;
The second holds the mighty Principates,
The Dominations and the Potestates,
The *Ephionia*, the third Hirarchie,
Which Vertues Angels and Archangels be;
And thus by threes we aptly do define,
And do compose this sacred number nyne,
Yet each of these nyne orders grounded be,
Vpon some one particularity,
Then as a Poet I might so infer
An other order when I spake of her.
From these the Muses onely are deriued,
Which of the Angels were in nyne contriued;

These

Endimion and Phœbe.

These heauen-inspired Babes of memorie,
Which by a like attracting Sympathy,
*Apollo*s Prophets in theyr furies wrought,
And in theyr spirit inchaunting numbers taught,
To teach such as at Poetrie repine,
That it is onely heauenly and diuine,
And manifest her intellectuall parts,
Sucking the purest of the purest Arts ;
And vnto these as by a sweet consent,
The Sphery circles are equiualent,
From the first Moouer, and the starry heauen,
To glorious *Phæbe* lowest of the seauen,
Which *Ioue* in tunefull Diapazons fram'd,
Of heauenly Musick of the Muses nam'd,
To which the soule in her diuinitie,
By her Creator made of harmony,
Whilst she in frayle and mortall flesh dooth liue,
To her nyne fundry offices doe giue,
Which offices vnited are in three,
Which like the orders of the Angels be,
Prefiguring thus by the number nyne,
The soule, like to the Angels is diuine :
And frō these nines those Conquerers renowned,
Which with the wreaths of triumph oft were crowned.

Which

Endimion and Phœbe.

Which by their vertues gain'd the worthies name
First had this number added to their fame,
Not that the worthiest men were onely nine,
But that the number of it selfe diuine,
And as a perfect patterne to the rest,
Which by this holy number are exprest ;
Nor Chiualrie this title onely gaynd ;
But might as well by wisedome be obtaynd,
Nor in this number men alone included,
But vnto women well might be aluded,
Could wit, could worlds, coulde times, could ages
This number of *Elizas* heauenly kind ; (find,
And those rare men which learning highly prized,
By whom the Constellations were deuised,
And by their fauours learning highly graced,
For *Orpheus* harpe nine starres in heauen placed :
This sacred number to declare thereby,
Her sweet consent and solid harmony,
And mans heroique voyce, which doth impart,
The thought conceaued in the inward hart,
Her sweetnes on nine Instruments doth ground,
Else doth she fayle in true and perfect sound.
Now of this three in order to dispose,
Whose trynarie doth iustly nyne compose.

First

Endimion and Phæbe.

First in the forme of this triplicitie
Is shadowed that mighty Trinitie,
Which still in stedfast vnity remayne,
And yet of three one Godhead doe containe ;
From this eternall liuing deitie,
As by a heauen-inspired prophecy,
Diuineſt Poets firſt deriued theſe,
The fayreſt Graces *Ioue*-borne *Charites* ;
And in this number Muſick firſt began,
The *Lydian*, *Dorian*, and the *Phrigian*,
Which rauishing in their foule-pleaſing vaine,
They made vp ſeauen in a higher ſtrayne ;
And all thoſe ſignes which *Phæbus* doth aſcend,
Before he bring his yearely courſe to end,
Their ſeuerall natures mutually agree,
And doe concurre in thys triplicitie ;
And thoſe interior fences with the reſt,
Which properly pertaine to man and Beaſt,
Nature herſelfe in working ſo deuifed,
That in this number they ſhould be comprized.

But to my tale I muſt returne againe,
Phæbe to *Latmus* thus conuayde her ſwayne,
Vnder a buſhie Lawrells pleaſing ſhade, (made,
Amongſt whoſe boughs the Birds ſweet Muſick

G.

Whoſe

Endimion and Phœbe.

Whose fragrant branch-imboſted Cannapy,
Was neuer pierſt with *Phæbus* burning eye;
Yet neuer could thys Paradife want light,
Elumin'd ſtill with *Phæbes* glorious ſight:
She layd *Endimion* on a graſſy bed,
With ſommers Arras ritchly ouer-ſpred,
Where from her ſacred Mantion next aboue,
She might deſcend and ſport her with her loue,
Which thirty yeerès the Sheepheards ſafely kept,
Who in her boſom ſoft and ſoundly ſlept;
Yet as a dreame he thought the tyme not long,
Remayning euer beautifull and yong,
And what in viſion there to him befell
My weary Muſe ſome other time ſhall tell.

Deare *Collin*, let my Muſe excuſed be,
Which rudely thus preſumes to ſing by thee,
Although her ſtraines be harſh vntun'd & ill,
Nor can attayne to thy diuineſt ſkill.

And thou, the ſweet *Mufeus* of theſe times,
Pardon my rugged and vnfiled rymes,
Whoe ſcarce inuention is too meane and baſe,
When *Delias* glorious Muſe dooth come in place.

And

Endimion and Phœbe.

And thou my *Goldey* which in Sommer dayes,
Hast feasted vs with merry roundelayes,
And when my Muse scarce able was to flye,
Didst imp her wings with thy sweete Poesie.

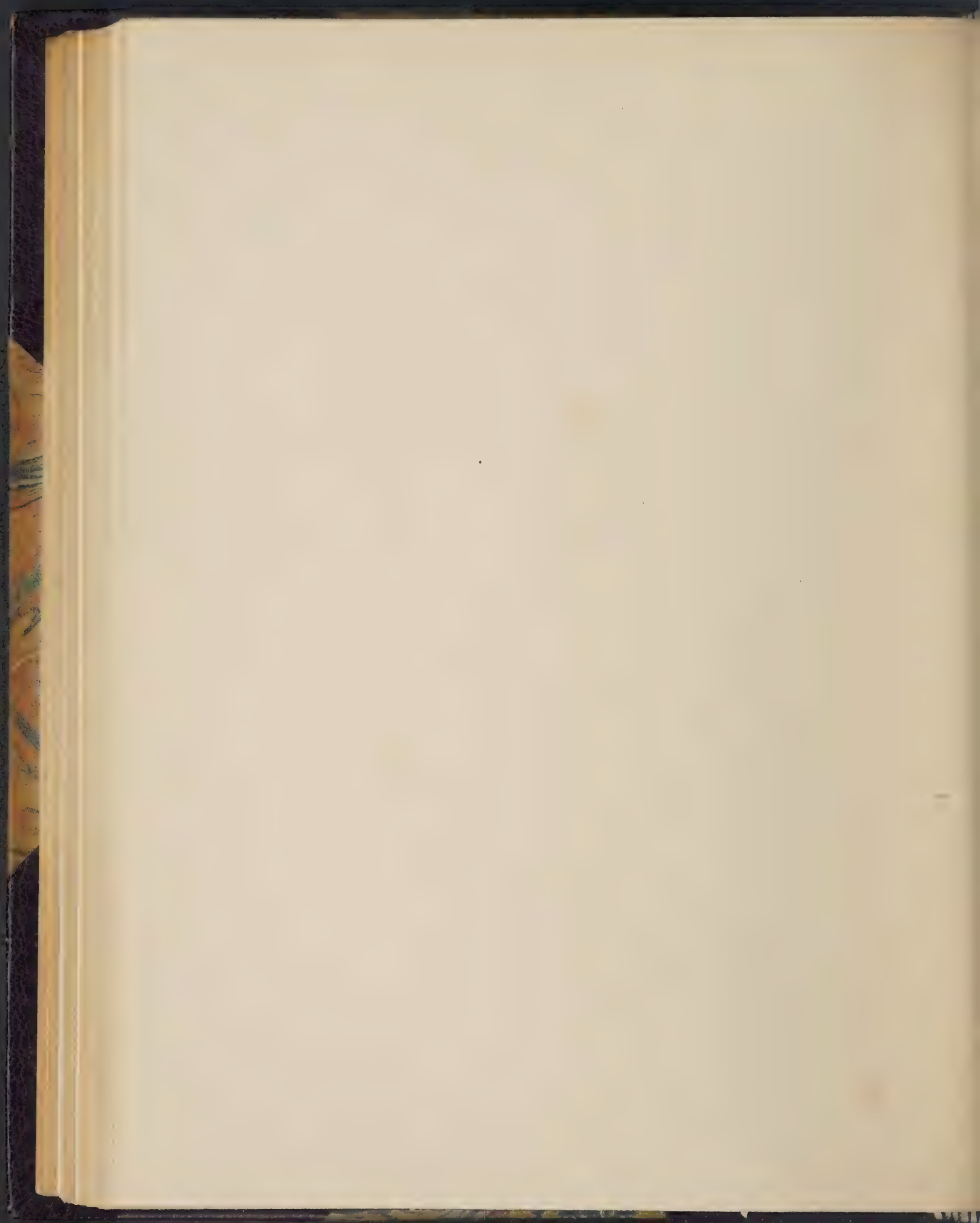
And you the heyres of euer-liuing fame,
The worthy titles of a Poets name,
Whose skill and rarest excellence is such,
As spitefull Enuy neuer yet durst tuch,
To your protection I this Poem send,
Which from proud *Momus* may my lines defend,

And if sweet mayd thou deign'st to read this story,
Wherein thine eyes may view thy vertues glory,
Thou purest spark of *Vesta's* kindled fire,
Sweet Nymph of *Ankor*, crowne of my desire,
The plot which for their pleasure heauen deuise'd,
Where all the Muses be imparadis'd,
Where thou doost liue, there let all graces be,
Which want theyr grace if onely wanting thee,
Let stormy winter neuer touch the Clyme,
But let it florish as in Aprils prime,
Let fullen night, that foyle nere ouer-cloud,
But in thy presence let the earth be proud,
If euer Nature of her worke might boast,
Of thy perfection she may glory most,

Endimion and Phæbe.

To whom fayre *Phæbe* hath her bow resign'd,
Whose excellence doth lyue in thee refin'd,
And that thy praise Time neuer should impayre,
Hath made my hart thy neuer mouing Spheare.
Then if my Muse giue life vnto thy fame,
Thy vertues be the causers of the same.
And from thy Tombe some Oracle shall rise,
To whom all pens shall yearely sacrifice.

FINIS.





To clear off my debt.

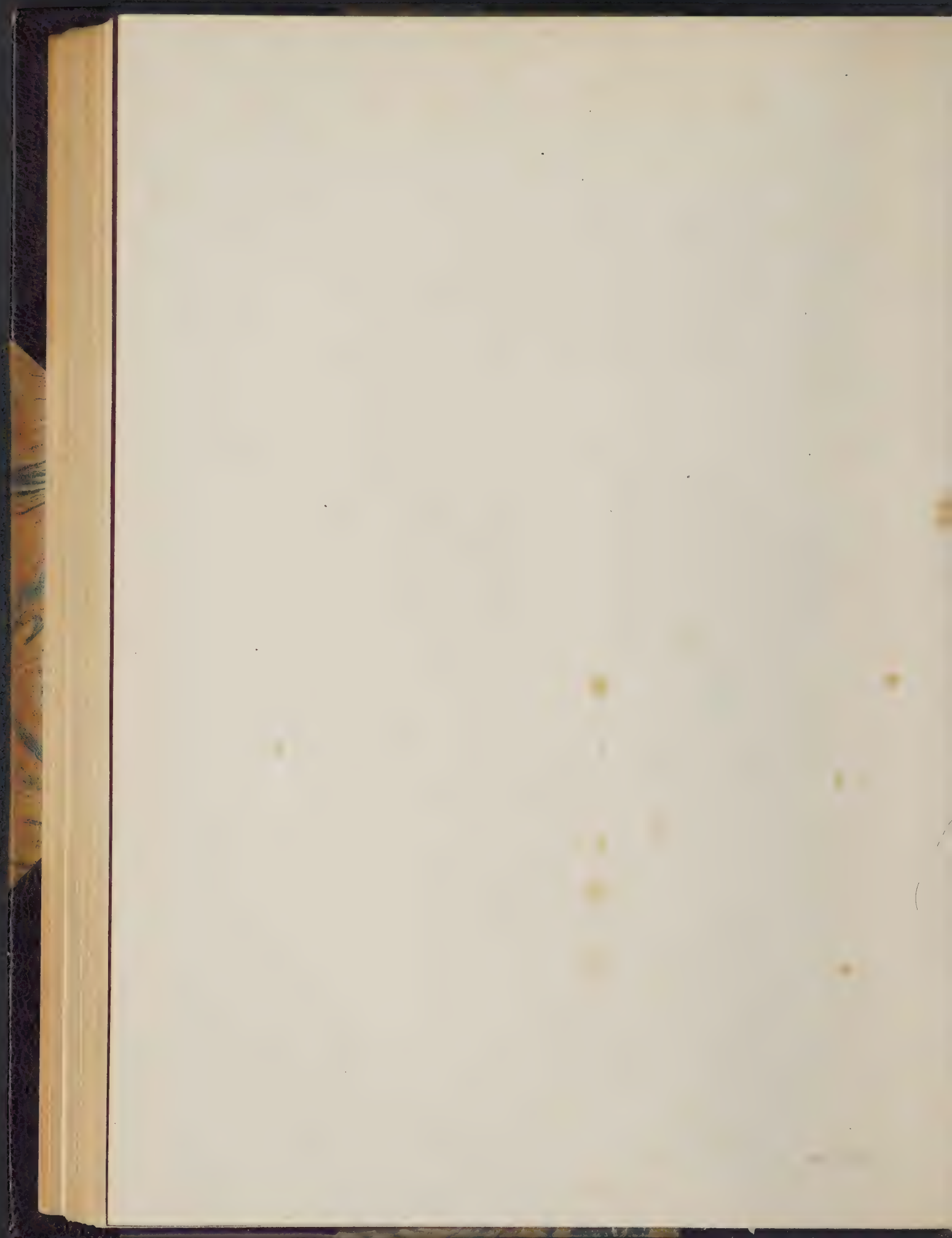
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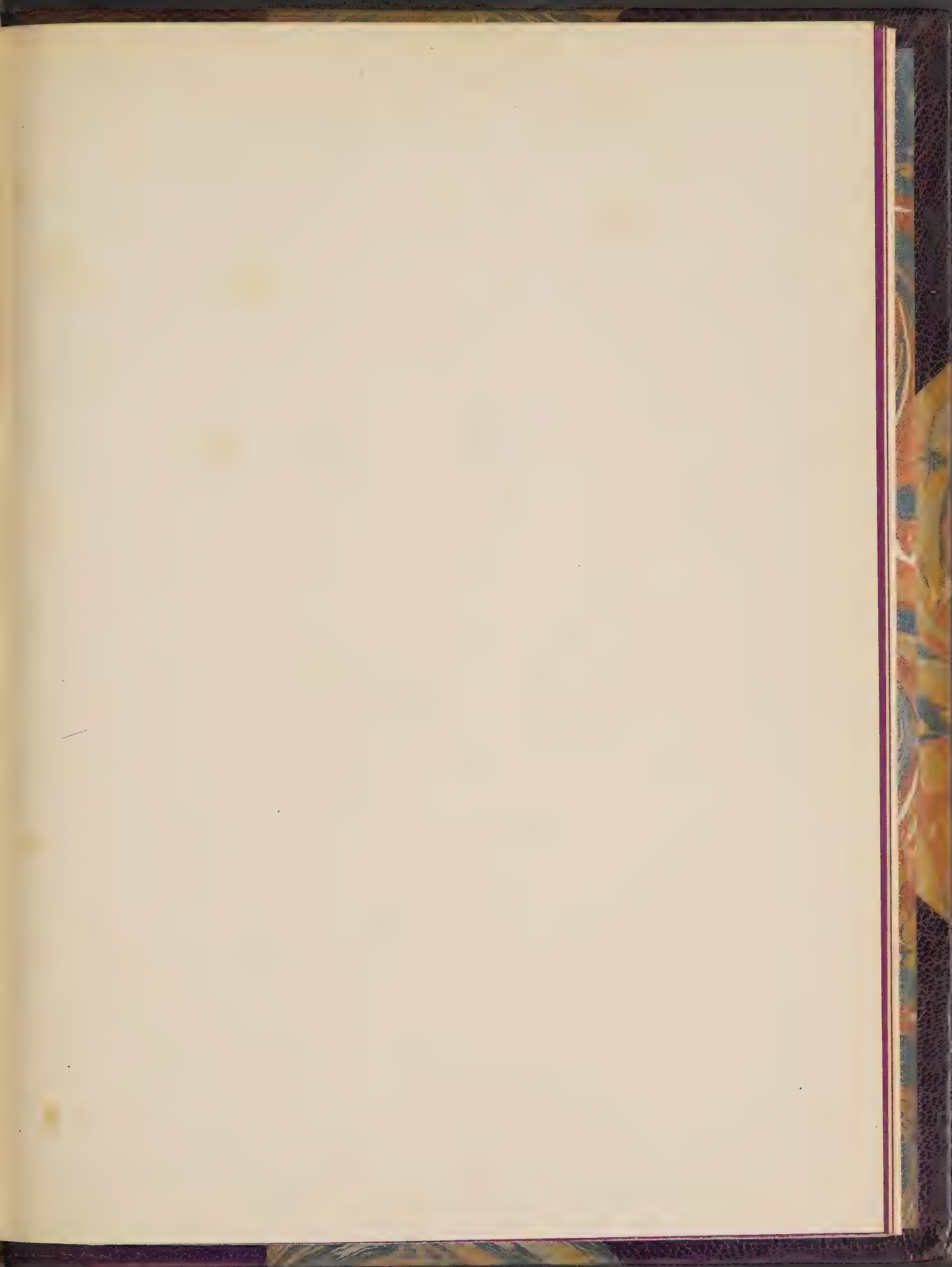
J. R. R.

Complaint of Rosamond

SAMUEL DANIEL

15th





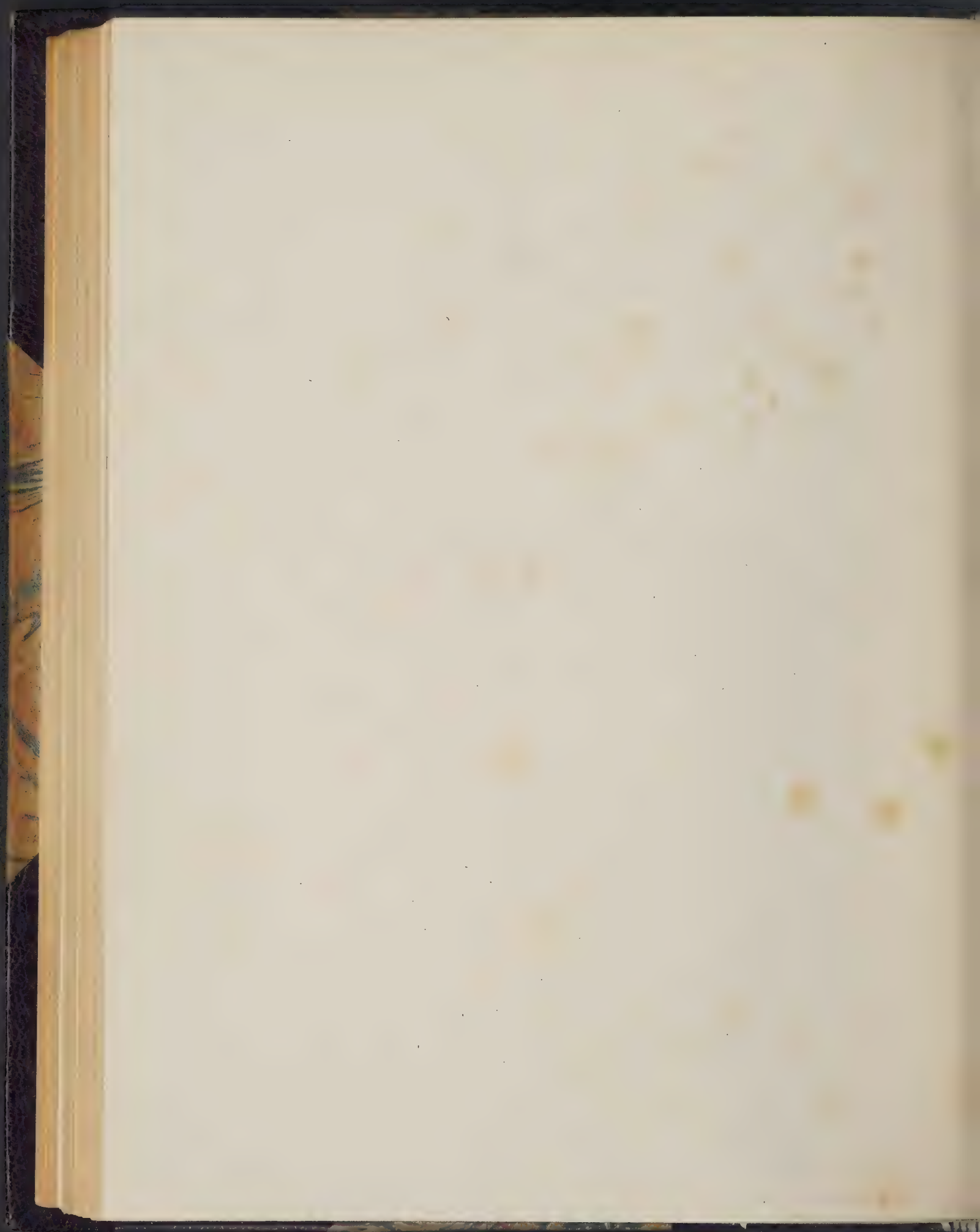


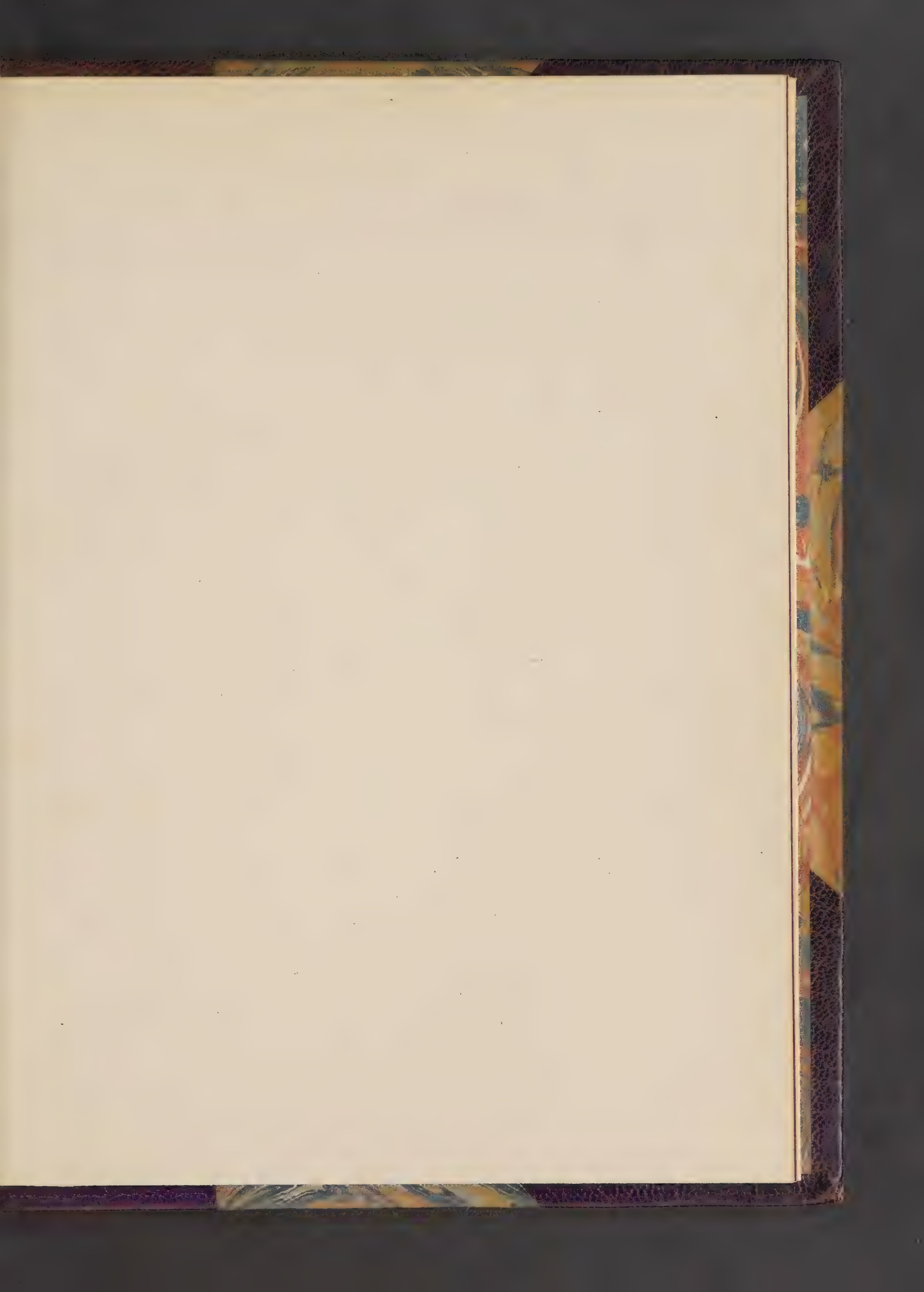
LIBRA

The Shepheard's Garland.

BY MICHAEL DRAYTON.

1593.



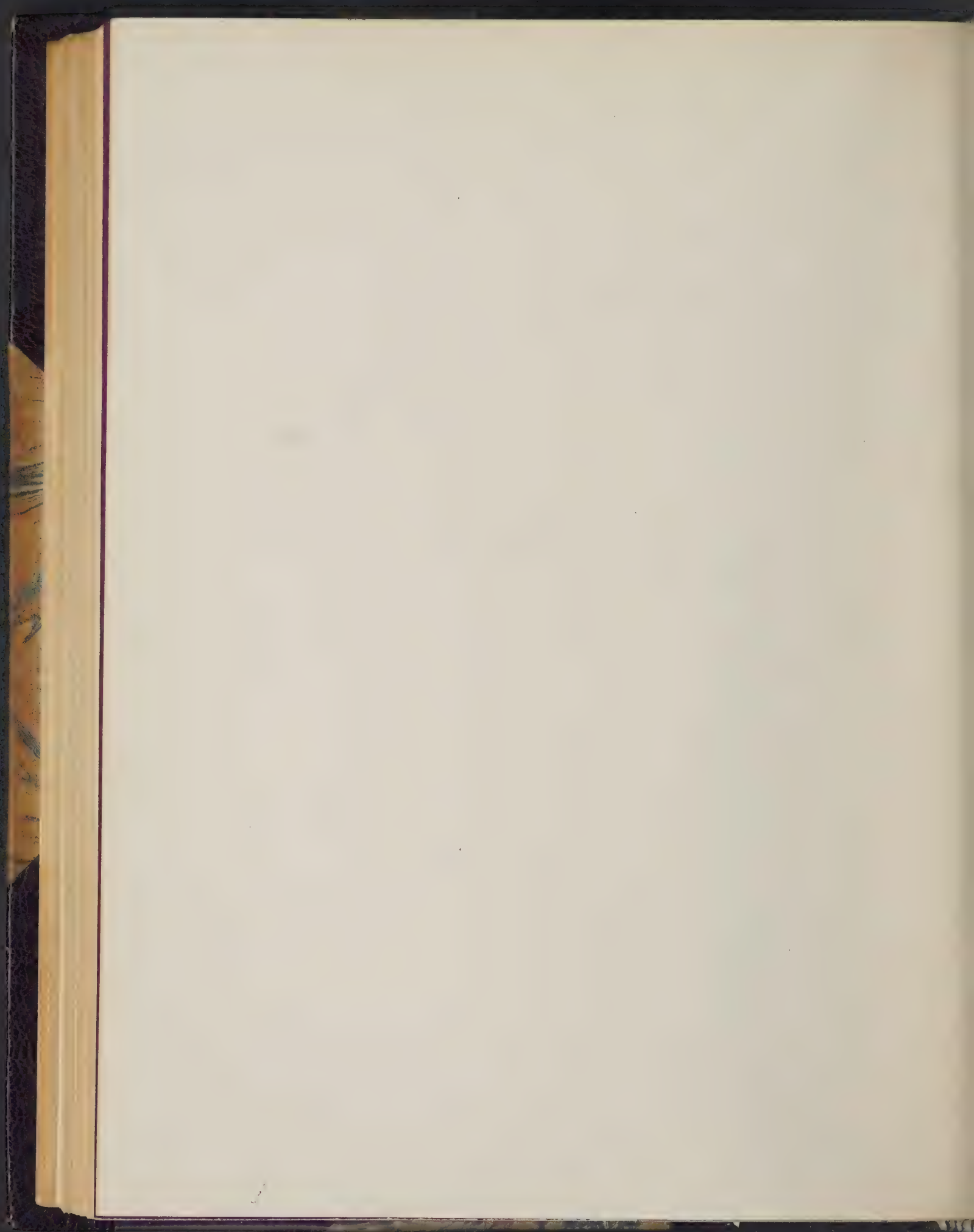


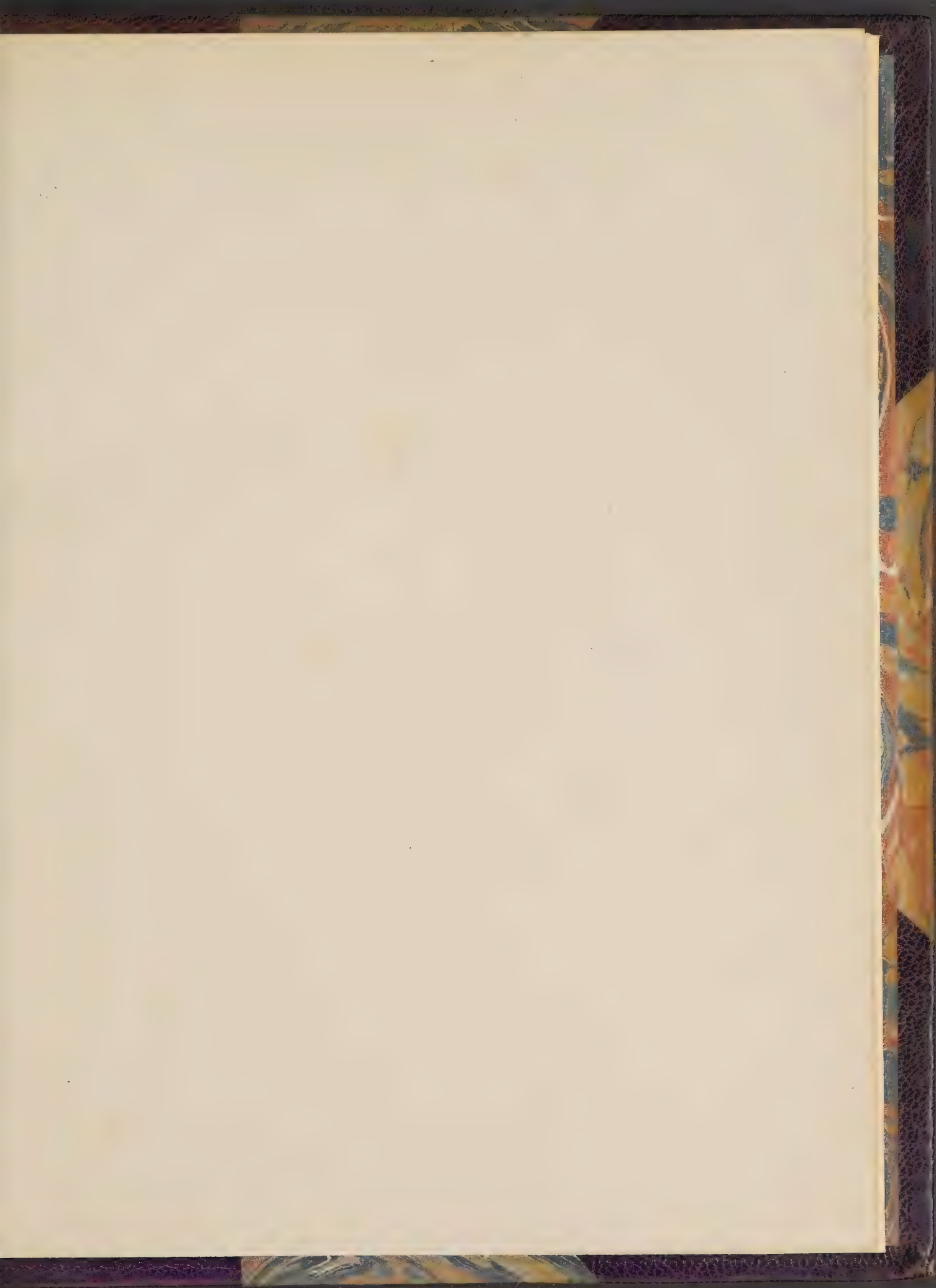


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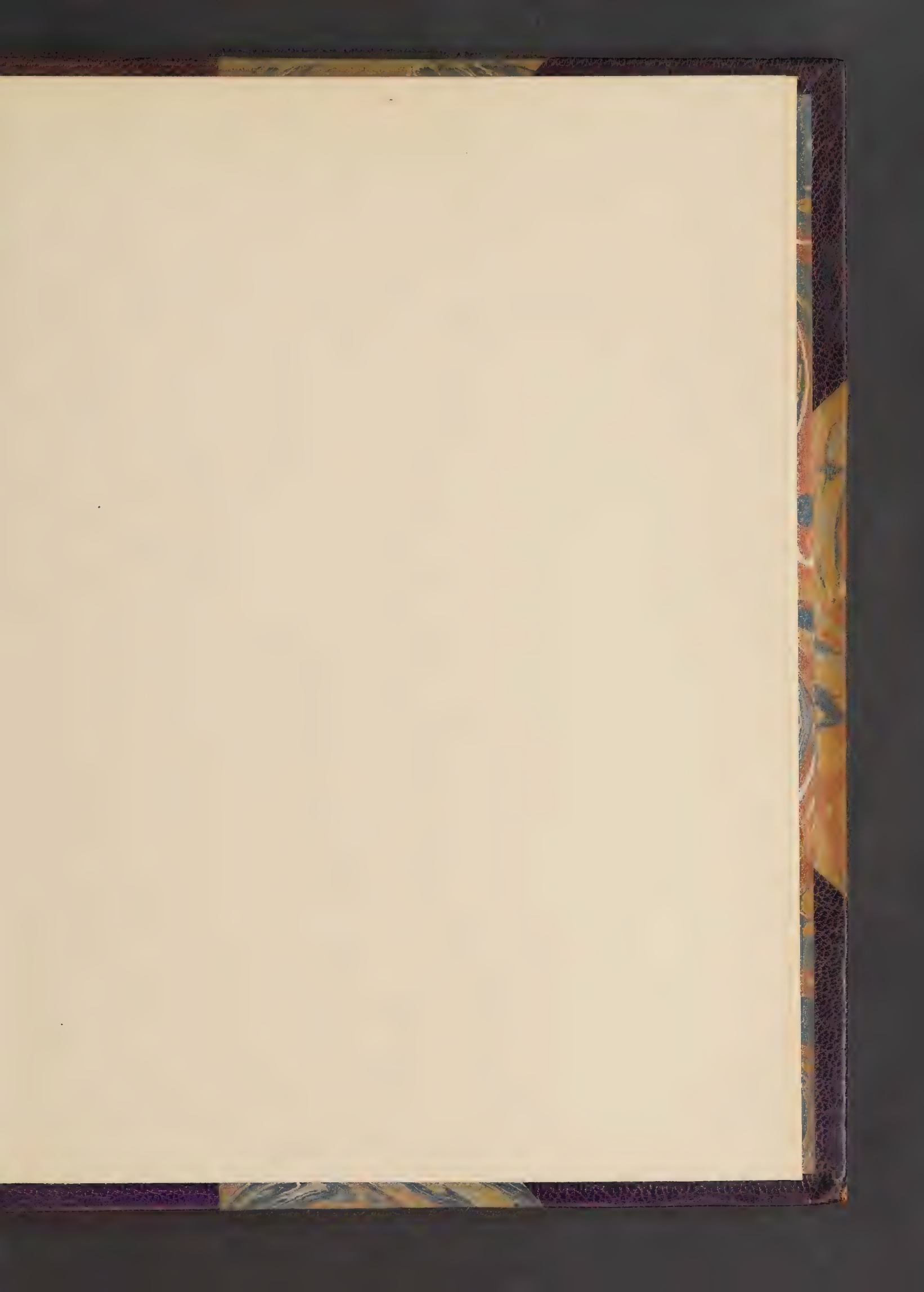
¶ Ideas ¶ Latmus.

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